

ANNIE S. SWAN on THE ART OF STORY-WRITING.  
October, 1909. DANGER MOMENTS IN MISSIONARY LIVES. Price 6d.

# THE QUIVER



*"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."*

—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.



**Fry's** **PURE**  
**CONCENTRATED**  
**Cocoa**

**300 Grands Prix,  
Gold Medals, &c.**

*Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa contains the very ingredients necessary for promoting the full development of the growing Child; restores the wasted tissues of the Athlete, and is the Typical Food for the Invalid and for those whose digestive organs are weak.*

**"Has Won More Awards Than Any Other."**

**Makers to H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, and  
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.**

**And to the People for nearly 200 years.**

Something  
quite new  
and most  
delicious

MACFARLANE,  
LANG & CO'S  
'CURRANT CREAM'  
BISCUITS

A  
Charming  
Combination of  
Cream,  
Crust and  
Currants

# ONE MAN'S GIFT TO 16,000,000 BRITISH MEN AND WOMEN.

*A Triple Blessing for the Heads of All Refined People.*

**Presentation Packages All Ready—Only Your Application and Name and Address for Postal Delivery Now Wanted.**

**WILL YOU APPLY FOR YOUR PACKAGE TO-DAY?**

It is understood that another instalment of a quarter of a million Gift Packages now await the affixing of names and addresses for distribution through the network of post offices of Great Britain and Ireland.

This presentation Toilet Outfit is the very latest equipment for cultivating a beautiful head of hair. It contains the same directions and materials as are followed and used every day by the most beautiful women and handsome men in London society.

These Outfits are not solely intended for those readers of this article who are troubled with definite hair and scalp weakness.

Certainly, if your hair is falling out, becoming thin and scanty, or losing its natural colour, or even if you are troubled with actual baldness or greyness, this Outfit will enable you to cure such defects as these in a very short time.

You will notice the improvement in a week. Your hair will stop falling out. The colour will be restored to your grey hair. A new, thick, and luxurious growth will spring up in places where you may have become bald.

You can prove this for yourself—and at the cost of the gentleman who is distributing the Free Toilet Outfits—by means of the Coupon at the foot of this article.

But, as already stated, these Toilet Outfits are also intended for those whose hair has not yet shown any signs of definite weakness or loss of strength.

They are intended for those who wish to improve the growth of their hair, to enhance its beauty, and strengthen its vitality.

They are intended for those who wish to become personally acquainted with the very latest triumphs of the art of the Hair-Culturist, for those who wish to know the very best and the most fashionable way of caring for the hair and preserving its appearance.

No woman who appreciates the value of possessing a wealth of luxuriant, silken, glossy, and lustrous hair, and no man who wishes to stave off for ever the inroads of Greyness or Premature Baldness, will fail to make use of the opportunity now given to obtain for themselves the Triple Blessing contained in the Gift-Package to which the Coupon below entitles them.

"Everyone," says Mr. Edwards, the famous Royal Hair Specialist and discoverer of that delightful and refreshing tonic preparation, "Harlene-for-the-Hair," "should 'Drill' their hair for at least two minutes

every day, according to the directions I have drawn up, and which I shall be pleased to send free of charge to everyone who writes to me for one of the complete Toilet Outfits I am now offering as free gifts to every applicant.

"In addition to this, the Scalp and Hair should be frequently shampooed, in order to keep it healthy, clean, free from dandruff, dust, scurf-deposits, etc. For this purpose I have devised a special Shampoo Powder, to which I have given the name of 'Cremex,' and a trial packet of which I will also send."

If, then, you will fill up the following Coupon and send it to the address given, together with 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage (if you take this coupon personally, you can, of course, save the stamps for postage), Mr. Edwards will send you by return of post one of his free Gift Packages containing a "Three-fold Blessing for Your Hair," in the shape of—

1. Complete Directions for practising the great Society Hair-Culture Method, "the Harlene Hair-Drill."
2. A Full Supply of "Harlene-for-the-Hair," containing sufficient "Harlene" for a week's trial course of "Hair-Drill."
3. A Sample Packet of the New "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for the Scalp and Hair.

This package will be sent to you at once, so as to enable you to start increasing the beauty and luxuriance of your hair the day after to-morrow.

Any further supplies of "Harlene-for-the-Hair" and "Cremex" that you may require can be obtained from all chemists and stores in all parts of the world, or direct from the Offices of Edwards' Harlene Co. "Harlene" in 1/2, 2/6, and 4/6 bottles; "Cremex" in boxes of 6 for 1/-.



*It is possible to greatly improve the growth and appearance of the hair by using the free supply of "Harlene" and "Cremex" Shampoo Powder in accordance with the directions contained in the Hair-Drill Manual, all given free to those who supply their name and address on the accompanying Coupon, to be sent to Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C. There is sufficient in this Outfit for a week's trial treatment of the hair.*

## A TRIPLE BLESSING COUPON.

Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Co.,  
95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Quarter,  
October, 1929.

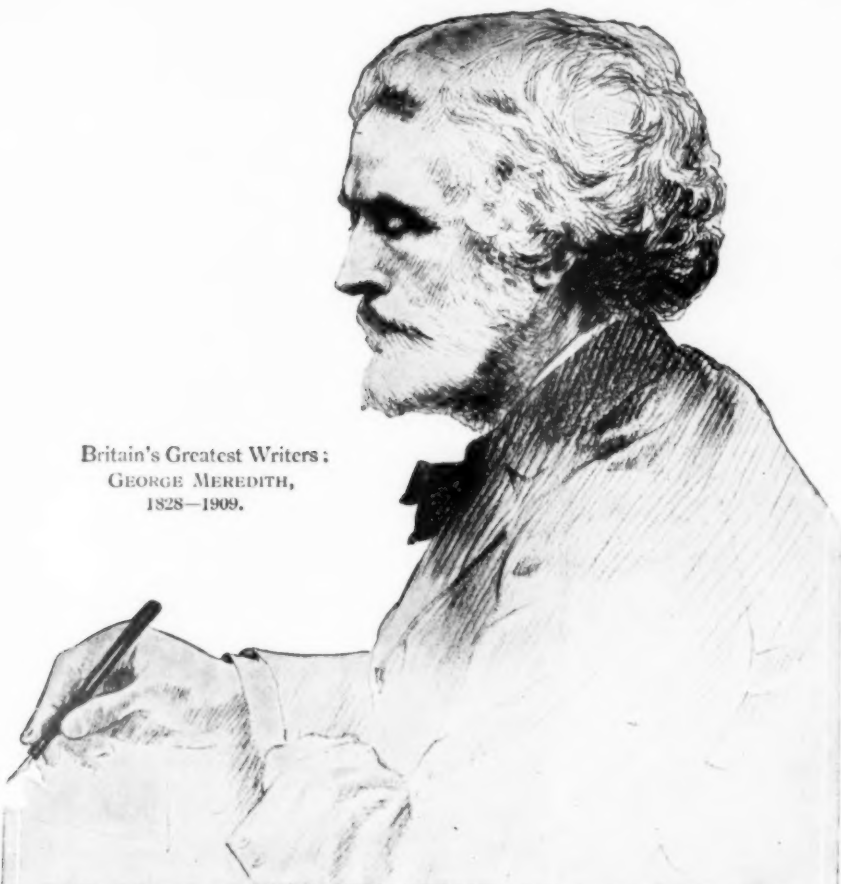
Dear Sirs,—I would like to have one of your Gift Toilet Outfits containing "A Blessing for the Hair." I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage to any part of the world.

NAME

ADDRESS

No payment for postage is required if you call personally at Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Co.'s address.





Britain's Greatest Writers:  
GEORGE MEREDITH,  
1828—1909.

Whether you use an Onoto for literary work—or merely for the business of the day—you will find it the best pen you ever owned.

It writes smoothly—never leaks—and fills itself in a flash. It is British Made by British labour—one of Britain's greatest writers.

Price at all stationers, jewellers, etc., 10 6 and upwards.

Booklet about it Free on application to Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 235 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

# Onoto

Self-Filling - -  
Safety Fountain Pen

**IMPORTANT.**—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new “G”—has been put on the market. It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new “G” at your stationers.

Also ask him for Onoto Ink—the best for Fountain and all other Pens.

# ONE MAN'S GIFT TO 16,000,000 BRITISH MEN AND WOMEN.

*A Triple Blessing for the Heads of All Refined People.*

**Presentation Packages All Ready—Only Your Application and Name and Address for Postal Delivery Now Wanted.**

**WILL YOU APPLY FOR YOUR PACKAGE TO-DAY?**

It is understood that another instalment of a quarter of a million Gift Packages now await the affixing of names and addresses for distribution through the network of post offices of Great Britain and Ireland.

This presentation Toilet Outfit is the very latest equipment for cultivating a beautiful head of hair. It contains the same directions and materials as are followed and used every day by the most beautiful women and handsome men in London society.

These Outfits are not solely intended for those readers of this article who are troubled with definite hair and scalp weakness.

Certainly, if your hair is falling out, becoming thin and scanty, or losing its natural colour, or even if you are troubled with actual baldness or greyness, this Outfit will enable you to cure such defects as these in a very short time.

You will notice the improvement in a week. Your hair will stop falling out. The colour will be restored to your grey hair. A new, thick, and luxurious growth will spring up in places where you may have become bald.

You can prove this for yourself—and at the cost of the gentleman who is distributing the Free Toilet Outfits—by means of the Coupon at the foot of this article.

But, as already stated, these Toilet Outfits are also intended for those whose hair has not yet shown any signs of definite weakness or loss of strength.

They are intended for those who wish to improve the growth of their hair, to enhance its beauty, and strengthen its vitality.

They are intended for those who wish to become personally acquainted with the very latest triumphs of the art of the Hair-Culturist, for those who wish to know the very best and the most fashionable way of caring for the hair and preserving its appearance.

No woman who appreciates the value of possessing a wealth of luxuriant, silken, glossy, and lustrous hair, and no man who wishes to stave off for ever the inroads of Greyness or Premature Baldness, will fail to make use of the opportunity now given to obtain for themselves the Triple Blessing contained in the Gift-Package to which the Coupon below entitles them.

"Everyone," says Mr. Edwards, the famous Royal Hair Specialist and discoverer of that delightful and refreshing tonic preparation, "Harlene-for-the-Hair," "should 'Drill' their hair for at least two minutes

every day, according to the directions I have drawn up, and which I shall be pleased to send free of charge to everyone who writes to me for one of the complete Toilet Outfits I am now offering as free gifts to every applicant.

"In addition to this, the Scalp and Hair should be frequently shampooed, in order to keep it healthy, clean, free from dandruff, dust, scurf-deposits, etc. For this purpose I have devised a special Shampoo Powder, to which I have given the name of 'Cremex,' and a trial packet of which I will also send."

If, then, you will fill up the following Coupon and send it to the address given, together with 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage (if you take this coupon personally, you can, of course, save the stamps for postage), Mr. Edwards will send you by return of post one of his free Gift Packages containing a "Three-fold Blessing for Your Hair," in the shape of—

1. **Complete Directions** for practising the great Society Hair-Culture Method, "the Harlene Hair-Drill."
2. **A Full Supply of "Harlene-for-the-Hair,"** containing sufficient "Harlene" for a week's trial course of "Hair-Drill."
3. **A Sample Packet of the New "Cremex" Shampoo Powder** for the Scalp and Hair.

This package will be sent to you at once, so as to enable you to start increasing the beauty and luxuriance of your hair the day after to-morrow.

Any further supplies of "Harlene-for-the-Hair" and "Cremex" that you may require can be obtained from all chemists and stores in all parts of the world, or direct from the Offices of Edwards' Harlene Co. "Harlene" in 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 bottles; "Cremex" in boxes of 6 for 1/-.



*It is possible to greatly improve the growth and appearance of the hair by using the free supply of "Harlene" and "Cremex" Shampoo Powder in accordance with the directions contained in the Hair-Drill Manual, all given free to those who supply their name and address on the accompanying Coupon, to be sent to Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C. There is sufficient in this Outfit for a week's trial treatment of the hair.*

## A TRIPLE BLESSING COUPON.

Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Co., Quiver, 95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C. October, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—I would like to have one of your Gift Toilet Outfits containing "A Blessing for the Hair." I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage to any part of the world.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

No payment for postage is required if you call personally at Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Co.'s address.



Britain's Greatest Writers:  
GEORGE MEREDITH,  
1828—1909.

Whether you use an Onoto for literary work—or merely for the business of the day—you will find it the best pen you ever owned.

It writes smoothly—never leaks—and fills itself in a flash. It is British Made by British labour—one of Britain's greatest writers.

Price at all stationers, jewellers, etc., 10 6 and upwards.

Booklet about it Free on application to Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 235 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

# Onoto

Self-Filling - -  
Safety Fountain Pen

**IMPORTANT.**—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new “G”—has been put on the market. It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new “G” at your stationers.

Also ask him for Onoto Ink—the best for Fountain and all other Pens.



Looking from the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons the first thing that strikes the observant onlooker is the absence of bald-headed members in the present Administration. There is no secret why this is so. Mr. Geo. R. Sims' trusty, honest hair-grower, "Tatcho," is now universal.

## HAIR AND BRAINS.

THERE are few things more firmly held as articles of popular faith than the belief that there is some sort of antagonism between hair and brains: that the more highly the tissues inside the skull are developed the more likely are those upon its exterior to fade and disappear. We regret to disturb this conviction, as it is one of the chief consolations of the bald-headed. The other belief that loss of hair is more common among the brain workers and in the upper or educated classes than in the lower is equally devoid of substantial basis. Records compiled by the Chief Chemist at Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho" Laboratories show that a vast majority of those who, since Mr. Geo. R. Sims has given "Tatcho," the trusty Hair-Grower, to the public, have consulted him on the condition of their hair, were of the wealthier and hence more highly educated classes, but this is because this class takes loss of hair most seriously. Similarly, any other medical specialist will state that he has a larger percentage of cases of loss of hair among his private patients than he has in his hospital clinics. But for the same reason this fact means nothing whatever as to the comparative frequency of the condition in these two social strata.

### The Government and "Tatcho."

There has never been a census taken with reference to the necessity for the possession of a good head of hair. Within limits, however, something may be done while waiting for the census, and the bold, emphatic statement of a writer that "the balder a man is the more successful he seems to be in politics" invites to an inquiry in that easy field. Is it really so? How stands it with the Government? Are the greater brains of the Senate without hair? The answer, thanks to Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of "Tatcho," the true Hair-Grower, is "No." And on the Opposition side of the House the story is almost the same. If one recalls the names of the members of the last Administration, they will find they were all gentlemen with well-nourished hair. Unless Mr. Balfour has recourse to Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery, "Tatcho," he will probably join the bald-headed few if he lives long enough; but Mr. Chamberlain, who is over seventy, has still a crop which pronounces, too, for this remarkable remedy.

Take also Mr. Arnold-Forster, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain—they have either found "Tatcho" successful, or, thanks to the supply of natural nourishment, do not need it.

### 26 non-"Tatcho" Members.

The proportion of "Tatcho" to non-"Tatcho" members on the Front Benches is well maintained when we turn to the House itself. In a recent publication, which gives the portraits of five hundred members of the present Parliament, only twenty-six of the whole number are reduced to the pathos of baldness. The vast majority of the others are well covered and well groomed. As the Hair-Grower which Mr. Geo. R. Sims has given to the world is recognised as an indispensable adjunct to the toilet to-day, the time is probably not far distant when a bald head will be a comparatively rare sight. Certainly, no more encouraging and certain proof of the efficacy of "Tatcho" could be cited that is demonstrated in the House of Commons itself.

### Try "Tatcho" at nominal cost, the Trusty Hair-Grower.

The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Company is distributing a quantity of large trial Bottles of "Tatcho" to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr. Sims' discovery to do so. In doing this the Company is acting within the knowledge that such distribution is making the preparation even more widely known and is introducing it into every home in a far more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.

### THIS COUPON IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, Kingway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Hair-Grower, "Tatcho," 4½ size, for the sum of 1/-, post free, in a rigid, sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

*Geo. R. Sims*  
Q., Oct., 1909 *Hair Restorer Co.*

**THERE'S NOTHING LIKE "TATCHO."**

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at 1/-, 2/9, and 4/6.



The most valuable health information in the world, contained in 24 small volumes of Sandow's Health Library, explaining the cure of illness without medicine.

### A FREE COPY TO EVERY SUFFERER

**Everyone knows** how Mr. Eugen Sandow has awakened the world to a knowledge of the wonderful curative force of scientific exercise in many of the commonest and most trying forms of illness. **For years past** in numerous ways attention has been called to the fact that no sufferer from ill-health who has not tried Mr. Sandow's method of curative physical culture need give up hope of a complete cure. **It will, indeed, be fresh** in the minds of many readers how *Truth* newspaper recently published a statement upon the authority of its special investigator, after most searching inquiry into the written records of patients and their own doctors, that no less than 99 out of every 100 sufferers were relieved, and 94 out of every 100 absolutely set up in perfect health. And these were, many of them, cases in which every other known form of treatment had been previously essayed without result.

**These facts prove** how important a service Mr. Sandow is now rendering to all who do not enjoy perfect health in the production of a complete health library, describing his method of treatment and its results in specific illnesses, for free circulation amongst those who are seeking to overcome some form of weakness or illness.

**Mr. Sandow is determined** that no man or woman shall continue to suffer a weakness or infirmity which curative physical culture can remove for want of an opportunity to test the wonders of the modern method of curing illness without medicine. **A sympathetic welcome** awaits every inquirer who can call at Sandow's Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., to talk over his or her own case with Mr. Sandow personally; and such a visit involves no cost nor any obligation to take a course of the treatment.

**For the benefit of those who cannot call** upon him, owing to distance of residence from London or from any other reason, Mr. Sandow has prepared a library of twenty-four booklets, each dealing with one distinct ailment, and giving a popular illustrated account of the way in which curative physical treatment works in that special disorder, and containing reports of past cases of the com-

plaint which have come under Mr. Sandow's treatment.

**Mr. Sandow does not** put physical culture forward as a cure-all, nor does he offer to give treatment by means of these booklets for nothing; but his readers will learn much that every sufferer should know, and also that courses at his beautiful and uniquely equipped Institute or by correspondence to the patient's own home are quite moderate in cost and within the means of sufferers of small purse. The volumes in Sandow's Health Library are:—

- |   |   |      |                     |
|---|---|------|---------------------|
| Vol.  | 1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia.             | Vol. | 13. Lack of Vigour. |
| 2. Constipation and its Cure.                 | 14. Physical Deformities in Men.          |      |                     |
| 3. Liver Troubles.                            | 15. Physical Deformities in Women.        |      |                     |
| 4. Nervous Disorders in Men.                  | 16. Functional Defects in Speech.         |      |                     |
| 5. Nervous Disorders in Women.                | 17. Circulatory Disorders.                |      |                     |
| 6. Obesity in Men.                            | 18. Skin Disorders.                       |      |                     |
| 7. Obesity in Women.                          | 19. Physical Development for Men.         |      |                     |
| 8. Heart Affections.                          | 20. Everyday Health.                      |      |                     |
| 9. Lung and Chest Complaints.                 | 21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments. |      |                     |
| 10. Rheumatism and Gout.                      | 22. Figure Culture for Women.             |      |                     |
| 11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.               | 23. Insomnia.                             |      |                     |
| 12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic. | 24. Neurasthenia.                         |      |                     |

**Upon receipt** of any one of these brochures, read it carefully; for every word Mr. Sandow writes is deserving of attention, and, what is more, Mr. Sandow will only accept your case for his treatment if he is quite convinced that you will benefit. His reputation and record are such that he will never take cases unless there is ample proof from previous experience that his method can cure the trouble. This in itself is most assuring, because one knows from the beginning that there is every reason to look for a successful result.

**Either call, write a letter about your case, or cut out and forward this application:**

Please send me, without charge, Volume No..... of  
your Health Library, described in the.....  
I suffer from..... since.....  
My age is..... My occupation is.....  
NAME ..  
ADDRESS ..  
.....  
To EUGEN SANDOW, Esq.,  
[Quiver] 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.





## MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

You cannot look well, feel well, think well, work well, or sleep well when you are the victim of Indigestion. Food is the main source of health and strength. Undigested food generates poisons in the stomach, which taint the blood and cause headaches, flatulence, biliousness, depression of spirits, weakness, sleeplessness, loss of appetite. Mother Seigel's Syrup, made from extracts of roots, barks and leaves, tones up the stomach, stimulates liver and bowels, and by so doing

**PURIFIES THE BLOOD,  
ASSISTS DIGESTION.**

Sold also in Tablet Form at 2/9.

I first used Mother Seigel's Syrup 17 or 18 years ago for Indigestion. My appetite was poor, I was always drowsy, and slight exertion unduly fatigued me. A few bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup freed me of these complaints. I have never since been troubled with Indigestion."

Mrs. Maria Peacock,  
Flamstead, nr. Dunstable, Beds.

ASK  
FOR  
THEM.



YES PLUMTREE'S MEATS  
ARE ALWAYS NICK  
THE VERY BEST

"The Very Best."

## PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS

**Delicate in Flavour.  
Superior in Quality. 20 VARIETIES.** Try them all.

**FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, TEA, OR SUPPER.**

Of all Grocers, Confectioners, and Stores, at 6d. and 1s., in Earthenware Jars, bearing Registered label and signature

**If cannot procure write  
PLUMTREE, SOUTHPORT, for nearest Agent.**



**EYES AND EARS**  
New Treatment Without Operation.

For all Diseases of the Eye; Deafness in all its forms; Noises in Head and Ears; Discharges from Ears; Deafness from Influenza and Catarrh. Special remedies forwarded. Hundreds of letters in testimony. No painful instruments. Write for Testimonials and Printed Questions to answer, sent free. Mr. T. ISOE, Isou's Eye and Ear Dispensary, Ltd., Great George St., Leeds. (Established 1871.)

## GLOBE

## METAL POLISH

The easy shine - Brilliant & Lasting.

IN PASTE & LIQUID    DEALERS & STORES

## PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

(Broncho-Laryngeal).

**For CHEST, THROAT, and VOICE.**

A Boon for Asthma, Cough, Catarrh.

Invaluable to Speakers, Singers, and Teachers.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN wrote: "I have always found Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles efficacious."


MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT "Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Chest, and Voice, and recommends her friends to use them."

SIR HENRY IRVING wrote: "Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles are excellent."

MISS ELLEN TERRY "Considers Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles better than any other Lozenge or Pastille for the Voice."

Sold only in boxes, 1/- and 2/6, by Chemists and Stores, or posted from

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS DEPOT, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE





**The QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,**  
HACKNEY ROAD,  
BETHNAL GREEN,  
E.

*Late "North Eastern" Hospital.*

130 beds always full.  
Unless help is immediately forthcoming  
£11,000 a year expenditure.  
Assured income under £1,000.

30,000 Out-Patients annually.  
half the beds must be closed.  
71,000 Attendances.  
No funds in hand.

**PLEASE HELP.**

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

**STEPHENSON'S**

WILL CLEANSE, POLISH, PRESERVE, DISINFECT & REPAIR EFFECTIVELY ALL  
**FLOOR**  
OIL & STAINED FLOORS, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH &c. AS NOTHING ELSE CAN.

**POLISH**

STEPHENSON BROS. LTD. BRADFORD

## PORTABLE BUILDINGS

Greenhouse, 37 6

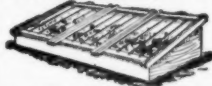


Good Sound Material and Workmanship Guaranteed.  
15 to 50 per cent. below any other house.

Conservatories, Forcing Houses, Studios, Cycle Houses, Motor Car Houses, Iron and Wood Buildings of every description. SURVEYS BY APPOINTMENT. Estimates Free.

Portable Buildings, from £1 13 6

Cucumber Frames, from 13 6



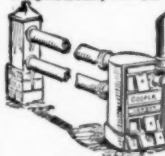
Iron Buildings, from £4 15-



Poultry Houses, from 10 6



Complete Heating Apparatus, from 55-



Pigeon Cotes, from 30-



Stable and Coach Houses, from £8 5-



Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free. Hundreds of Illustrations.  
W. COOPER, 761, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

## RUGS GIVEN AWAY

### NEW DESIGNS

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace Stockholm



5/6

## Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN OF SWEDEN. GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of THE QUIVER, 1/10/1909. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your 5/6 address one of our Prudential Real Seamless Woven Half Guinea

(Regd.)



suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and All Colours, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with

## FREE RUG,

thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchaser all Middle Profits. OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

## GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

with every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send two carpets and TWO RUGS for 10 6

Galaxy Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Overmantels, Bedsteads, Linoleums, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if mentioning THE QUIVER, 1/10/1909, when writing.

## F. HODGSON & SONS

(Dept. Q.)

Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants.  
WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

## Have It Hot—Have It Cold

That is the lifelong work of every THERMOS FLASK.  
To keep Liquids HOT or COLD—as you like—for  
24 hours.

And to do it regardless of climate—sun or snow.

Here at home in winter a THERMOS means hot drinks or hot water any-time  
without fire, lamp or stove

In the torrid zones or on a scorching summer day—it means cold drinks  
whenever they are wanted.

It's always handy—a comfort and convenience you cannot be without.

Many a chill it saves the sportsman—many a wait the mother, until a kettle  
boils. The

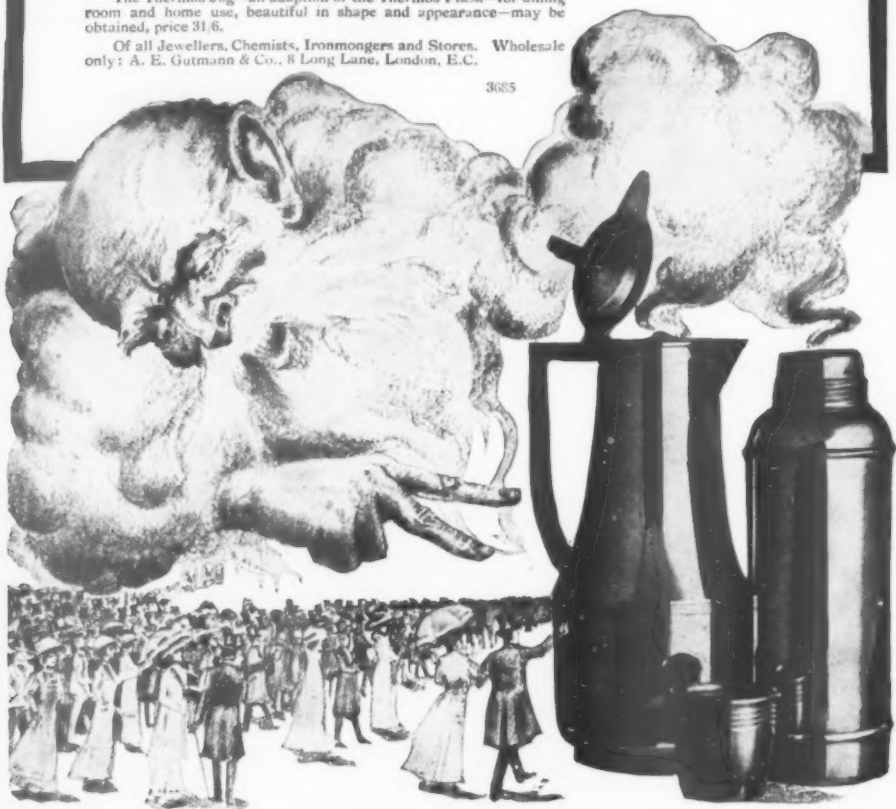
## Thermos Flask

cost 21/- for the pint size. Larger sizes a little more.

The Thermos Jug—an adaption of the Thermos Flask—for dining  
room and home use, beautiful in shape and appearance—may be  
obtained, price 31.6.

Of all Jewellers, Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores. Wholesale  
only: A. E. Gutmann & Co., 8 Long Lane, London, E.C.

3685



## Deafness Cured

by a wonderful invention which enables the deaf to hear without operation or cumbersome appliances.

Out of the many attempts made to relieve the suffering of those unfortunately deaf, there has been discovered a wonderful device which undoubtedly, according to expert authorities, entirely supersedes all other methods. You will be surprised to learn how simple and how easy it is for those afflicted to now hear by this new invention.

### WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET TO-DAY,

containing full description and particulars. By this new invention no one need know you are deaf. You can hear perfectly with the aid of this wonderful new device. It gives you marvellous power of hearing, and being entirely invisible does not attract attention.

There is no necessity for antiquated, cumbersome trumpets, speaking tubes or other instruments. This absolutely harmless device takes the place of a natural ear drum, and enables you to hear just as well as a person not afflicted. It does not matter what is the cause of your deafness, unless you were born deaf, you can obtain benefit. It is equally efficacious in the case of a child as it is with an aged person. There is absolutely no discomfort, no possibility of any harm arising; it can be worn day and night with comfort.

We want every deaf person, those suffering from head noises, or who are interested in the deaf, to write to-day for particulars of this new invention. We do not ask you to take our word as to the merits of this device; we will give you positive proof of thousands who have benefited by it. We will give you absolute proof that it has done more good to those suffering from this distressing complaint than any other apparatus, appliance, or device.

We tell you candidly that it does not matter how long you have been deaf or what is the cause of your deafness—you can now hear; and we give you positive proof of this in an interesting book which we will send free to all who write to-day. Therefore, if you are deaf and would like to hear at once, write, enclosing stamp to pay postage, to—

**THE MURRAY CO., 214, Century House, 205, Regent St., London, W.**



### WE WILL PRESENT EACH OF OUR READERS

with a beautiful Engraving from the magnificent painting by B. W. LEADER, R.A., on plate paper, measuring 16 by 12 inches, provided this advertisement and four penny stamps are enclosed to cover cost of packing and carriage (foreign stamps value 8d. accepted from abroad); or if called for, no charge will be made. Address, The Secretary, Fine Art Galleries, 63, Baker Street, London, W. *N.B.*—This liberal offer is made solely to introduce our Catalogue of Engravings, etc.

## THE GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

### THIS HANDSOME SOLID OAK BEDSTEAD

FITTED WITH

Sanitary Woven Wire Mattress,

2 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. 3 in. long.

FOR **12/9** CASH.

Securely packed and put on rail, 9d. extra.

The  
"Little Wonder."



Wool Mattress to fit, 8/9; Hair ditto, 21/-; Bolster, 2/6; Feather Pillow, 2/6.

## ALEX. LEFEVER

226, 230, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Estb. 67 Years as Manufacturer of  
Wooden Bedsteads and Complete  
House Furnisher.

1909 Catalogue (No. 38) and Guide, 'How to Furnish from 25 Guineas,' Post Free.

## THE BEGINNING.



## The Tale of HOVIS

(Trade Mark)

¶ The best the soil gives is wheat, the best wheat—the pick of the World's wheatfields—makes Hovis Bread, and Hovis Bread gives energy, strength, and nourishment.

¶ This is the tale of Hovis.

For full particulars apply  
The HOVIS BREAD FLOUR CO., Ltd.,  
Macclesfield.



THE END.

## EMPEDIMENT IN SPEECH: HOW TO CURE IT.

STAMMERING can almost invariably be cured, and can always be very greatly ameliorated by sympathetic and skilful treatment, such as is offered by Mrs. Caldwell, 19, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh. Sufferers from this most distressing affliction should, at any rate, try to learn for themselves what has already been accomplished in the case of others similarly afflicted, and this they can easily do by writing to Mrs. Caldwell at the above address, and asking for a free copy of her wonderfully convincing little book on stammering. The evidence it contains is beyond dispute, and Mrs. Caldwell deserves to rank as a true benefactress of the unhappy persons who have need of her skill.

## FOUR IMPORTANT RELIGIOUS BOOKS

## THE CHILD'S BIBLE

With 88 Full-page Plates by modern artists, Cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. Superior edition, 100 Full-page Illustrations, including 12 in Colour, extra gilt, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

Being a consecutive arrangement of the simple and morally suggestive stories of the Bible, in the words of the most recent translation.

## THE FAMILY PRAYER BOOK

Edited by the Rev. CANON GARBETT, M.A., and the Rev. S. MARTIN. With 12 Full-page Illustrations. Original edition, leather, 18s. New Edition, cloth, 5s.

"Will supply a want which many heads of families fill."—*Methodist Times*.

"If there is inexistence a better or more comprehensive work of its class we do not know where to find it."—*Baptist Times*.

## FAITH: Its Nature and Its Work

By the Right Rev. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D., Bishop of Durham. With photographic frontispiece portrait of the author, 3s. 6d.

"This is a timely discussion of a great creed. It is clear, scriptural, and convincing in its teaching."—*Life of Faith*.

## THE HOLY LAND AND THE BIBLE

By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. With over 400 Original Illustrations by H. A. HARPER. Cloth, 7s. 6d. With 24 Colortype Plates cloth gilt, 10s. 6d. Abridged edition, with 8 Full-page Illustrations, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

On Sale at all Booksellers

Cassell &amp; Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

TO CLEANSE the mouth,  
and preserve the body from  
infection;

TO ENSURE White Teeth  
and Sound Gums, use

## JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

Prepared from Purely Vegetable  
Antiseptics.

Contains no Caustic Disinfecting  
Chemicals which are liable to affect  
the delicate tissues of the mouth  
and lips.

Tubes 1/- Pots 1/6 & 2/6

## NATURE'S AID TO BEAUTY.

The celebrated beauties of olden  
times trusted mainly to health and  
rain-water. Now, Icilma Natural  
Water is not only softer to the skin  
than rain-water, but it possesses the  
unique power of imparting living  
beauty. That is why preparations  
containing Icilma Natural Water  
are different to all others—that is  
why every woman can use them with  
confidence. To prove this use a little sweet-scented



## Icilma Fluor Cream

which has no oil or grease to deaden the beauty-  
giving properties of the Icilma Water it so largely  
contains—the cool, clean feeling that can be imme-  
diately felt shows it is distinct from all other creams.  
Used regularly in small quantities it preserves the  
skin from heat, cold, wind, or age as nothing else  
can do. The moment you apply it

**you can feel it doing good.**

Sold everywhere, 1/- per pot.

**FREE OFFER.** A sample box of Icilma Toilet Pre-  
parations, including one full-sized Shampoo Sachet (new  
production) and a set of the Icilma Postcards, will be sent  
for 3d. stamps for postage and packing.

**ICILMA CO., LTD.,**

(Dept. 72), 142, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Ladies who unfortunately suffer from this humiliating affliction, such as hairy moles, moustaches, and other hairy  
growths, often fly to the painful process of electrolysis or dangerous acidulous depilatories, which often do more harm  
than good. I have discovered a new and remarkable method, and can assure you that wherever so-called cures have  
been unsuccessful, my method will give satisfactory results. It does not matter how strong or stubborn the growth,  
the result is the same. It entirely destroys the hair without injuring the most delicate skin. To any lady who is  
desirous of testing the efficacy of my treatment, I should be pleased to send full particulars with valuable information  
concerning same upon receipt of stamp for postage.

**HELEN R. W. TEMPLE, 6, Blenheim Street, Oxford Street, London, W.**

THE "QUEEN" RECOMMENDS

## JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" BECAUSE IT'S THE BEST. MARKING INK

As supplied to the Royal Households & Awarded 45 Gold Medals for Superiority.

**WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED.**

ONE HUNDRED YEARS WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. Price 6d. & 1/- SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/4 2/6 & 4/6.

## SOUTHALLS

One  
Reason

TOWELS

of their great comfort and convenience is the  
admixture of absorbent and non-absorbent fibres.  
Southalls' Towels are the original and best; purchasers  
should not accept substitutes. Sold by all Drapers,  
Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists, in silver packets  
of one dozen at 6d., also manufactured under their  
improved patents, 1/-, 1/6 and 2/-.

A Sample Packet containing 6 towels in the four  
standard sizes, post free, in plain wrapper, for 6 stamps from  
the Lady Manager, 27, Bull Street, Birmingham.

Southalls' Protective Apron for use with Southalls'  
Sanitary Towels. Very light. Waterproof. Durable and  
Adaptable. Needs no adjustment. Price 2/-



## CASSELL'S FAMOUS COOKERY BOOKS ARE INDISPENSABLE FOR THE HOME

### VEGETARIAN COOKERY

By A. G. PAYNE. A Manual of cheap and wholesome diet. Many recipes. 196 pages. Paper cover, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

### CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST

By A. G. PAYNE. A book of economical yet good Cookery, showing how to make dainty tempting dishes at very small cost. 380 pages. Stiff paper cover, 1s.

### CASSELL'S SHILLING COOKERY

Best and most comprehensive Cookery Book at the price. Gives practical suggestions and excellent advice for economic cookery. 360 pages, with Coloured Frontispiece. Cloth boards, 1s.

### PRACTICAL HOME COOKERY

By A. G. PAYNE. Contains all the important elements and first principles of Cookery. With simple and easy recipes, and a special chapter on diet for invalids. 190 pages. Paper covers, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

### COOKERY FOR COMMON AILMENTS

By A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS and PHYLLIS BROWNE. A practical dietetic guide for the invalid, in which the food problem is stated in the form of actual dishes which will prove digestible and palatable. Paper cover, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

### A YEAR'S COOKERY

By PHYLLIS BROWNE. Giving Menus for every day in the year. With instructions for cooking, marketing, etc. A valuable present for young housekeepers. 476 pages. Cloth boards, gilt lettered, 2s.

### THE ART OF COOKING BY GAS

By MARIE J. SUGG. Describes various types of Gas Kitcheners, Roasters, etc. Also gives a series of Menus of carefully selected dishes. Illustrated. 300 pages. Cloth, 2s.

### CASSELL'S HOUSEHOLD COOKERY

By LIZZIE HERITAGE, holder of First-class Diplomas in Cookery and Domestic Economy. With special Introduction by Dr. THUDICHUM. Full of sound practical instruction and information. Over 4,000 recipes, 1,328 pages. Containing 24 Half-tone Reproductions from Photographs and other Illustrations in the Text. Cloth, 3s. 6d. Special waterproof binding, 3s. 6d. net.

### CASSELL'S UNIVERSAL COOKERY BOOK

By LIZZIE HERITAGE, holder of First-class Diplomas in Cookery and Domestic Economy. With Preface by LÉONARD GRÜNENFELDER, and special Introduction by Dr. THUDICHUM. Containing 12 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations. 1,344 pages, 6s.

### CASSELL'S NEW DICTIONARY OF COOKERY

With about 10,000 Recipes, a Series of beautiful Coloured Plates, and several hundred Illustrations. A perfect *vade mecum* for the thrifty housewife. Contains full and detailed instructions for every dish the most fastidious gourmet can think of. 1,260 pages. Cloth, 7s. 6d.; half-leather, 10s. 6d.

**OBTAINABLE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.**

**CASSELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.**



# ANOTHER CONQUEST OF THE ALPS!



1. Nasal Cavity.  
2. Mouth.  
3. Tongue.  
4. Entrance to Throat.  
5. Passage to the Lungs.  
6. Passage to the Stomach.

## A Valuable Secret Unearthed.

### NEW BREATHE-ABLE REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, & BRONCHITIS.

"There shall be no Alps," said Napoleon, and with courage and skill he eventually solved the problem of a way over the hitherto impassable mountains which barred his conquest of Italy. Within reach of the great General at that time there lay another secret which, solved since by Science, has meant untold benefit to millions of people. For years the Alps baffled all attempts to penetrate the health-giving mysteries of their pine-clad slopes. At last, however, advance was made along new lines of investigation, which eventually culminated in the discovery of a novel method by which the lung-healing vapours of the pine forests could be concentrated and locked up in handy tablet form, now known by the name of Peps, the great breathe-able remedy. As a Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth, certain balsamic medicinal fumes are given off and carried with every indrawn breath into the throat, chest, and lungs of sufferers from bronchial trouble. (The dotted lines in the diagram show the direction taken by the Peps fumes when breathing.) Thus the weak-chested have literally brought to them "A Pine Forest in Every Home," and can enjoy almost the identical benefits that the famed pine-woods confer upon those who are able to visit them.

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of such a discovery, for the effect of Peps is twofold. First, Peps completely allay the irritation and tickling—i.e., the subacute inflammation of the delicate membrane which lines the air pipes and lungs; and secondly, they destroy the germs of disease lodging in tissues far out of the reach of liquid medicine.

By this system of applying a unique medicine straight to the seat of the lung trouble, a real cure is obtained. At the same time there is the happy consciousness that no dangerous and nerve-depressing drugs are being taken into the system, but, instead, only the purest, most effective, and most novel breathe-able essences that were ever concentrated in a handy, compact tablet.

*You are invited to try this unique Throat and Chest Remedy free of cost. Mention "The Quiver," October, and enclose 1d. stamp for return postage. Address Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds.*

#### BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT & WEAK CHEST

Mrs. A. Gates, Seafeld Cottage, Rustington, near Worthing, Sussex, writes: "For a month at a time I had to stay in bed with bronchitis, suffering from severe coughing fits, sore throat, and pains across my chest. My breath came in gasps, and my voice often left me altogether. I had six doctors' treatment without any relief. I tried Peps two winters ago. Peps brought me great relief, not only to my raw throat and chest, but from the spasms of coughing as well. I rapidly picked up as I regularly took Peps. Finding Peps so good for my severe case, I gave them to the children for their colds. For them also Peps proved splendid. All six of us in our family think very highly of Peps."

# Peps

"A Pine Forest in Every Home"

**Frister & Rossmann's**  
HIGH-CLASS  
MACHINES

£2.16.0  
AND  
£3.7.6



For Name of nearest Agent & Full List,  
**WRITE WHOLESALE DEPOT, 49 Fore St., LONDON.E.C.**

**Fits, Fits, Fits.**

ALL PERSONS SUFFERING from EPILEPSY or HYSTERIA should send name and address to JAMES OSBORNE, Medical Pharmacy, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, who will forward, free of charge, particulars with Testimonials, and on receipt of 4d. for postage, full size **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** of the most successful remedy ever discovered for these distressing maladies. Sent to all parts of the world.

**GENUINE PANAMAS**  
at half Shopkeepers' Prices.



Close-woven Panamas (as sold at 1 Guinea), 10/6; Superior do., heavy silk band, Russia leather lined, 21/-; a few hundred Exporters' Samples, finest flexible makes, 30/6. **SPECIALITY:** Dispatch to all parts of world C.O.D. List Free. *Go ahead Postage, 8/-.*

SOCIÉTÉ PANAMA, Dept. O, 148, Old Street, St. Luke's, London.

Send a Postcard to Cassell & Company for particulars of their  
**FOUR NEW TECHNICAL SERIALS**  
Full particulars will be sent post free on application.

CASSELL AND CO., LTD., LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

## IRON BUILDINGS AND ROOFING.

Telegraphic Address  
"Economical, London."  
Telephone, 17 Hott.

And every description of JOINERS' WORK.

CHEAPEST HOUSE  
IN THE TRADE.



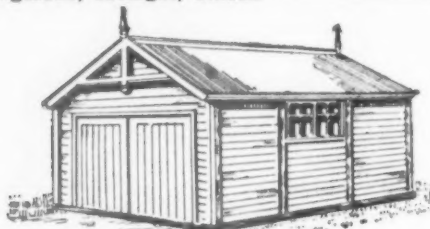
Sheds and Roofs of all Description.  
Bungalows, Cottages, Offices.

**PLANS FREE.  
ESTIMATES  
FREE.**

Buildings Shipped and  
Erected in any part of  
the World.



**CHURCH, CHAPEL AND SCHOOL  
FURNITURE, SEATS, PULPITS,  
LECTERNS, &c.,**  
Shipped to any part of the World.



**MOTOR HOUSE.**

13 ft. by 10 ft.	On Rail	£16 10 0	Erected	£19 15 0
15 ft. by 10 ft.	"	18 0 0	"	22 0 0
22 ft. by 10 ft.	"	22 5 0	"	27 10 0
26 ft. by 12 ft.	"	25 10 0	"	33 10 0



Church Furniture of  
every Description at  
Low Prices.

**ABOVE DESIGN 3s. PER SITTING.**

**ARCHITECTS' DESIGNS  
CARRIED OUT.**

**W. HARBROW'S** Works, adjoining South Bermondsey Station, L.B. & S.C. Ry.

## School Days "SWAN" Pen Days

They go together—the Student and the  
"SWAN"

In every branch of Study writing plays a serious part. Exercises, Essays, Papers, Mathematics, &c., call for constant pen use.

### WHY HANDICAP THE STUDENT?

Complete the equipment with the perfect fountainpen, which will render writing work easier and shorter. The "SWAN" is the busy writer's pen—it holds a lot of ink, is easily filled, writes instantly and evenly, and gives no trouble through years of work.

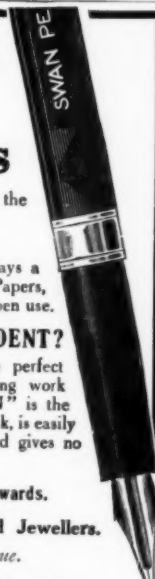
Prices from **10/6** upwards.

Sold by all Stationers and Jewellers.

Write for Catalogue.

**MABIE, TODD & CO.,**  
79 and 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

95, Cheapside, E.C.1; 654, Regent Street, W.  
3, Exchange Street, Manchester.  
10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 36, Ave. de l'Opéra, Paris.  
And at New York and Chicago.



# BCS

When You Use  
Sauce Use the  
Very Best—

## BRACKNELL'S CLUB SAUCE

It is most economical in use, possesses delicious flavouring properties, and is a positive aid to digestion. Just a drop or two of Bracknell's Club Sauce gives a new zest to the meal.

Per 8 oz. **6<sup>d</sup>** of all  
Bottle. **6<sup>d</sup>** Grocers.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send one penny stamp and name of your Grocer, and a sample bottle will be sent free by G. & S. BRACKNELL (Dept. 8), Brandon Road, King's Cross, London.



"A new broom  
sweeps clean" not half  
but— so clean  
as a  
**Bissell**



**CARPET SWEEPER**

Prices from  
**10/6** upwards

**SOLD EVERYWHERE**

Insist on a genuine **BISSELL**.  
There are others—imitations—but  
insist on a **BISSELL**.

## LAUNDRY AND DAIRY.

WASHING MACHINES, from **35/-**  
(Free Trial Allowed.)  
WRINGING MACHINES, " **21/-**  
MANGLING MACHINES, " **25/-**  
Laundry Appliances of every Description.

**BUTTER CHURNS.**  
LONDON DAIRY SHOW.—Nine Champion  
Prizes out of the last Ten.

**Butter Workers. Cream Separators.**  
Dairy Appliances of every description.

Carrriage Free—Special Discount.

Illustrated Catalogue (740 S)  
Post Free.



**T. BRADFORD & CO., Manufacturers.**

Showrooms { 141 & 142, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.  
130, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.  
VICTORIA AVENUE, MANCHESTER.

Benger's Food is retained and assimilated by the most delicate stomach. It is much more suitable for the hand-reared child than cow's milk alone, because, when prepared, it contains the proper elements of nutrition in more suitable conditions and proportions. Benger's Food is rich and creamy, easily digested and highly nutritive.

# BENGER'S FOOD

Sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

## "Mum"

for odors of perspiration

Instantly removes them and they keep away all day or evening. Does not harm skin or clothes.

1/. If your chemist hasn't "Mum" send us his name and one shilling, and we'll send it postpaid.

Thomas Christy & Co.

4 Old Swan Lane, Up. Thames Street, London, E.C.  
Gen'l Sales Agents Mum Mfg. Co., Phila., U.S.A.

## OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

The well-known London Manufacturing Dentists, Messrs. BROWNING, give the very best value; if forwarded by post utmost value per return, or offer made. 63, Oxford Street (opposite Rathbone Place), London, W. Est. 100 Years.

## NO LANCING OR CUTTING



Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.**

It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals.

The BEST REMEDY FOR WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE FOR ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c.

Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts.

Sold by all Chemists, 7jd., 1/11, &c. per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 26, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.

# CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

AUTOMATIC ACTION



## "WHY PAY A GUINEA?"

The 5/- Outfit, as illustrated in this advertisement, comprises Silver-Plated Frame, handle and stopping attachment, with seven perfect Clemak Blades in silk-lined wooden case.

## ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A CLEMAK.

Clemak Blades can be Stopped and will last for years.

### STANDARD OUTFIT.

TRIPLE SILVER-PLATED.

With 12 Blades and Strop, in handsome leather case, 10/6.

Clemak Shaving Soap, 6d.

CLEMAK BOCKLET POST FREE.

Send P.O. and receive your set prepaid.

**CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter Street, London.**

## ECZOLINE

Have you used it?

**POSITIVE CURE FOR**

## ECZEMA

**BAD LEGS, SORES, and like Troubles.**

**OINTMENT.**—To Heal the Sore or Wound.

**TABLETS.**—To Cool, Strengthen, and Purify the Blood.

**SOAP.**—To Keep the Skin in Perfect Condition.

Send 3/- and the whole Trial Treatment will be sent free. Many have been cured by one trial alone of

**SEPARATE PRICE.** Ointment, 1/11 and 2/9; Tablets, 1/11 and 2/9; Soap, 6d.; Shaving Soap, 9d.

Veterinary same price except Soap, 3d. per cake.

## ECZOLINE

**W. W. HUNTER, Regent Street, Swindon, Wilts, Eng.**

THE BEST "NIGHTCAP."

# 'Allenburys' DIET

Before going to bed take a hot cup of the delicious, light, and healthful nourishment, known as the "Allenburys" DIET. It promotes a restful and refreshing night's rest, free from the depressing reaction in the morning which so often follows the taking of spirits. The DIET is prepared in a minute by the addition of boiling water only. In tins, 1/6 and 3/6, of Chemists.

The "Allenburys" DIET is for Adults, and is quite distinct from the well-known "Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

A large sample sent on receipt of three penny stamps.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard St., London.



## BUSY as BEES

with the New Box of  
Harbutt's Plasticine,

The **LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.**

A Splendid Box for Children.

Price, Post Free, 2/4. With 5 Colours,  
Tools, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Plates,  
Dishes, Rolling Pins, &c.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A.,  
27, Bathampton, BATH.

## EYESIGHT RESTORED



**NO SPECTACLES!  
NO OPERATION!!  
NO MEDICINE!!!**  
Consultation and Instruction for  
Self Home Treatment, **FREE.**  
Call with this advt. or write  
(enclose id. stamp and advt.):  
**C. J. Highwater Eye Inst.,**  
55-117, Exchange Bldg., Southwark St., London Bridge, S.E., London, Eng.

All enquiries for samples and all letter orders to be sent to Belfast.  
**IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS**  
Collars. Ladies, from 3/11 per dozen.  
Gents 4-fold, 4/11 per dozen.  
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per dozen.  
Shirts, with 4-fold Fronts & Cuffs & Bodies of Fine Long Cloth, 35/6 per 4-doz. (10 measure, 2/- extra).  
Sample and illustrated. Price Lists post free.  
N.B. — OLD SHIRTS made as good as new for 14s. the half dozen. By Appointment to the King and Princess of Wales.  
ROBINSON & CLAYTON, Ltd., BELFAST; and at 156 to 170, Regent St., London.

**CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP**  
is the best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth — a little Chivers' Soap — a carpet like new without taking it up. Sample ball sent post free 3d. stamps.  
**F. CHIVERS & CO. SOAP WORKS BATH**

**GLOBE METAL POLISH**  
A LITTLE "GLOBE" — A LITTLE RUB  
In Paste & Liquid. A BIG SHINE Dealers & Stores



## STAMMERING

**STUTTERING AND ALL DEFECTS OF SPEECH  
CAN BE CURED.**

The affliction of Stammering is, in the majority of cases, a blight upon the lives of those unfortunate enough to suffer from it. What it can accomplish in the way of rendering life a misery is but little understood except by the few. Yet it can be cured, and that permanently, in most cases with *two weeks'* tuition. No Stammerer need despair, as even the worst cases have been successfully treated in that short period.

All interested should apply for fuller particulars, including copies of free booklet, testimonials, and press notices (*posted free*).

**MRS. CALDWELL'S INSTITUTE FOR STAMMERERS,  
71, Princes Street, EDINBURGH.**

## ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes It.  
Nothing equals it. 110 years proves this  
fact. Golden Colour for Fair Hair.  
Of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers.



**Clean and Dainty  
Home Baking.**

It is light work for dainty hands to mix 1 part of "Paisley Flour" to 8 parts of ordinary flour in a dry state.

This done, no matter what other ingredients are added after, you can leave "Paisley Flour" to do its work of raising thoroughly, and be sure of light and well raised cakes.

**"Paisley  
Flour"**

**the sure raising  
powder—**

is sold in 7d., 3½d., and  
1d. packets everywhere.



**Baby's (K)nightly armour of  
defence against infection is that  
best of all Nursery Soaps—  
Wright's Coal Tar Soap.**

4d. per Tablet.

## FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED!

If your house is not protected with "KYL-FYRE," do not delay a moment longer.  
**The Expenditure of a Few Shillings may save Thousands of Pounds,**  
and possibly your most prized possessions which no money can replace.

## "KYL-FYRE" THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER

HAS PROVED ITS ABSOLUTE RELIABILITY.

**PRICE ONLY 5/- EACH.**

For Full Particulars and Testimonials apply "Kyl-Fyre," Ltd., Eastbourne.

[Face Contents.]



# The Quiver, October, 1909

## CONTENTS

Frontispiece: "Decorating the Pulpit for the Harvest Festival"

Drawn by ELIZABETH EARNSHAW

	PAGE
Brown. Complete Story ... ..	Scott Graham ... .. 993
The Story of Wedgwood Pottery ... ..	E. M. Tait ... .. 1002
Illustrated by Photographs.	
A COUNTRY CORNER. Serial Story ... ..	Amy Le Feuvre ... .. 1008
Chap. XXIV.—Conclusion. Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER.	
The City of God ... ..	Rev. Canon J. Vaughan, M.A. 1019
The Lighthouse. Picture ... ..	Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A. 1021
A Substitute. Complete Story ... ..	Montague Herbert ... .. 1022
An Everyday Creed. Poem ... ..	Grace Hartmans ... .. 1025
Danger Moments in Missionary Lives ... ..	Ernest H. Rann ... .. 1026
Illustrated by P. B. HICKLING.	
THE LEAGUE OF LIFE. Serial Story ... ..	Morice Gerard ... .. 1034
Chap. X.—Conclusion. Illustrated by H. TENISON.	
The Art of Story Writing. An Interview with Annie S. Swan ... ..	Denis Crane ... .. 1044
Flowers or Weeds ... ..	Rev. J. Lewis Paton, M.A. 1047
The Last String. Complete Story ... ..	Ethel F. Heddle ... .. 1048
The Home Department:—	
Saleable Trifles ... ..	Ellen T. Masters ... .. 1053
How to Keep Young and Healthy ... ..	Elizabeth Sloan Chessier, M.B. 1058
The Art of Making Short Pastry ... ..	Blanche St. Clair ... .. 1059
In the Orchard. Picture ... ..	P. B. Hickling ... .. 1061
Beside the Still Waters ... ..	... .. 1062
A New Competition for "Quiver" Readers ... ..	... .. 1064
In the Mellow Autumntide. Complete Story ... ..	Gladys M. Smith ... .. 1066
Illustrated by GERTRUDE A. STEEL.	
Conversation Corner ... ..	The Editor ... .. 1069
Boys' and Girls' Own Pages:—	
The Story of Autumn ... ..	Emily Huntley ... .. 1072
How the Steeplejack Works ... ..	Will Gavin ... .. 1074
The Crutch-and-Kindness League ... ..	Rev. J. Reid Howatt ... .. 1076
"How, When, and Where" Corner... ..	"Alison" ... .. 1078
Sunday School Pages ... ..	... .. 1081

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and should be addressed to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C." While every care is taken to ensure the safety of MSS., the Editor can accept no responsibility for MSS.

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF?

## "MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE

NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE

NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1-SIZE  
OF ALL STATIONERS CHEMISTS & STORES OR POST FREE  
FOR 12 STAMPS FROM THE INVENTORS.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 ST BRIDE ST. LONDON E.C.

**COUPON.****"How, When, and Where" Corner.***To Alison, "The Quiver,"**La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

*I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.*

Name .....

Address .....

Age .....

**COUPON.****The League of Loving Hearts.***To the Editor, "The Quiver,"**La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

*Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.*

(Signed) .....

Address .....

# EYESIGHT PRESERVED

AITCHISON'S  
SPECTACLES

**"STRENGTHEN****WEAK EYES."**

**EYESIGHT  
TESTING ROOMS AT**

12, CHEAPSIDE,  
6, POULTRY,  
428, STRAND,  
47, FLEET STREET,  
281, OXFORD STREET,  
46, FENCHURCH STREET,  
14, NEWGATE STREET,  
LONDON.

YORKSHIRE BRANCH:  
37, BOND STREET, LEEDS.

**MR. AITCHISON'S "HINTS ON EYESIGHT."****Hint No. 65:****"LONG EYED."**

Terms for describing defects of the eyesight are rather paradoxical. Short sight is caused by a long eye—i.e., the eye is too long from front to back, so that the clear image falls short on the retina. The retina is to the eye what the sensitive plate is to the camera; it receives the impression, and in the case of the eye communicates it to the brain. In a "long eye," the retina being so far away, the impression is blurred unless proper spectacles are used to lengthen the path of the rays. Concave glasses are used for this purpose. Great care is necessary in prescribing them, particularly in young people, as short sight is generally progressive, and the advice of a competent optician, who can determine by ophthalmoscopic examination the power of the lens which can be safely used, should always be secured. My system of sight-testing has been particularly successful in dealing with short sight.

My pamphlet, "EYESIGHT PRESERVED," the latest Illustrated Edition of which is now ready, will give most full and interesting details in regard to the eye and its defects, and will be forwarded post free to applicants.

**AITCHISON'S SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES SKILFULLY  
FITTED TO CORRECT DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT.**

**"EYESIGHT PRESERVED," a Pamphlet by Mr. Aitchison.**

**New Edition Post Free to "Quiver" Readers.**

**AITCHISON & CO., LONDON AND LEEDS**



## The Church Army

PLEADS EARNESTLY for **DONATIONS**  
in Aid of its Work on behalf of the

**UNEMPLOYED, OUTCAST, & HELPLESS,  
AND THE UNCODLY AND CARELESS.**

**LABOUR HOMES** throughout the land for reclamation of criminals, tramps, loafers, and social failures of both sexes. **RESCUE WORK. HOMES FOR YOUTHS.** Fifty per cent. gain a real fresh start in life. **FARM COLONY.**

Aid for the respectable unemployed and their families by **PROVISION OF WORK.**

**MISSIONS IN PRISONS, WORKHOUSES, and SLUMS,** on invitation of responsible Clergy. Hundreds of Evangelists and Mission-Sisters working in town and country parishes under Clergy.

**SEASIDE MISSIONS. MISSIONS TO SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.**

**SIXTY-SEVEN MISSION VANS** continually itinerating. **FRESH AIR HOMES** for Women and Children stifling in London slums.

**Funds, Old Clothes, Firewood Orders**  
(18 6d. per) and quantities of **Waste Paper**  
(two bundles) for **Sorting Urgently Needed.**

Cheques crossed "Barclays' a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary CARLILE (Hon. Chief Secretary), or Mr. W. F. HAMILTON, K.C. (Hon. Treasurer), 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

Telephone: Paddington 3440. Telegrams: Battisaxe, London.

### OPEN AIR MEETINGS

are held in all the poorer parts of **LONDON** by the **CITY MISSIONARIES**, and many instances could be cited where rich blessings have attended the efforts of these men of God.

**400 MISSIONARIES EMPLOYED.**

### FUNDS MUCH NEEDED.

Treasurer: F. A. BEVAN, Esq.

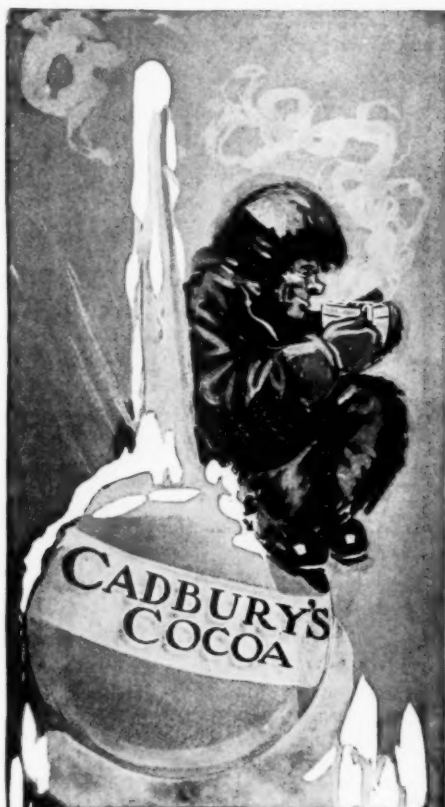
Secretaries:

REV. T. S. HUTCHINSON, M.A.

REV. MARTIN ANSTEEY, M.A., B.D.

Bankers: BARCLAY & Co., Ltd.

**LONDON CITY MISSION,**  
**3, Bridewell Place, London, E.C.**



Cadbury's Cocoa  
has assisted  
the most famous  
explorers in their  
search for the  
North and South  
Poles.

Absolutely pure—therefore best.

**Cadbury's**  
**COCOA**  
MADE AT  
**BOURNVILLE**  
WILTSHIRE

## SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Those taking a real interest in their health and physical development should send for illustrated booklet of exercises and full particulars.



## THE LOOP DEVELOPER

(Blakoe's Patent)

THE business man—the man who follows any sedentary occupation, needs exercise. From a health point of view this exercise is necessary. From the point of view of convenience this exercise should be readily attainable—efficient—easy. The Loop Developer provides it.

Based on the correct principle of developing the body by the resistance of one set of muscles against another—being handy and portable—requiring no fixing, and being adjustable to the needs of the user, the "Loop" is both efficient and convenient, and there is no danger of overstrain. Five minutes' daily use of the "Loop" keeps the body thoroughly healthy. Used and endorsed by the medical profession.

Made of Finest Spring Steel, in Three Strengths:  
*Athletes'—Family—Invalids'.*

## Price 12/6

Of all Sports Outfitters, Chemists, etc., or direct, post free, 6d. extra.

**LOOP DEVELOPER CO.,**  
(Dept. 16), Kirkstall Road, LEEDS.

Face back of Plate.]



## STEWED PLUMS

An Autumn Luxury.

Inexpensive, Wholesome,  
and Healthful.



"Used while you sleep."

**for Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Catarrh.**

**Vaporized Cresolene** stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

**Cresolene** is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

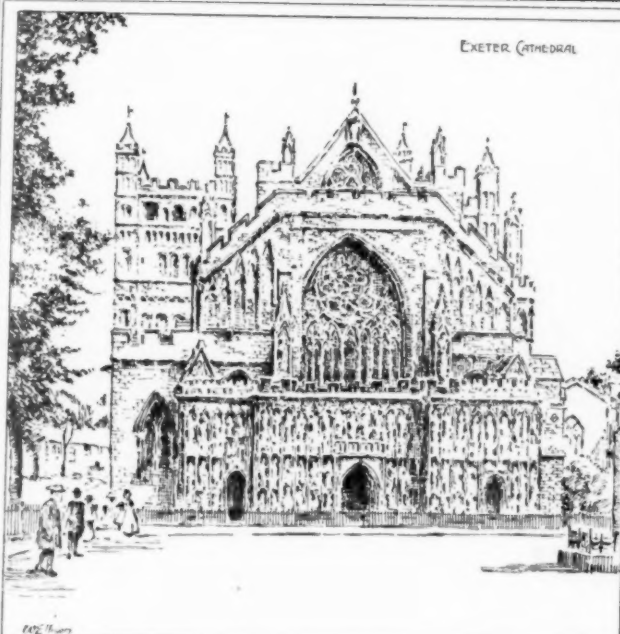
**Cresolene's** best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

**For sale by all Chemists.**

*Write for Descriptive Booklet, free.*

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your chemist or for 9d. in stamps from

**ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.,**  
Lombard Street, London.



## CALENDAR

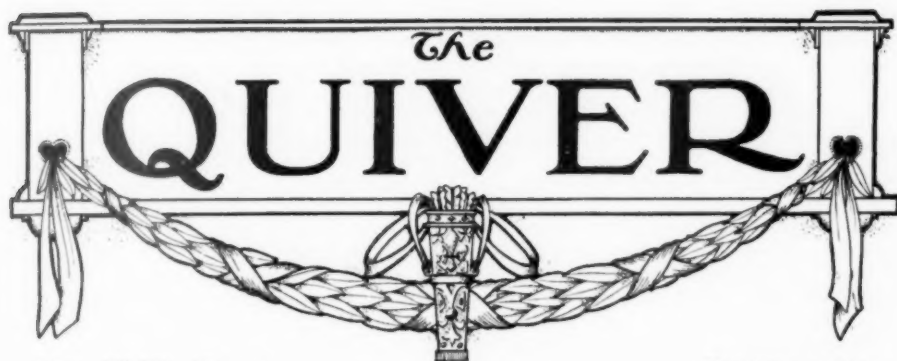
OCTOBER, 1909

- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1 FRI. <i>Pheasant shooting begins</i> | 15 FRI. (16) Dr. Clifford b. 1826   |
| 2 SAT. A. A. Procter b. 1825           | 16 SAT. Latimer and Ridley burnt    |
| 3 <b>Sunday</b> 17th after Trinity     | 1555                                |
| 4 MON. Coverdale's Bible issued        | 17 <b>Sunday</b> 19th after Trinity |
| 1535                                   | 18 MON. <i>St. Luke</i>             |
| 5 TUES. Marquis Cornwallis d.          | 19 TUES. (20) Grace Darling d.      |
| 1805                                   | 1842                                |
| 6 WED. Tyndale d. 1536                 | 20 WED. Selby Abbey burnt 1906      |
| 7 THURS. Sir John Burgoyne d.          | 21 THURS. <i>Trafalgar Day</i>      |
| 1871                                   | 22 FRI. (21) Coleridge b. 1772      |
| 8 FRI. Chicago fire 1871               | 23 SAT. Lord St. Aldwyn b. 1837     |
| 9 SAT. <i>St. Denis</i>                | 24 <b>Sunday</b> 20th after Trinity |
| 10 <b>Sunday</b> 18th after Trinity    | 25 MON. <i>St. Crispin</i>          |
| 11 MON. Archbishop Benson d.           | 26 TUES. (27) Mr. Roosevelt b.      |
| 1896                                   | 1858                                |
| 12 TUES. <i>Michaelmas Law Sit-</i>    | 27 WED. Captain Cook b. 1728        |
| <i>tings begin</i>                     | 28 THURS. Erasmus b. 1467           |
| 13 WED. Elizabeth Fry d. 1836          | 29 FRI. Keats b. 1795               |
| 14 THURS. Sir W. V. Harcourt b.        | 30 SAT. <i>All Hallows Eve</i>      |
| 1827                                   | 31 <b>Sunday</b> 21st after Trinity |



DECORATING THE PULPIT FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.  
(Drawn by Elizabeth Earnshaw.)





VOL. XLIV., No. II

OCTOBER, 1909

## Brown

A Complete Story

By SCOTT GRAHAM

"I'm very sorry, sir—but Mrs. Cornwall is out."

The pleasant, refined tones were so agreeable to Sydney Cornwall's ear that he looked attentively at the speaker. She was the smartest of smart London parlour-maids; whose natty muslin cap and apron, well fitting black dress, and spotless white collar and cuffs, were admirably becoming to an attractive face and figure.

He smiled back at her, as he passed from the doorstep of his aunt's house in Kensington into the luxuriously furnished hall.

"I'm her nephew. You don't know me, of course, but I assure you it's all right! I'm asked to lunch, and as Mrs. Cornwall isn't in I'll go upstairs to the drawing-room and wait for her there."

The new maid offered no opposition. Sydney carried his own recommendation in his frank face and manner. She demurely preceded him up the thickly carpeted staircase to the spacious double drawing-room; where she lowered one Venetian blind and drew up another, brought him the morning paper and a new magazine, and saying she would tell Mrs. Cornwall as soon as she returned that her nephew had arrived glided softly away.

"Just like Aunt Emily to be out!" he thought discontentedly, as he opened the magazine. "She's the most casual, forget-

ful creature in London! Perhaps she'll never come in to lunch at all! She may have gone off somewhere on her own account! It's too bad, when she knows how busy I am, and how hard it is for me to get off in the middle of the day!"

Sydney was a young barrister who had not only been fortunate enough to work himself into a fairly good practice, but was making some mark as a writer for the more serious journals besides. It was always an effort for him to come and visit his widowed aunt, Mrs. Cornwall, in more senses than one. She was only related to him by marriage; and was of a shallow, frivolous, pleasure-loving disposition, which caused Sydney to regard her as only a grown-up child. Yet he felt it his duty, as well as to his interest, to conciliate his only living relative on his father's side; for she was very rich, and a legacy by-and-by, when he was married and had a home of his own, would be very acceptable. As yet, however, he was not even engaged; never having found a girl charming enough to suit his somewhat fastidious taste.

Glancing round the drawing-room presently, its aspect struck him as unaccountably improved. Mrs. Cornwall had not a particle of taste, and the gaudy atrocities she favoured, simply because they had cost a vast deal of money, had often made him secretly writhe. But now a harmony

seemed to prevail in the overcrowded place such as he had never observed before, and he was especially struck by the very artistic arrangements of flowers which adorned the tables and the two mantelpieces. No professional florist could have bettered the display.

A loud voice on the stairs outside, and then his aunt rushed in tumultuously. Though she was fat, and sixty, Mrs. Cornwall was always in a breathless whirl. Her ultra-smart toque was pushed to one side above her broad red face, and half a yard of a torn silk frill dragged behind her expensive light grey dress. She held out both hands to her nephew with her accustomed effusion; for she was one of those persons who are always gushing to every new-comer, male or female.

"Sydney, my dear boy, I'm most awfully sorry I was obliged to go out! Bijou must have his airing every morning, as you know; and that wretch of a Lucille has just sent me in such a bill that I thought I'd go and give her a piece of my mind!—Oh, and coming back, what *do* you think?—But there, it's just lunch time, and I'd better go and take off my hat. What's that dragging behind me, you say? Why, I must have torn that off since I went out this morning—my new voile, too! How disgusting! How you always notice everything, Sydney! I'm quite afraid of you, I declare!—Oh, there's the gong! Good gracious!—But I won't be a minute!"

It was a good ten minutes, nevertheless, before they were seated at the flower-decked table in the ornate dining-room. Whilst his aunt rambled on with her accustomed flow of inane chatter, Sydney watched with approbation the deft waiting of the pretty new parlourmaid. She attended to their wants with no assistance save that of another maid who brought in the dishes and placed them in readiness on the side-board. Mrs. Cornwall kept no men-servants; but no highly trained butler could have supplied all their needs more efficiently.

"What is the name of your new treasure?" he inquired, when at length they were left alone to drink their coffee.

"You mean my new parlourmaid? Her name's Brown. She's a gem, I assure you—a perfect gem. You know I was almost driven distracted after I had to send away that dreadful Simmons, who drank, and

took money out of my drawer. I thought I never should find another parlourmaid; for I couldn't even hear of one, though I offered £35 a year! Just fancy! £35, and such an easy situation as this, actually going begging! But all the girls are crazy now to be typewriters or go into tea-shops as waitresses. When at last Brown came after the place, I almost fell on her neck and embraced her!"

"So she suits you?" said Sydney slowly. He was a trifle sceptical; owing to many former experiences of his aunt's paragons.

"Oh, she's perfect—she absolutely is! She's so kind and thoughtful to me—and never stays out late, and she cleans plate so well, and has *such* taste in arranging flowers! Lady Treadwell was here yesterday, and wouldn't believe all the vases hadn't been done by a florist! Really, Brown has such refined ways you might almost think she was a lady! Of course she has a very easy time of it—only just to answer the door, and clean the plate, and do the flowers, and wait at table, and help me to dress a little. My only fear is—she won't stay!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, those good servants never do! Every decent one I've ever had has always left me just when it was *most* inconvenient, either to get married, or else to go and nurse her sick grandmother in the country! But Brown says she has no relations at all, for I asked her right out before I engaged her—only a brother in Australia, or Africa, or somewhere. And she hasn't got a sweet-heart at all—thank goodness!"

"I should think such a good-looking girl could easily find one," Sydney suggested rather maliciously.

His aunt threw up her fat, beringed hands. "Oh, don't suggest anything so dreadful! I hope she'll be with me for years and years! I can't think how I ever stood Simmons, even for one day, now!"

Meanwhile Brown, in the spacious butler's pantry which was regarded as her especial sanctum below stairs, was demurely occupied in putting away the plate which had been used at luncheon into the baize-lined cupboards. She spent a good deal of time in that pantry during the day. The other servants rarely penetrated there. They were three—Mrs. Baldwin, the cook, a stout motherly woman of fifty, who had been in

Mrs. Cornwall's service twenty years; the housemaid, Lizzie Steel; and the between-maid, Jane Thomas. There was also a boy who came in daily to clean boots and knives, and windows; but as he did not sleep in the house he was reckoned as of little account by the cook and her satellites.

Mrs. Baldwin regarded Brown favourably enough; but she was not popular with the other two, who considered the parlour-maid too reserved and distant.

Lizzie Steel called her "sly." She never gossiped about young men; and when the others were freely criticising their mistress's little weaknesses and peculiarities Brown had an exasperating habit of seeming not to hear. She also flatly refused to repeat any conversation she overheard upstairs whilst waiting at table.

"She tries to be a lady," sneered Lizzie to the between-maid, who was her bosom friend.

One haven of refuge Brown at least possessed; her bedroom. She had stipulated before taking the situation that she should have a room to herself; no matter how small. The merest cupboard would suffice, she said; but she was so urgent about it that Mrs. Cornwall, with a dismal recollection of the weeks she had fruitlessly spent in haunting the registry offices to find a substitute for Simmons, at once granted her the use of a good room at the top of the house. That was another offence to Lizzie Steel. Hitherto the parlourmaid had always shared her room, the cook being permitted one all to herself in consideration of her long service. Lizzie scornfully asked whether Miss Brown would not also require a maid to do her hair. But the parlourmaid only gave her one of her calm, patient looks, and returned no answer.

Day by day, and week by week, as Brown visibly increased in favour, not only with her mistress, but with all the visitors who came to the house, Lizzie's jealousy grew too. She panted to be able to catch Brown tripping; to detect her in some piece of deceit or dishonesty which would give the housemaid the right to triumph over her ever afterwards. How she would rub it in, she chuckled to herself, if once she caught the all-perfect parlourmaid in some glaring fault!

But alas! she never did. Though Lizzie watched Brown, as a cat watches a mouse,

she could not lay her finger on a single short-coming. She was actually just the same below-stairs as when under her mistress's eye! She came in punctually to the minute when it was her turn to go out. She got up early in the morning, and she spent what Lizzie and Jane considered a quite unnecessary amount of time over her work.

Sydney, who came sometimes to tea on Sundays, and dined with his aunt when she needed a man to complete a party, found himself becoming more and more attracted by Brown's pleasant manners and graceful movements. She had such a delightful way of opening the front door that she made a guest feel at home even before he had entered the house; and at table she seemed to divine by intuition exactly what each individual guest liked best. And she was so pretty, too! Her bright complexion and soft brown eyes, set off by the trim cap and apron, rendered her a most pleasing object to encounter any man's vision.

Sydney was not the sort of young fellow to descend to flirting with a servant. But he sometimes thought within himself that if Brown had only been in another position of life, and he happened to meet her in the house of some common friend——!

One morning he ran in very early on his way to the Temple to offer to his aunt some Hurlingham tickets he had just received. The front door stood open, for the "tweeny" was polishing the brass knocker, and he ran past her up the stairs. Mrs. Cornwall was not yet up, having breakfasted in bed; and he decided to write a note to her in the drawing-room, enclosing the tickets.

This door also stood open; and involuntarily he paused on the threshold. Brown, as usual spotlessly arrayed, and duster in hand, was leaning against a table, so absorbed in poring over a magazine that for a moment she did not notice him. When she at length perceived him standing there she dropped what she had been reading with a start and a blush; seeming so dismayed that Sydney could not but smile to reassure her.

"It's all right—I only came in for a minute to write a note for Mrs. Cornwall."

Instantly she was the demure parlourmaid again. He had barely finished speaking when she had placed a chair before the Sheraton writing table, and was looking over the pens in the silver tray, to be sure he had plenty of choice. Then she gazed

out of the room; which somehow seemed unaccountably lonely to Sydney, when her slim figure had disappeared.

He was human enough to hasten, as soon as he was alone, to look at the magazine she had been reading, to ascertain what had interested her so deeply. He expected it was some exciting love-story. His wonderment was great when he found she had been reading "*The Nineteenth Century and After*"—reading it with real pleasure, unless appearances much belied her!

"Well, it's the age of progress!" he thought to himself, with an amused smile. "Perhaps Brown has ambitions above her station, and means to be a lady herself some day! I'm sure she has manners and looks to qualify her for a good position. Only it's to be hoped she won't be duped into throwing herself away on some plausible scoundrel, as such nice girls often are, just because he assumes the airs of a gentleman! She deserves a better fate than that!"

Next day was Sunday. In the afternoon Sydney went, by invitation, to tea with the Merediths, some people whose acquaintance he had recently made, living at Knightsbridge. The family consisted of father, mother, three grown-up daughters, and a son, who had chambers in the Temple next to those of Sydney. There were no other guests; and they were chatting over their tea when a voice all at once announced "Miss Brownlow."

He was sitting with his back to the door, and went on talking to Constance Meredith without taking any especial notice of the slim, girlish figure which was crossing the floor towards the hostess.

Mrs. Meredith rose and welcomed the new-comer effusively.

"This is good of you!" she exclaimed. "We thought you were never coming to see us again! That post of yours, whatever it is, seems to take up all your time. Gracie was only wondering yesterday what had become of you! Sit here, will you, dear—and let me introduce my son's friend, Mr. Cornwall, Miss Brownlow."

As Sydney turned to bow, his gaze encountered the startled, crimson face of his aunt's parlourmaid, Brown!

A different Brown from any he had ever seen before, certainly, dressed in a beautifully fitting black tailor-made gown, and a

big hat with black plumes—but unmistakably Brown, in deed and in truth!

Fortunately, all the others had started talking at once; so nobody observed the mutual confusion of the young pair. She blushed an even deeper scarlet, if possible, and shot a glance from her brown eyes which he interpreted as an entreaty that he would not betray her. Betray her! Although the occurrence was startling indeed, he instantly resolved he would do nothing to embarrass her still more. He was not going to be so mean as that, he said indignantly to himself.

"I suppose," went on Mrs. Meredith, when Miss Brownlow was seated by the tea table, "if you'd known there was anybody here besides ourselves, you wouldn't have come in! You are so odd now, never coming on my 'at home' day, or accepting any invitations! Surely you have your evenings free, at least?"

"I have a good deal to do," stammered the girl, blushing painfully.

"Then I should look out for a less exacting post," lightly interposed Rosalie Meredith, with the insouciance of a girl who has never had to earn her own living. "Let me see, I forget exactly what it is that you are—secretary, is it, or companion? Or is it governess? Anyhow, you ought not to give up your whole time to it. It's not fair that you should!"

It was a great relief to Sydney, at least, that just then two more young men were shown in; and the conversation drifted away to general and safe topics. Sydney, whilst bearing his part, kept a wary eye on Miss Brownlow, who said very little, and when she rose to go stood up to take his departure also.

"Oh, you mustn't go yet!" coaxed kindly Mrs. Meredith, laying her hand affectionately on the girl's shoulder. "Stay and spend the evening with us. We so seldom see you now, and I'm longing for a chat with you."

But the girl was firm. The truth was, that she was only allowed to have that afternoon out, and not the evening. The maids took it in turns to relieve guard.

The two young people accordingly descended the stairs together; Sydney keeping close to Miss Brownlow's elbow. He wondered whether her heart was beating as tumultuously as his own. At any rate he



"As Sydney turned to bow, his gaze encountered the startled crimson face of his aunt's parlourmaid, Brown!"

was determined not to part from her until he had solved the mystery—for mystery there undoubtedly was.

"How are you going back to my aunt's?" he asked, when the front door had closed behind them.

"Oh, I shall walk. I allowed myself just sufficient time for that," she responded nervously. "Oh, Mr. Cornwall! I don't like to imagine what you must be thinking about me! It was very kind of you not to betray me to the Merediths—though they are such old friends of mine that I don't believe they would have been very much affronted."

"I'll walk with you, if I may, and hear all about it," said he with a quiet decisiveness she dared not venture to combat. "Evidently some explanation is required! To begin with, is your real name Brown or Brownlow?"

"Brownlow. I didn't think there'd be any harm in lopping off a syllable," faltered she. "And—and don't look so angry, Mr. Cornwall! I never meant to do wrong! Only I had to earn my bread—and as I couldn't get anything else to do I thought I'd try being a parlourmaid!"

"Well, it was very plucky of you! But couldn't you find anything better?"

"Oh, you don't know how hard it is for penniless girls to make their way nowadays. I'll begin at the very beginning, and tell you the whole story. My father was in the Army; and after he retired we lived—my brother and I, for mother died years ago—in a dear old house he owned in Northumberland. I never knew what it was to want anything then; and dad and I were such chums! He wouldn't allow me to work too hard at my lessons, but liked to have me with him, riding and golfing and



fishing; and I'm afraid my governesses thought me very ignorant and idle. But dad always said it didn't matter, as I should never have to earn my living. Certainly, there was plenty of everything, though dad sometimes grumbled about money being scarce. But we thought it was just a way he had. Well, my brother Gerald went into the Army too, and when I was nineteen—just a year ago—dear dad died suddenly. Then we found he hadn't left a penny piece—he had only debts, dear, generous, improvident father! Our old place was mortgaged, and the creditors foreclosed and seized everything. Gerald went out to Rhodesia, where he's working hard to make a home for me, and as soon as he can afford it I'm going out to him there. Meantime, I had to live. I'd had no real education, such as girls need nowadays. I never liked drudging at the piano, and I can't draw, and I always detested languages. But how I wished I'd tried to become accomplished, when it was too late! I advertised and tried, over and over again; but nobody seemed to want a companion. At the governess agencies they told me I hadn't the slightest chance of a good salary, unless I'd done well at Newnham or Girton. The only situations offered were as nursery governess, where I was expected to teach everything under the sun for £12 a year; or else I was offered 'no salary, but a comfortable home.' And I was obliged to earn some money so as to get my outfit ready to go to Gerald. So I thought I'd put my pride in my pocket, and try my luck as a parlourmaid; for I knew as a governess I should never get anything like £35 a year. When your aunt's situation offered I jumped at it; getting an old friend in the country to recommend me, under strict promise of secrecy."

"And do you like it?" he bluntly asked.

"Oh, your aunt is very kind. And cook is a good old soul. As for the others—well, a governess's life is not all bliss, either!"

"But having to associate continually with the other servants—and having your meals with them—"

"Oh, I came quite prepared to take the rough with the smooth! And then it will be only for a very short time. Gerald wrote very hopefully in his last letter; and I expect in a few weeks he'll send for me."

"Even so, life in a new colony is terribly hard for a well-bred woman! You'd have to rough it in Rhodesia!"

"Oh, well, I'm not afraid! I mean to turn my hand to anything I can do to help Gerald," she declared sturdily. "It's very kind of him to want me to go."

"So, then, you only regard your present post as a temporary refuge till you go out to Africa," he observed, feeling unreasonably jealous of this unknown brother who was evidently accustomed to have his sister at his beck and call.

"Don't think me very ungrateful and snobbish," she murmured gently. "He doesn't know what I'm doing—he thinks I'm a governess. Since I became a parlourmaid I've never gone near any of the friends we had in London, except the Merediths. And even there I never would go when they were likely to have other visitors, who might object to associating with a servant, if they knew it! I hoped nobody would ever find out—not that I'm in the least ashamed of earning an honest living! Do you think I did very wrong in coming to Mrs. Cornwall under false pretences?"

As she glanced at him, with a world of wistful pleading in her soft brown eyes, he felt a most irrational desire to tell her that nothing she ever did or said could possibly be wrong, from his point of view; that he was filled with admiration for her pluck.

"You won't betray me?" she implored, as he remained silent. "I don't want to deceive your aunt, but if she decided to dismiss me I might not easily find another place so good; and in any case it can only be for a very short time that I must ask you to keep my secret. You *will* keep it—won't you?"

He well understood why she wished him to keep it from a woman so frivolous and silly as Mrs. Cornwall.

"Trust me, I'll never say a word till you give me leave," he warmly assured her; and with youthful impulsiveness he stretched out his hand and took hers in an ardent clasp. His eyes were eloquent as he did so; and involuntarily her own fell before his gaze. Any stranger seeing the two at that moment might well have taken them for lovers.

Neither of them noticed a passing victoria with two smartly dressed ladies in it. At an adjacent corner it stopped

a minute to make way for a girls' school which was just crossing the street. The pause afforded the occupants of the carriage an excellent opportunity of seeing the faces of the two engrossed young people; and Mrs. Cornwall, who had been invited that afternoon to go for a drive with a friend, started, stared, and rubbed her eyes as she recognised her nephew walking with—whom?

It took her a minute or two to recognise in the slim, elegantly dressed girl whose hand he had just been holding—her parlourmaid, Brown!

Brown! Yes, Brown beyond all doubt, though she was dressed like a lady, and really, as Mrs. Cornwall said to herself, in somewhat confused language, "you might have taken her for somebody, if you didn't know her!" And there was Sydney, Sydney the fastidious, pressing her hand and looking into her face with what seemed uncommonly like devoted admiration!

The minx! The hussy! She to dare to lift her eyes to Sydney! Mrs. Cornwall turned round to dart one withering glance at the unconscious young pair, and sat thinking what she would say to Brown on her return.

But she was not as foolish a woman as she appeared on the surface. By the time her friend had set her down at her own door she had thought the matter out. It was no use remonstrating—in such cases, it only made things worse. If she made a fuss and dismissed Brown with ignominy for having dared to walk with Sydney, he would think her a martyr, and there was no saying what a young man in his folly might do! But it should be stopped forthwith; if Brown were angling to entrap Sydney into marrying her, she should find her precious scheme foiled!

She said not a word to her parlourmaid that day;

nor did she mention the matter to Sydney in a letter which she addressed to him at the Temple, requesting him not to call again until he heard from her, as she was going out of town. Then she summoned Brown to the drawing-room, said she was leaving home for a while, and should not require her services, and handed her a month's wages in lieu of notice, with instructions to pack her boxes forthwith.

The parlourmaid was dumbfounded. Mrs. Cornwall's bland manner gave no hint of any offence she might unwittingly have given her mistress. But her guilty conscience reminded her of the deception she was practising; and she wondered



"Neither of them noticed a passing victoria with two smartly dressed ladies in it."

whether it could have come to her employer's knowledge.

"If—if I have done wrong—if you think I ought to have told you——" she stammered confusedly. "I——"

"My good young woman, I wish to have no argument with you," said the lady suavely. "Take your wages and go. And mind you are out of the house before one o'clock."

"But I hope you're not angry with me," pleaded the girl, her colour coming and going. "I—I've tried to do my duty here, and—and surely you will give me a reference, so that I can get another situation."

"Oh, I shall be travelling about, with no fixed address, and can't be bothered with letters! You need not refer to me—I wish to hear nothing more of you! You have grossly deceived me, and the sooner you quit my house, the better!"

With starting tears, Margaret Brownlow withdrew. She believed she was being dismissed because Mrs. Cornwall had discovered her antecedents, and was vexed at the concealment she had practised. She had not the remotest suspicion that the widow had seen her with Sydney the day before.

What to do now was a serious problem. Mrs. Cornwall definitely refused her a character. If she sought another situation, the first question asked would naturally be, "Have you been out before?" She was not the girl to answer with a lie; and if she confessed that she had, but her former employer refused her a reference, nobody would engage her.

"And I must get work on account of going out to Gerald," she thought despairingly. She had saved a few pounds, which she had destined for her outfit; but that would not keep her in idleness for long.

Lizzie Steel rejoiced openly when Brown came down in her hat and jacket to say good-bye. The household quickly guessed that she had been dismissed in disgrace. "She's a deep one," the housemaid said to the cook, as Margaret disappeared in the wake of the outside porter, who was wheeling her luggage to a cheap room she had secured not far off.

Then the weary hunt for work began again. The London season was nearly ended, and parlourmaids were not now so much

in request. The old friend who had previously recommended her had died suddenly; and the question of references was a serious difficulty, unless she could abase her pride to ask the Merediths to help her.

Then came the severest blow of all. She had given her new address at the post office, so that letters might be forwarded; and one morning there arrived an epistle from Gerald. She eagerly tore it open. Perhaps he had written to ask her to come out to him, and all her troubles were ended!

But alas! It is seldom wise for sisters to put too much faith in the good intentions of bachelor brothers. What anybody but Margaret might have foreseen had now happened. Gerald had fallen in love with the pretty daughter of a mining engineer; and he now no longer needed a sister, but a wife! In fact, as he informed her, by the time she received his letter he would be married! He was awfully sorry, but Meg must see it would not be wise for her to come out now—at least, just at present. By-and-by she might, perhaps; and then he was sure she would be charmed with Jeannie, who was the best, and sweetest, and dearest, etc. etc.

Margaret stood clutching the letter with a face as white as the paper. Her last hope was gone! Her brother was a broken reed. He did not want her any longer! Nobody wanted her, anywhere! Henceforth she must depend on herself alone!

\* \* \* \* \*

Sydney Cornwall did some hard thinking after receiving his aunt's letter. She gave no reason for her sudden departure from London; for she was too cautious to let him suppose it had any reference to Brown. He therefore naturally supposed the parlourmaid was still under her roof, awaiting Mrs. Cornwall's return.

The very idea galled him; seeing that, as he now confessed to himself, he had fallen deeply in love with her. As long as he had believed she was far beneath him socially, he had put the thought of her resolutely out of his mind. He did not believe in unequal marriages. But now that he knew her true history he was seized with a burning indignation that she should be filling a post so unworthy. He decided that she must be provided with a more fitting situation forthwith. He was not inclined to act hastily,

and propose to her before being very sure she really cared for him. But if he could find her a good post with friends of his own, where he could meet her frequently, all would then be plain sailing.

But such a situation was not easy to discover. His friends greeted his efforts on behalf of an unknown girl with a great lack of enthusiasm. It was the holiday season too, and most people were leaving town. Most disconcerting of all was the discovery, when his aunt at last returned, that "Brown" had gone, nobody knew whither. Mrs. Cornwall resolutely refused to give any reason for so summarily dismissing her; and when Sydney pleaded that the girl was a lady, and deserved more considerate treatment, his aunt still remained obdurate.

"She is a most hypocritical and deceitful young woman. I don't believe one word about her aristocratic connections! It was all an artful story, concocted for her own purposes; and I'm glad I found her out in time! Never mention her name to me again, Sydney!"

And when Aunt Emily spoke in *that* tone, there was no more to be said!

\* \* \* \* \*

Margaret's little hoard was all spent before she obtained an engagement as "mother's help"—in reality, general servant in all but name—to the querulous, exacting wife of a struggling solicitor who could barely make ends meet. They lived in a dismal street at Hammersmith; and it was perhaps as well that Margaret was kept hard at work from morning till night, since it prevented her from brooding over the wretchedness of her lot. Three spoiled, crying children, and an amount of work far beyond the powers of the wretched little maid of fourteen, meant that the "help" was in requisition till nearly midnight.

Sometimes it seemed as if the heavy clouds could never lift. Margaret was saving nothing; clothes wore out so fast here that her miserable salary was always forestalled.

So dull was her life of incessant drudgery

that it seemed quite a pleasant break when one day Mrs. Mann commanded her to take the youngest child to a dentist in the City.

"He screams so if he goes with me; but I expect he'll behave better with you," said his mother candidly.

So Margaret obediently put on her things. She foresaw a terrible scene with the undisciplined urchin; but it was all in the day's work.

They went by Tube. Margaret had bought her troublesome charge a pennyworth of chocolate to keep him quiet, so that descending in the lift she was free to give a moment's glance to the other passengers. One face detached itself from the rest as her tired eyes scanned the crowd.

"At last!" Sydney Cornwall clutched her trembling hand with the grasp of a drowning man. "Oh, I've found you at last! I thought I never should! Nobody could tell me anything about you—not even the Merediths!"

"I—I didn't like them to know that I—I had been with your aunt and dismissed," she murmured, hanging her head. "And—and I am so poor and shabby—and I never have any time to myself now——"

"You are worn to a shadow," he said pityingly. "Never mind! Things will be very different now! No, I won't hear a word! I mean to have you for my very own, as soon as we can be married! As my wife, you shall never have to drudge again!"

"This is our train," stammered the bewildered girl, as they emerged on the platform. "We mustn't miss it. Mrs. Mann wants me back to give the children their tea."

"Bother the train! We'll take a taxi instead, and then we can talk in comfort," said lordly Sydney.

It was all settled before they arrived at the dentist's door. It was a wonder they ever got there, for neither of them knew in the least what they were doing. They seemed to be rolling in a golden chariot through the Garden of Eden; and the glamour of that day, though years have passed now, is with them still.



# The Story of Wedgwood Pottery

By E. M. TAIT

CLOSE to the little railway station of Etruria in Staffordshire stands the most famous pottery in the world, a quaint, rambling conglomeration of low brick buildings which—save for the inevitable touch of time, and for the addition of the museum, added some four years ago—remains just as it was built by Josiah Wedgwood in the eighteenth century. He named it "Etruria" after the birth-place of that old Etruscan art which he was destined to revive, in such perfection that his methods cannot be improved upon, and are exactly carried out to-day in the making of modern Wedgwood. The very vats in which he first mixed the amalgam for his jasper and black basalt are still in use, and absolutely the only difference in the whole process is that the raw materials are ground by machinery.

But before describing the different processes by which the characteristic Wedgwood ware is made, it is necessary to refer to

## The Life Story of Josiah Wedgwood

since, in some mysterious way, the personality of the grand old potter still seems to pervade the place that he built and the beautiful ware that bears his name. He came of a race of potters, though of his immediate forbears there is no record save the mere fact that they were working potters. Born in 1730, the thirteenth and youngest child of Thomas and Mary Wedgwood, Josiah took to the family trade at the early age of eleven years, and was put to work

at the thrower's wheel. He must have inherited

"Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play,"

for in less than a year he rivalled and surpassed the best workmen in the neighbourhood.

At that time the art of pottery was at such a low ebb that it could scarce be dignified by the name of "art"; but from the first Josiah Wedgwood was fired by the ambition to discover the secret of the Etruscan potters, lost since the dark days when the Huns, the Goths and the Vandals laid Italy waste, fifteen hundred years ago.

For many a year the secret evaded him, but still he struggled on, always handicapped by delicate health, for while still a child (in his twelfth year) he suffered from a severe attack of smallpox, which left him with an affection of one knee, later aggravated by an accident, and eventually necessitating amputation; and soon after this operation the fear of blindness fell on him,

whereupon, dismayed but undaunted, he eagerly instructed his beloved partner, Bentley, in the mystery of "pott-making" as he understood it.

Happily he was spared the tragedy which loss of eyesight would have been to him; nevertheless, it was yet twenty years before he discovered the secret which had eluded him for so long—the making of the "Barberini black," now known as black basalt, and



(Photo: Clarke and Hyde.)

A CASE OF FIGURES IN THE MUSEUM, BEING TRIALS AND DESIGNS PREPARED IN THE DAYS OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.



the "Jasper" ware, which, adorned with classic white porcelain designs in bas-relief, has ever since been known as characteristic "Wedgwood."

During those strenuous years he made over six thousand "trials"! Most of these, duly labelled in his own hand, remain to this day, and are now enshrined in the museum at Etruria.

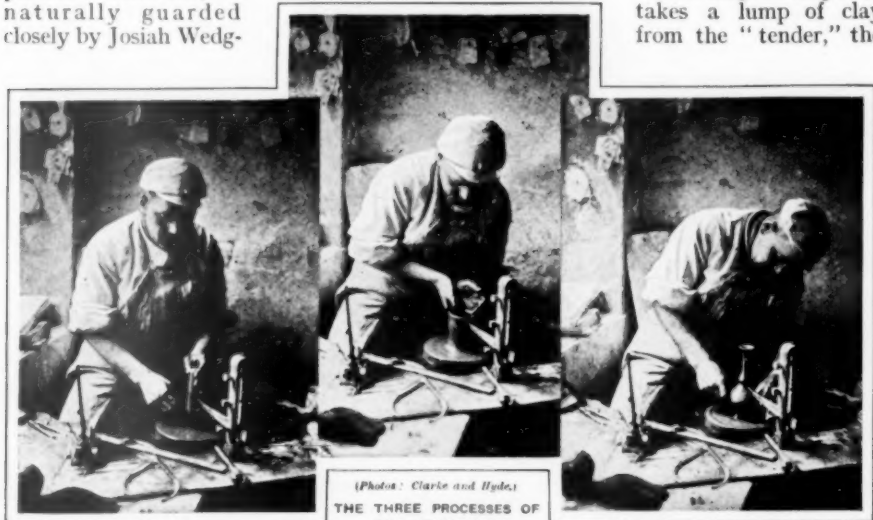
#### The Raw Materials

That secret of the jasper and black basalt, discovered after such long and painful endeavour, is naturally guarded closely by Josiah Wedg-

emerge like huge sausages from a gigantic sausage machine. The rolls are shouldered and borne off to yet another trough-like machine, where they are kneaded and mixed to the due consistence. The clay is now in plastic, shapeless lumps, ready for the potter.

#### The Thrower's Wheel

is practically the same to-day as in the dim ages when men first began to fashion vessels of clay upon it; still, to the uninitiated, wonderful and mysterious in its working. The potter takes a lump of clay from the "tender," the



This is the spot where Josiah Wedgwood sat and threw his first vase, 1769; the wheel is the identical one used by him 130 years ago.

wood's descendants, but the raw ingredients lie in heaps outside, as they were dumped down from the adjacent wharf, where the canal boats discharged them. Dorset clay, china clay, Cornish stones, and flint; there they lie, rude and unpromising enough, though destined to become—after sore trials by fire and water, and again by fire—things of exquisite grace and beauty, fashioned by the hand of man.

In the big circular vats the amalgam is ground between great stones, and churned up with water to the consistence of thick cream; then it is passed through sieves as fine as "bolting cloth," solidified by hydraulic pressure into rolls, which

woman who stands, with watchful eyes and ready hands, in attendance on him. He flings it on the whirling wheel, with a free, graceful, apparently careless movement, really with a precision than can only be acquired with long practice. It rises up immediately in a kind of cone shape, and the potter intently guides and manipulates it, fashioning it—with swiftness that seems incredible to the onlooker who sees the process for the first time—to a vessel of beauty and utility. "Hath not the potter power over the clay?"

#### Bevelling

The woman receives the crock from his hands and sets it aside. If it be jasper

ware, it is removed in a minute or two, and stands on a trestle in the open air for a certain time, so that it may harden a little, without becoming dry. It is then "in order" for the decoration. Grooves, stripes or intagliated designs generally are imparted by the beveller on a wheel very similar to that of a lapidary. The beveller also has a woman "tender," who works the wheel by means of a big primitive-looking treadle on

of moist plaster of Paris, still soft, but as delicately clear cut as a fine cameo. Most of this casting is done by women and girls, though skilled workmen are employed both for casting and applying the more elaborate designs.

#### Applying the Wedgwood Figures

This is perhaps the most delicate and difficult operation of all; though, like everything that is well done, it appears



(Photo: Clarke and Hyde.)

PART OF MUSEUM, SHOWING PICTURES OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD AND HIS WIFE AND PEOPLE EMPLOYED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

which she balances herself, creating slow or fast revolutions in obedience to a glance from her fellow-worker.

#### Casting the Wedgwood Designs

Next comes the application of the relief designs in pure white porcelain. The designs are first cast in plaster of Paris matrices, into which the porcelain clay is pressed, and scraped level with the surface of the matrix, with the blade of what looks like an ordinary table knife. Then it is manipulated deftly, and loosened with a small spatulate steel instrument, so that a smart tap deposits it on a slab

so easy to the tyro. The surface of the vase or other article to be decorated is slightly moistened with a camel hair brush dipped in water, the design is placed on, and gently pressed with the fingertips till it adheres closely and firmly. The art lies in exerting sufficient pressure without in any way defacing the design, which is still in a quite soft state. The small detached designs that appear on cream jugs, match stands, salt cellars, and other small articles of the kind are applied by girls, who speedily acquire extraordinary dexterity. The swiftness and accuracy with which they attach the

tiny cameos must be seen to be believed. More important pieces, such as large vases and plaques, demand the services of skilled craftsmen. Wedgwood's present "master craftsman" is Mr. Lovett, who has been employed at the pottery for over half a century, and whose portrait appears in the illustration on page 1007, where he is represented laying a figure on the clay slab in the same way as that employed in the eighteenth century by Josiah Wedgwood. There are, of course, others, all of whom have a very responsible work.

#### Firing the Jasper Ware

The decoration finished, the jasper ware is ready for firing. Each piece is placed carefully inside a large pan of coarse earthenware known as a "sagger" (abbreviation of "safeguard"), and is packed round with fine white sand. The "saggers" are then placed in the great kiln, heated by eight furnaces, in such a



(Photo: Wedgwood.)

ONE OF THE SIX VASES MADE AT THE OPENING OF ETRURIA WORKS, 1769.

manner that as many different degrees of temperature can be produced. Exactly the right period and temperature required by each article can be determined by experience only. The experts who attend to the firing seem to know by instinct that two articles, apparently exactly similar in shape and size, will require entirely different treatment. One may be left where it was first placed; another may have to be shifted twice or thrice before the right result is obtained. In the furnace a great transformation is wrought. Most of the jasper ware, when it is placed in the "saggers," is practically one colour—a greyish white. There is a scarcely discernible difference in colour between the grounding and the applied design, except when the former is to be sage-green when finished. In that case the clay is a pretty pinkish mauve before firing, while the raised design is greyish



(Photo: Clarke and Hyde.)

TWO TRAYS OF TRIALS AND EXPERIMENTS OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. THE ONE TO THE RIGHT CONTAINS TRIALS OF COLOURED PIECES WHILE EXPERIMENTING FOR THE PORTLAND VASE, 1787.

white. But during the firing the jasper assumes its permanent colouring, the characteristic Wedgwood shades, dark or light blue, lilac, or sage-green, with the pure white designs in clear relief.

#### The Black Basalt Ware

employed chiefly for busts, statuettes, candlesticks, and occasionally for teapots, pitchers, and so on, is made in an entirely different way, from a liquefied amalgam that looks just like molten gun-metal, and is cast in plaster of Paris moulds, much after the manner of metal-casting.

between them; Joachim Smith, the portrait modeller; James Tassie, who began life as a stonemason in Glasgow, and whom old Josiah eulogised as "an admirable artist and an honourable man, whom it is a credit to emulate"; that strange, complex, erratic creature, John Vozey, a modern Dædalus in his genius; and Henry Webber, the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by whom he was introduced to Josiah Wedgwood, to become, in time, the grand old potter's right-hand man, and the person primarily responsible for the Wedgwood *chef-d'œuvre*, the famous



(Photo: Clarke and Hyde.)

THE LARGEST JASPER PLAQUE EVER MADE. SUBJECT—SILENE VISITING ENDYMION, BY FLAXMAN.

#### "The New Museum"

at Etruria has become a kind of Mecca for connoisseurs of ceramics in general and of Wedgwood in particular; for it is stored with priceless treasures, the very existence of which was unsuspected until a few years ago. Then, in one of the rambling old buildings that constitute the pottery, certain relics were found; and a further search resulted in the discovery of practically every original design and model achieved by old Josiah Wedgwood and the glorious band of artists and craftsmen he gathered round him. Here was the work of Dalmazzoni and his pupil Pacetti; John Flaxman and his friend and comrade John de Vere, whose work is so similar that even experts are fain to attribute certain designs to one or the other, since they cannot discriminate

replica of the Barberini or Portland Vase.

Among the treasures now enshrined in the museum—all in a perfect state of preservation—are the wax originals of "The Dancing Hours," first designed for a mantel frieze, but afterwards adapted to plaques and vases. Here, too, are "The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche," "Apollo and the Nine Muses," "The Apotheosis of Homer," the Wine and Water Ewers, and two curiously interesting bas-reliefs, in commemoration of the Commercial Treaty with France in 1780, that have been recently and appropriately used in view of our present *entente cordiale* with France. All these are by Flaxman, and, in addition, are Pacetti's "Prometheus," "Endymion," and "Priam before Achilles"; de Vere's "Rape of



(Photo: Clarke and Alpd.)

THE METHOD OF LAYING FIGURES ON CLAY SLABS. THIS WORKER HAS BEEN FIFTY-THREE YEARS WITH WEDGWOOD.

Proserpine"—a magnificent piece of work; as well as the original matrices cast for these, by the same artists. Here are Tassie's moulds for the Portland Vase, cast from those made by Peckler, the gem-engraver, while the vase was still in the possession of the Barberini family; these were only found a few days before the museum was opened; together with the before-mentioned six thousand trials made by old Josiah, each labelled and annotated in his own handwriting.

#### The Barberini or Portland Vase

The reproduction of this vase, the most perfect specimen of old Etruscan art extant, was considered by Josiah Wedgwood the crowning event in his career. The original vase was discovered early in the seventeenth century by some workmen who, digging near Monte del Grano, came across a vault containing a superb sarcophagus, within which was the vase, evidently a sepulchral urn enshrining the ashes of some lady of quality, probably one of the daughters of Marcus Aurelius and his notorious spouse Faustina. The vase became the property of the Barberini family, and was the gem of their priceless collection for considerably more than a century; when, on the dispersion of the Barberini treasures, it was purchased in Rome by Sir William Hamilton, and sold by him to the then Dowager

Duchess of Portland. After her death it was put up for sale in 1786, and bought in for a thousand guineas by the Duke of Portland, who immediately lent it to Josiah Wedgwood, in order that he might, if possible, copy it. This task for a considerable time appeared impossible, chiefly owing to the difficulty experienced in matching the "Barberini Black," of which the vase is composed. Webber, the modeller employed, was engaged for at least two years on the design, and by July, 1789, no perfect copy had been effected, though Josiah Wedgwood wrote hopefully at that date, "I begin to see my way to the final completion of it." In the following October the first perfect replica was produced. This is now in the possession of the Portland family; while the original Barberini vase—usually designated the "Portland Vase"—is in the British Museum.



(Photo: Clarke and Alpd.)

PLASTER MOULD TAKEN OFF THE ORIGINAL BARBERINI VASE WHEN IN POSSESSION OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. ALSO PLASTER CAST TAKEN OUT OF MOULD.



# A Country Corner

By AMY LE FEUVRE

*Author of "Probable Sons," "Teddy's Button," Etc.*

## CHAPTER XXIV

### A QUIET WORKER

"Not stirring words, nor gallant deeds alone,  
Plain patient work fulfilled that length of life;  
Duty, not glory—service, not a throne,  
Inspired his effort, set for him the strife."  
—CLOUGH.

SIR ANTHONY and Rosemary stood together in his study. He had brought her there for a definite purpose, ostensibly to see what changes she would like made in the house, but in reality to tell her something that he felt she ought to know.

It was a very plainly furnished room, with a great writing bureau in a bay window overlooking the moor. The bureau was thick with papers and letters. Sir Anthony apologised for the confusion. "I forbid my housekeeper to put her finger on this table," he said. "I should never find anything if she were to do so."

"It looks like a lawyer's office," said Rosemary, looking round a little disapprovingly. Pigeon-holes lined the walls, with thick packets of papers lying in them. There was a bookcase, but it looked a dingy one, and only one big leather armchair by the small fire burning spoke of ease.

He put her in this chair, then drew up another for himself opposite her.

"It is a workroom," he said, looking across at her with a smile. "You ought to congratulate me on being so business-like."

Rosemary's brow was still a little bit puckered; then she smiled too, but it was because she had caught sight of her photograph on his writing-table, and by it a vase of roses.

"Those are my wood roses," she said, pointing to them.

"Yes," Sir Anthony replied; "you will laugh at me. It shows I have some sentiment, as well as business faculties, in this room. I have had a bunch of flowers from your wood the whole year round. I always stole them. As I worked, it refreshed me to look at your work so close to me."

Rosemary laughed.

"But what a poor conception of me and my work! Flower growing! Well, I have not done much more."

"I should say making a wilderness blossom like a rose is a work not to be despised. Your flowers preached me perpetual sermons, darling."

Rosemary looked at him wistfully, but said nothing. He went on:

"I want to have a little talk with you, Rosemary. I was dining with your brother last night, and Mrs. Mowbray put me through my facings pretty severely!"

"What do you mean?"

"Only that she considered it her duty to discover all about me. Your brother had so taken me on trust that he did not seem to know whether I was a poor or rich man. He said he didn't care. So, of course, she told him someone must have your interests at heart."

"How disgusting!" exclaimed Rosemary. "I know how very rude May can be when she chooses; I am so sorry!"

"She did not hurt me, but I told her that I would give you all necessary information to-day about myself, and then she left me alone."

"Don't bother to do it, Tony dear."

"But I must. Did my aunt speak to you about me when she was here?"

Rosemary's eyes looked mirthful.

"Yes, she told me, before I had seen her for five minutes, not to think of marrying you, for you were not 'safe.'"

"What else?" he asked, with twinkling eyes.

"She said some rather nasty things about you. I remember I was very angry with her."

"I dare say they were quite true."

"Nothing would be true that would reflect dishonour upon you!" flashed out Rosemary.

"I don't know." He spoke slowly. "Rosemary, I'll tell you my life. I was a spoiled boy up to the end of my schooldays, then my father and mother both died, and I was left to my own devices. My aunt, whom you know, took pity on me, and told me

her house in town would be my home. I went to Oxford, and did not do badly there, because I was fond of learning, but I got in with a fast set, and when I left kept in with them and their ways. In five years I ran through my small fortune, Rosemary. I let my old home in Hampshire. It had to go, for I could not afford to live there, and it was not entailed. Then I lounged about in town. I won't say I had vicious tastes. I was kept from the grosser forms of sin, but I spent my money on horses, theatres, and wine, and in keeping up a good appearance in society. In spite of being badly off, I was fairly popular, and could put in a good many visits to friends and connections. Then one day I heard little Paul preaching in the open air at the entrance to an East End slum. Something he said was like a bolt from the blue. I couldn't rest until I had discovered his church, and I used to attend it by stealth, afraid to let anyone know of the change that was creeping over me. Then, later on, I was riding a friend's horse in the Park and was thrown, and picked up with a broken leg. I was in my chambers with it for three months. The first month I had plenty of visitors, the second brought me at very long intervals very few, and the third month found me with none at all, and only my own thoughts to keep me company. I got desperate then, and wrote to Paul, asking him to come and see me. He did so, and by dint of much clear reasoning, earnest prayer, and application of God's revelation, the Bible, he wrested me out of the dark cauldron of doubt and unbelief, and brought me into the atmosphere of faith and peace. I can't tell you what patience and forbearance he had with me. Twice I shut my door upon him, and told him his religion was fanaticism, but he never gave me up. That last month on my sick bed was the turning point in my life. I always think there is nothing like quiet isolation to bring a young fellow to his senses. I began to see what a fool I was to throw away the gold in life and cling to the dross; and when I once realised my awful shortcomings in the sight of God the rest was comparatively easy. Thank God, Rosemary, you have no black past to redeem. That, and much I could wish to forget, is ever with me to make me walk humbly and have sympathy with others' failures."

"No wonder you are fond of Mr. Paul,"

said Rosemary softly. "What a lot of good he must have done in his life!"

"Do you know his motto? He told it to me once. 'We persuade men.' That is what he lives to do."

"The night I simply yielded myself to my Maker was the one which brought me news of another fortune. A wealthy uncle had died and left me his heir. I took counsel with Paul as to whether I should take it. The world's wealth had been such a curse to me hitherto; but he showed me how I could accept it—by redeeming the waste of former years. I paid all my debts—and they were no light matter—and then, hearing that your brother had settled in Devonshire, I wrote to him—we were always chums, you know—and told him I wanted to make a clear cut from town, to lead the simple life, in fact. He told me of this farmhouse. I came down, and saw it could be adapted to my needs, so took it. Do you think I was a coward in flying from society? But I was so sick of it, and I knew I could not economise as I wanted to in town. I had too many friends for that."

"I think it was splendid of you," said Rosemary, with shining eyes. "You acted as the young ruler might have done—'Forsook all and followed Christ.' Oh, how splendid to be able to renounce a fortune like that! Tell me more. How did Mr. Paul come down here?"

"He overworked himself, and the old vicar dying, I begged Lord Hawkhurst to offer the living to him. He came after a great deal of persuasion and after a serious breakdown. He always was a nervous little chap, but his illness left him much worse in that respect, and the doctors said a quiet country living was the only chance for him. But, Rosemary dear, I never renounced my fortune. I have it now, but I consider it is a trust to be used for my Master, and that is what I want to talk to you about to-day. I will tell you frankly. I have about eight thousand a year. I am living at the rate of five hundred a year. The balance of my income I devote yearly to mission work abroad, charitable institutions at home, and lastly—and this is what interests me most—to individual cases of need, cases that do not come into the papers or before committees, but which are all the more tragic and heartrending. I call these cases 'my family' to myself, and could tell you much that I know would interest you. It

keeps me busy, as you can imagine. I have no less than fifteen different individuals with whom I am constantly corresponding and looking after. Sometimes I have almost thought I ought to keep a secretary, for it is very often not till the small hours of the morning that I have finished my necessary correspondence for the day."

Rosemary's face was glowing with enthusiasm.

"I knew it!" she cried. "I knew you were a worker, though you have been posing as an idle man all this time! Oh, how I shall love to help with it all!"

"The question is," he said, looking at her tenderly, "how far you will go with me, or rather how much, in justice to you, must I set aside for our married life? You are in the unique position of marrying a man who could make you rich if he would, and yet does not want to do it. What do you feel, darling? What value do you set on this life's luxuries?"

"Now I will try and be gravely practical," said Rosemary, with a thoughtful air. "My heart says, 'A crust and a cottage'; my head says, 'Enough to keep us above care and anxiety and in healthy comfort.' Why, Tony dear, I want no more than you do! Let us go on exactly as you have been doing, and save every penny we can for those who need it. Oh, Tony, I am so proud to belong to you, so grateful to you for telling me it all!"

"I felt it was not right to keep it from you, though I hate talking about myself, and I know you will let it go no further. Of course, I have been blamed for letting my old home to strangers. People have said I have a responsibility as a landlord which I ought not to evade. But I keep a keen eye on my property. The tenant, a good philanthropic man—a retired business man—is doing all he can for the villagers; in fact, he takes as much care and more than I could take myself of the welfare of all belonging to the property; and, for the present, at all events, I am content to have him there. Of course, I need not say that I will make certain settlements for you with your brother. He already knows a little of my affairs, but we will discuss it with no one else. I knew you would understand and approve, darling, and you see you will have an opportunity of working for others, even as a married woman. I have sometimes longed for a woman's advice and wisdom in writing to my

'family. You may be able to help me so much."

"I should like to begin to-day," said Rosemary eagerly, eyeing the different pigeon-holes with the packets of letters. "I am so very, very glad you told me. If not, I think—do you know?—that your aunt might have made a little mischief between us later on. She is so very fond of making mysteries and dropping hints."

"I have not written to tell her of our engagement yet. I wanted to have this talk first with you."

"May I tell Pennie? She will be as secret—as the grave!"

Sir Anthony hesitated, then he gave permission, and Rosemary went home and dashed into Pennie's room, exclaiming:

"Pennie, Tony is a real hero, a man of a thousand, and when you hear his story you'll agree that there is no one his equal in the whole wide world!"

Penelope laughed a little sceptically.

"This is not the first time I've heard it," she remarked.

But when she had listened to Rosemary's account her face softened into tender gravity.

"I hope you'll be good enough for him," she remarked. "But you must try hard, Rosemary, to be not only a sympathetic and an enthusiastic wife, but a practical and sensible one."

"Yes, my dear old grannie, and when he and I are soaring away from this horrid old mercenary earth, we'll get you to pull us back again, and dump us down on hard matter-of-fact common-sense."

They laughed together. Penelope's lectures were rare; but though she made light of them, Rosemary cherished them in her heart.

Another day she came in to her excitedly:

"Pennie, just fancy! I'm discovering more and more secrets about Tony. Did you know he was such a secretive man? Who do you think is the author of those sweet little books—'The Confessions of a Restless Soul' and 'From a Quiet Chamber'? Why, he is, and he has written one or two more! And fancy his remembering my telling him that I longed to know the author, for I loved him! He says that when his leg was so badly broken and he was laid up in London, his experience then made him want to write for invalids. He says that Mr. Paul advised him to write, because he was telling him how absolutely



"It was in November that Bruce Talbot and Philippa Stanhope were married"—p. 1012.

impossible he found it to talk to people, or express himself in words. Mr. Paul told him that everyone had not the gift of tongues, but some had the gift of the pen. I am sure Tony has. He says, if he is anxious to help anyone, he sends them one of his books, and he let me read one or two letters he has had from people who have been helped by them. But remember we must not tell anyone. He wants it kept quiet, only he said I might tell you. And do you remember Philippa finding 'Confessions of a Restless Soul' flung over her park wall? He did that himself, for he knew she was coming past it. I wish I could tell her, but he says I mustn't!"

Rosemary paused for breath. Penelope was quite as interested as she was.

"I like 'From a Quiet Chamber' so much," she said. "It is like Sir Anthony—deep feeling, great humour, and quiet unpretentious goodness, with great powers of insight into heavenly as well as earthly things. It has done me a lot of good."

"But you must never speak of it to him, will you? He does not want it mentioned."

And Penelope promised accordingly.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was in November that Bruce Talbot and Philippa Stanhope were married. He had promptly gone to Major Willoughby upon his invitation, and had stayed with him till the date of the wedding. At Philippa's own request, they were married in town, and only Rosemary, and Sir Anthony, as best man, were present at it. Then they went abroad for six weeks, and took possession of their new house a week before Christmas.

Philippa was much altered and softened in every way. She told Rosemary and Penelope that her work in London had done her an infinite amount of good.

"It has given me a training in punctuality, method, and self-control. It has taught me to be courteous at all times to everyone, and to be sympathetic with those who may not be of my own class, but who, nevertheless, often set me a lesson in good nature and manners and endurance. I shall never regret my time in a West-End shop, and I shall always have a fellow-feeling for the shop assistants anywhere. No one would believe what a hard life it is, unless they had lived with them as I have."

Mrs. Titheridge Knight and her daughter

were some of the first to call upon Philippa, and Patty soon overcame her first awe of her, and ended by being one of her greatest friends.

Rosemary and Penelope spent a quiet winter. Laurence took his wife abroad for a couple of months; but though he offered his house to his sisters for that time, they did not care to move out of their comfortable quarters. Sir Anthony at first pressed hard for an early marriage, but Rosemary would hear of nothing till the following spring. Sometimes, upon her sister's bad days, she felt inclined to postpone her marriage indefinitely; then, when Penelope was feeling stronger and better, it seemed to make matters easier. Towards the spring, Rosemary began to train their little maid, who had come from the village, and was a devoted admirer of Penelope, to dress her and wait upon her. She proved a great success, and was soon able to take Rosemary's place when she was away.

Penelope, after a great deal of discussion, told Rosemary she would prefer to stay on at the farm for the summer, but she promised to come to her before the winter set in. She was to have two rooms opening into each other on the ground floor. Sir Anthony was making additions to his house for that purpose. Finally, the wedding was fixed for the first of June, and to the sisters' intense delight Penelope was able to be present at it in her reclining chair, a gift from her brother. It was a very quiet wedding, but the church was thronged with the villagers, and Miss Forrester was there in full force. At Rosemary's special request, she was married from the farm, and not from her brother's house. The Wortleys had insisted upon opening one of the largest unused rooms, the original old ball-room of the house, and this room was decorated by the loving fingers of the village children whom Rosemary taught in her Sunday school class. Philippa and her husband were there, the Titheridge Knights, and Major Willoughby, but no one else outside the family circle.

Miss Forrester was in a gay humour, but confided some of her grievances to Mrs. Mowbray when she got an opportunity.

"I have nothing to say against Anthony's bride, nothing! She is absolutely charming, but it is a shame of him to insist upon burying her down here. Do you know that, if he chose, he could have back his old home in Hampshire, and she could take her



place in the county as a member of one of the oldest families? But he won't do it. He has a streak of obstinacy in him. He prefers to live in his nutshell, with his ridiculous country servants, and only laughs at me when I protest!"

Rosemary laughed gaily when she heard this. Not a cloud was upon her horizon, except perhaps when she glanced at Penelope.

When the ceremony was over, and the afternoon spent in the flower-decorated ball-room of the Manor Farm wore away, the bride came down in her travelling costume of royal blue, which seemed to set off the fairness of her skin and hair, and gave a deeper tone to her dark blue eyes. For one moment as she knelt by her sister's couch tears fell fast.

"Oh, Pennie, am I taking a different turn in the road to you? Shall we never walk side by side together again?"

Penelope smiled bravely.

"I think I was the one to turn up the by-lane," she said. "You will be only a month away; time will fly."

The carriage came round to take them to the station. They were going by Rosemary's special desire to the Killarney Lakes. The last good-byes were said, and like most bridegrooms Sir Anthony heaved a sigh of infinite relief when he was for the first time alone with his bride.

"It has seemed a day of unending tumult to me," he said. "Now it will be peace."

He drew her a little closer to him, and Rosemary looked into his face with happy, tearful eyes. Yet her speech was characteristic of herself.

"Oh, Tony dear, if I didn't love and trust you to the uttermost, this is the moment I would choose to run right away from you, and never come back to you again!"

## CHAPTER XXV

### "COME TO ME INSTEAD"

"There is no greater bliss  
Than is the quiet joy of loving wife,  
Which whose wants, half of himself doth miss.  
Friend without change, playfellow without strife,  
Food without fulness, council without pride,  
Is this sweet doubling of our single life."  
—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THEY came back to their moorland house in July, and Rosemary, with a little added sweet dignity, settled into her married life as ecstatically happy as

any young bride could be. She still worked in her wood with Moses Vance as her strong ally; she still visited the villagers, and taught in the Sunday school; but her most important moments were when for two hours every morning she worked with her husband in his study. He laughed one day at the expression upon her face.

"What are you imagining you are doing?" he asked.

"I feel as if we're controlling and shaping the lives of the world in here!" she said; and then she joined him in laughing at her own conceit.

"A tiny fringe we may touch," replied Sir Anthony.

"Oh," said Rosemary, getting what her husband called the light of the battle horse in her eyes, "if only every rich man and woman would be content to live the simple life, and give their surplus as you do, Tony, how long would it take to cope with the awful want and poverty in London? It would be revolutionised very soon, I am sure!"

"It would be bettered," he said slowly; "but it could never be eradicated, Rosemary. 'The poor ye have always with you,' said our Lord. It would be a bad world if there were no scope for men's pity and generosity."

Rosemary tried to digest this, but could not.

"I think I'm a Socialist," she said; "and yet, if you're logical, you can't be. It's like trying to keep the roads clean. You would get them clean once, but you'd have all your trouble over again. It isn't only trying to keep pace or get ahead of poverty. As fast as you stop poverty in one place, it begins in the other. If you made one poor man rich, another rich man would be bringing himself to ruin, and so it would go on. I think and think about it sometimes till I get quite dizzy."

"Don't worry, darling. 'One by one' is my motto. We'll do our best, God helping us, with the few we can influence and benefit."

Not a day passed without Rosemary going to see Penelope. The invalid could wheel herself about now in her chair, and spent most of her days out of doors. Very often she would meet Rosemary in her wood, and she was always her bright, practical, amusing self.

She did not lack for visitors, and amongst the most constant of them was Major



"'Oh!' cried Penelope, 'stop! Please don't talk so! I never imagined such a thing could be possible.'"

Willoughby. Penelope learnt to look for his coming.

"I do think," said Rosemary to her one day, "that he must consider you his mission in life. Laurence told me he met him pelting along yesterday, and tried to change his purpose, for he wanted him himself. Nothing would induce him to forego his visit to you. He was armed with books and flowers, and told Laurence you would be expecting him."

"Yes," responded Penelope quietly; "he has been very good to me, but we don't always agree upon every subject. He is almost as romantic as you, Rosemary, in some ways; but whenever I begin to quench his romance I stop myself. He has had so much opposition and difference of opinion in his past life that I won't be the one to add to it now."

One rainy day towards the end of the summer, Penelope lay on her couch in her window. She had had rather a lonely day.

Rosemary had gone up to London for a few days with her husband, who had business there, so Penelope knew she could not look for her. She had sent her little maid Lucy to the village to see her mother, who was ill, and was now trying to occupy herself with a book. At last she put it down, and gave herself over to thoughts and conjectures about her future.

"I suppose I shall always and for ever be a looker-on. Why should I dread the coming winter? I really believe I should be

happier staying on here by myself. I know I should, only Rosemary would not be, and I cannot go back from my promise to her. I shall always feel myself the third in that house. I am quite convinced Tony will miss his *tête-à-tête* evenings with Rosemary. The only thing I can do will be to continually plead indisposition, and keep myself in my own rooms. And, oh! I like to be free! I like to be free! I am my own mistress here. A sister is never the same after she is married. How can she be? I wish I had not promised to go to them."

She was despondently turning again to her book, when there was a knock at the door, and Major Willoughby was ushered in. His cheery smiling face woke an answering smile upon hers.

"I did not think you would come out this wet afternoon," she said. "You have just saved me from an attack of the blues."

"I have never imagined you subject to

that," he answered, as he put into her hands a bunch of crimson roses.

Penelope buried her face in them, then she looked up.

"Are you dry?" she said. "The rain is a perfect deluge."

"I've given my coat and hat into Mrs. Wortley's charge. You do look cosy here. A fire! Well, that is the height of luxury so early in September."

"I felt cold," said Penelope, "inside me and out. There's nothing like a fire when you feel lonely. You try it this evening!"

"I declare I will! If I dare face Anderson with such a suggestion!"

"Anderson is becoming rather a bully, I fancy!"

"He and Mrs. Lawson run the house now. I don't. Never could understand house-keeping. I don't see how you women do it!"

He sat down near her, and looked rather anxiously at her.

"You are fretting over something. Is it your sister being away?"

"Oh, no; she will be back to-morrow. She wants me to leave my quarters here, and go to them the week after next."

Major Willoughby looked rather taken aback.

"It isn't winter for another couple of months. Why is she in such a hurry? Don't you do it, unless, of course, you want to; and perhaps it is a bit dull for you here."

"I have loved it," said Penelope, looking out of the window over the misty meadows with a strange softening of face. "I have learnt so many lessons here, Major Willoughby, one of which is how to be happy in solitude. It comes rather hard at first, but it is good to go through it, and realise that it may not only be bearable, but enjoyable."

"Oh!" said the major, with a comical shake of his head, "never that! I shall never follow you there. There's a good deal of compensation given you in solitude, but at the best it's a poor sort of life to live."

"No," said Penelope, for once thinking of herself and not of him; "it is the free independence of solitude that spoils you. I dread making a member of a family again. I honestly don't want to go to them!"

Major Willoughby looked at her with a strange flash in his eyes, then he suddenly blurted out:

"I wish you wouldn't go! I wish you would come to me instead!"

Penelope turned her head, and looked at him in utter amazement. She saw his face literally crimson; he got up from his chair as if to brace himself.

"I've said it now!" he exclaimed. "It is what has been in my heart for months, but I never could give tongue to it. God knows, there's no disrespect to my poor dead wife's memory, but, oh! Miss Penelope, if you only knew how I ache to have your sweet presence in my house! I feel it would be a little heaven if I were to come in—after my daily tramps, you know—and find you on your couch with your bright smile waiting to welcome me. This sounds a nice selfish way of putting it, doesn't it? But I believe I could make you happy; I know I'd lay down my life for you any day with the greatest pleasure—"

"Oh!" cried Penelope, "stop! Please don't talk so! I never imagined such a thing could be possible. Look at me, a helpless cripple! It is generous of you—noble of you to think of such a thing. But I would never take advantage of any man so, least of all *you*, who ought, as I have often told you, to have the very best wife in the world. Do you think I would saddle you with an invalid wife? Haven't you had enough trouble in the past, without taking such a heavy burden upon your shoulders now? No, I am meant to live singly all my days; I know I am. The other life is amongst my 'might have beens.' You are full of chivalry and pity, and you think I'm lonely, and so you offer yourself as a sacrifice, and think I would accept it. I am intensely grateful, but I would never, never consent."

She stopped. A little choke came in her voice, and there was a dead silence in the room. Only the radiant light had been quenched in the major's eyes, and his very shoulders seemed to droop despondently.

"You think the idea is preposterous?" he said a little nervously. "I feel you don't understand how it is with me. There can be no talk of pity, or of chivalry, or of sacrifice, when all the love in my heart is yours. I won't be a hypocrite and pretend to ignore the past. I did love my wife, as you know, but it was a *mariage de convenance* with us both when we were young; then when I came home from South Africa and found her the wreck she was, I devoted myself to her for good and all—

I could do no less, poor thing; and she was my wife, Miss Penelope. That chapter in my life is over. I won't say it hasn't left its marks on me. I am not a young man, nor a very clever one, but my intense respect and admiration for you has deepened into love, and, oh! Penelope—let me call you so—we have been very good comrades all this year, now let us be something more. If you are an invalid, it will be the joy of my heart to wait upon you. I wish I had Tony's gift of speech; I believe he would bring you to his way of thinking at once. Your helplessness is the very thing that appeals to me. I have told you more than once that I am a lost dog, without anyone to take care of or wait upon. You are lonely, are you not? I am desperately so. Why should we not take each other's hands, and go along life's road together, mutually cheering each other and bucking each other up?"

Major Willoughby's strange eloquence moved Penelope almost to mirth, though she felt more like crying. Now she looked at him with mischief through a mist of tears.

"You always do buck me up," she said; "you would buck anybody up with your splendid, cheerful courage. But, oh! I feel—oh! it's too good to be true!"

And here Penelope astonished herself and the major still more by bursting into tears.

In a moment he had got his arms round her, and he held her as if he would never let her go again.

"You will come to me? We'll get little Paul to come and marry us on the quiet, and then, instead of going to that windy moorland house of Tony's, you'll come straight to mine, and make me happy for the rest of my life. Oh, my dearest, think of the winter coming on, and you and I by cosy fires together, and my house a place of sunshine and joy, with an atmosphere of peace and rest and comfort and never-ending comradeship! I'll wheel you round the sunny terraces, and we'll garden together; you will be the head and I the hands——"

"And" interrupted Penelope, drying her tears—"I'll take the reins of housekeeping in my own hands, and look after your comforts a little. I'll make the house turn round you and your wishes, and try to cultivate a little selfishness on your part. Oh, dear, oh, dear! What will people say? How they will blame me, and yet I don't

see why we shouldn't be happy together in our own fashion. And—may I tell you?—ever since I first knew you I have always admired you more than any man I have ever seen!"

An hour later, when Lucy returned to her mistress and saw her radiant face, she could not help exclaiming:

"Oh, please, ma'am, you do look much better than you did this morning. I was afraid you were going to have one of your bad days!"

Penelope looked at her.

"I shall never have a bad day again," she said with emphasis.

And Lucy felt too pleased to contradict her.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was five o'clock on a November afternoon, and Penelope had been holding a reception at the farm. It was her last day there; on the following morning Mr. Paul was coming quietly to marry her to Major Willoughby, and she was going to her new home straight from the farm.

There had been a great deal of discussion about her engagement, and a little opposition, but she had ignored it all. Once her mind was made up, and once she was convinced that she had it in her power to make Major Willoughby really happy, she never wavered.

Laurence and his wife, Sir Anthony and Rosemary, Bruce Talbot and Philippa were all there upon this afternoon, and in an airy fashion Laurence began to complain of his club having been broken up.

"It all began when you and Rosemary forced yourselves upon me," he said in an accusing tone to Penelope. "I knew you would upset my apple cart, and you did it with a vengeance!"

"No, no," cried Rosemary; "you were the first transgressor; wasn't he, May? If he had not set us all the example, who knows what might have been prevented? The 'Welcome Club' at Welcome Corner might still have been meeting week by week, and Penelope and I——"

"Yes, and what about you?" asked her husband, with twinkling eyes.

"Well," said Rosemary stoutly, "Pennie and I might have been rolling in our carriages in the London parks, married to rich merchants of some sort. I think those were the kind of husbands that Mrs. Burnaby would have favoured. Laurence would have



"It was five o'clock on a November afternoon, and Penelope had been holding a reception at the farm."

been delighted, for he would have washed his hands of us. And——"

Here her voice got dreamy, as she gazed into the fire in front of her:

"—We should have had no Mr. Paul to wake up our souls, so our bodies would have got bigger and bigger, and our souls smaller and smaller, and Laurence would have got more self-centred and cranky—for we always maintain, May, that it was only seeing the benefit of woman's presence in a house that sent him off to you. Tony would soon have worked himself to death; Bruce would have died of a broken heart—he would never have had the courage to speak to Philippa if Pennie had not taken him in hand; and Ted"—she stopped, then hurriedly finished—"Ted would have sold up his house, and gone out to the Rocky

Mountains and got killed by a bear he was trying to shoot!"

"And," summed up Penelope, "so would have ended the Welcome Club."

"Instead of which," broke in Bruce, "it has doubled its members, and now numbers eight instead of four."

"Hear, hear!" cried all the ladies.

At five o'clock, they had all gone with the exception of Rosemary, who had arranged that she would stay the night with her sister.

They sat quietly over the fire together now, both loth to break the silence.

At last Rosemary said:

"Pennie, I have not heard the particulars of yesterday yet. You kept it so very quiet. I know the specialist came down to you again. What did he say?"



"He approved of what I am doing," Penelope said quietly; "and gave me the faintest possible hope that in a few years' time I might outgrow this weakness."

"Did he really? How splendid!"

"I don't build upon it, but it makes Ted happy, and it is something to which we can both look forward."

There was another silence, which Penelope broke:

"Rosemary, I want to write a little line to Mr. Paul to-night; will you help me? I don't know how it is, but I have tasted a little bit of what a lonely existence might be, and now this is the last night of it I am thinking of him. He will always be alone, for he is not the sort to marry. And he has been such a help and blessing to us that I feel I should like to tell him so!"

"We'll do it."

Rosemary got pen and paper, and the following letter was received by Mr. Paul the next morning:

"DEAR MR. PAUL,—Rosemary and I want to write together to-night to thank you for what you have done for us. We should never be able to tell you, and we know it would make you uncomfortable to listen to it, but we feel it is to you we owe every bit of happiness that has befallen us, since we came to live in Rollins Chase. We were giddy, thoughtless girls when we came here. You made us think, and led us to the One Who has us now in His safe keeping. It is

not only us ourselves you have helped, but both those we love, and we feel that the thanks from them and us will never be properly uttered till we meet in the other world.—Yours humbly and gratefully,

"PENELOPE AND ROSEMARY."

It was a simple little letter, but it was such that few clergymen could read unmoved.

Ernest Paul's lips quivered as he read it, and he paced his study in some perturbation of soul. At one time strange wistful thoughts had assailed him, as Penelope had brought her sunshiny presence about his parish. Nervousness and an undue sense of unfitness crushed these longings down. But now, for a moment or two, they rose with self-assertive force and almost overpowered him.

"Are you always to work for others' happiness and never your own?" whispered the tempter; and the spirit of discontent crept up outside the well-guarded door of his heart.

It was but for a moment or two, and then the little vicar raised his eyes and his heart heavenward.

"For me to live is Christ."

That grand assertion of the Apostle from whom he bore his name flashed upon his soul, and with a smile on his lips, and deep peace in his heart, he went out to unite together two of those whom he had led into the Kingdom of God.

[THE END.]



# The City of God

By the Rev. CANON J. VAUGHAN, M.A.

"Our citizenship is in heaven."—PHILIPPIANS iii. 20 (R.V.).

IT is clear, alike from the Book of the Acts of the Apostles and from his own epistles, that St. Paul was influenced by the name of Rome. The outward unity of the empire, the privileges which belonged to a Roman citizen, had made a deep impression on his mind. He wished to preach the universal gospel in the universal city. The closing chapters of the Acts are dominated by this desire to visit Rome. "After I have been to Jerusalem," he says, "I must also see Rome." "As thou hast testified concerning Me at Jerusalem," the Lord said unto him, "so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

At length, probably in the year 61, he finds himself in the imperial city. For "two whole years" he remains preaching the gospel, though preaching it in bonds. He is a "prisoner of Jesus Christ." He speaks of the "coupling chain" which bound him by the wrist to the soldier who guarded him.

And as he meditated day by day in his Roman prison a splendid vision unfolded itself before his eyes. It was indeed a magnificent conception, this of the Roman empire, which had spread into every country and had citizens in every land. But, after all, was it not only a symbol of a yet more magnificent reality? It was something to be able to say, "*Civis Romanus sum*," "I am a Roman citizen"; but was it not a nobler privilege to be permitted to exclaim, "I am of the City of God"? Yes, there was another "citizenship" more honourable, more magnificent, more universal, than the citizenship of the Roman empire. It was the "citizenship" of heaven. The Stoics had dreamed of a City of God, and the dream was no vain one. There was a city, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, whose builder and maker was God. There was the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant, consisting of Jew and Gentile, of Greek and Roman, of bond and free, and including an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits

of just men made perfect, and "the general assembly and church of the firstborn." The poet had cried, "Dear city of Cecrops"; St. Paul would cry, "Dear City of God."

And so, from his Roman captivity, St. Paul encourages his friends by reminding them of their spiritual privileges. To his converts at Ephesus he sends the inspiring message, "Ye are no more strangers and sojourners, but ye are fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." In his epistle of Christian joy, he exhorts his friends at Philippi to behave as citizens worthily of the gospel of Christ; reminding them that, Roman citizens though they were, yet their true "citizenship was in heaven," from whence also they looked for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now this conception, so full of encouragement and inspiration to the Christians of Ephesus and Philippi more than eighteen hundred years ago, should appeal no less strongly to the Church to-day. We, with them, are members of a great and noble company. We are "fellow citizens with the saints"; we belong to the City of God. The humblest and most insignificant Christian is yet a member of that community which includes the apostles and evangelists themselves, and the good and just, and pious and devout, of every age.

"One family we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death."

Saints of God! Citizens of heaven! There is a famous passage in one of Macaulay's essays in which he describes the manner of life of the old Puritans and their intense realisation of the Kingdom of God. "To know God," he says, "to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity, they aspired to converse with Him face to face. Hence arose their indifference to earthly distinctions. If their names were not found in the register of heralds,

they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away." The passage is a description of heavenly citizenship. It applies not to the Puritans only, but to the saints of God in every age who have realised their union in Christ Jesus. They are in the world, but not of the world. They walk by faith, and not by sight. They declare plainly by their manner of life, by their unselfishness and brotherly love, by the uprightness and beauty of their characters, that they seek a country that is heavenly, and God has prepared for them a city.

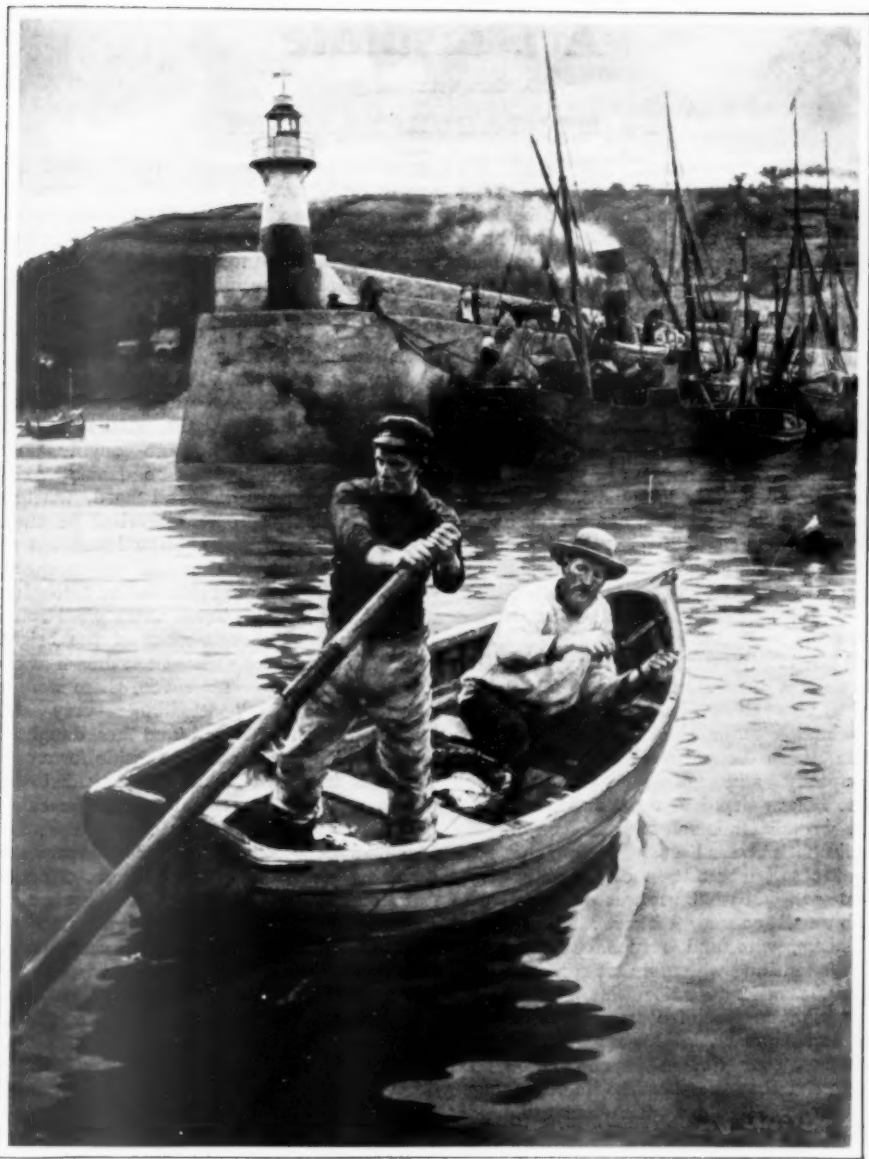
To this great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, belong all those whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. The citizenship is not confined to any particular branch of the holy Catholic Church; it is co-extensive with the blessed company of all faithful people. In the streets of that city walk the heroes of faith of olden time, the patriarchs and prophets and palmists of the Old Testament. There, too, are the apostles and evangelists of Christ, and the women who ministered to Him of their substance. There are the faithful witnesses, the early martyrs of Christianity, like Ignatius and Polycarp, Perpetua and Felicitas. There are the great Fathers and teachers of the Church, like Origen and Athanasius, like Augustine and Jerome. Among the citizens of that country we recognise the hermits, such as St. Anthony, who, selling all that he had, retired into the silence and solitude of the desert to hold communion with God. We recognise the bold reformers, men like Huss and Savonarola, like Luther and Latimer. We think of noble missionaries, whether Catholic like Francis Xavier, or Nonconformist like David Livingstone. We think of saintly authors, the writers of such books as "The Imitation of Christ," and "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," and

"The Christian Year." We think of those who, in their day and generation, have done their duty to the world, poets like Dante and Milton and Longfellow; philanthropists like Howard and Wilberforce and General Gordon; soldiers and sailors like Havelock and Commodore Goodenough, and Henry Lawrence, who "tried to do his duty." And we do not forget the great multitude, which no man can number, of every kindred and nation and tongue and people, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, good men and women who, having served their generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, the simple citizens of the heavenly country who, in humble and obscure circumstances, walked in Christ's footsteps and kept themselves unspotted from the world:

"The bravely dumb who did their deed,  
And scorned to blot it with a name;  
Men of the plain heroic breed,  
Who love heaven's silence more than fame."

To that glorious company, to that goodly fellowship, to that holy city, all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth belong. Their citizenship is in heaven. It is indeed a great and inspiring thought. We are not "strangers and sojourners"; but we are "fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." We are not alone amid the temptations and difficulties of the world; we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. And that thought should encourage us to fresh effort in the Christian life.

Let us follow the blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living. Let us live up to our high and holy privileges. The conception that appealed to St. Paul in his Roman captivity, that encouraged the disciples of Ephesus and Philippi, is no less true to-day. We are living and toiling here on earth, each one in the station of life where God has placed us, with our own difficulties and infirmities, our own special trials and disappointments; but let us remember that we belong to a noble fellowship, that we are citizens of heaven. Let us then endure as seeing Him Who is invisible.



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

*(From the Picture by Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A., in the City of Manchester Art Gallery.)*

# A Substitute

A Complete Story

By MONTAGUE HERBERT

IT is the idle moment that begets the rebellious thought. The Rev. Frank Mortimer was idle and almost rebellious. Perhaps excuse might be found for both. It was Monday morning, cheerless without and within. Without, a bleak October day that had promised better at the start had turned to a leaden sky, drizzly rain, and general discomfort. Within, the study shelves and pictures looked dusty, the books were disarranged, and the fire flickered fitfully amid a heap of cinders and ashes.

Six months ago the vicar of Remlet had lost his wife, after only a few years of what had seemed perfect happiness. Nominally he had fought the battle of his grief at the time, and had conquered it. He had recognised the hand of his Master in the suffering of separation, and had bowed to His perfect will. But though the pitched battle was over, the lonely life remained, the heartache and the longing that could not be satisfied. Especially this morning he felt it; the exertions of the previous day had worn him out, and left him tired and depressed. At such times he missed his wife's loving sympathy and hearty cheerfulness—the cheerfulness that had never failed to soften the wrinkle on his brow and conjure the smile back to his face. His thoughts took on the self-depreciation of a keenly sensitive soul. Of what use was his ministry in this small country district? The kindly villagers, who had responded so eagerly to his teaching when he first came amongst them, seemed to attend his ministrations only as a matter of course now. Of what use was preaching—his preaching? Did sermons ever change anyone's life? He supposed they did, because he remembered one or two sermons which had profoundly influenced his life. But then they were the work of a mighty preacher, backed up by a life which made the preaching real. He did not feel that his sermons had force, nor that his life exerted much influence. He turned over restlessly the notes of his sermon the previous evening. The subject was "The Restraining Hand of God." He had tried to show that our Heavenly Father,

knowing more perfectly what is good for us, often closed the door of opportunities and restrained us from entering fields which seemed so bright and hopeful when we were eagerly intent upon entering in.

Now, asked the minister of himself, who in his congregation would appreciate such a theme? There was old Farmer Jones, a keen man of business, one of the leading lights of the church. Practical to a degree, successful in business, with a will which usually prevailed in the affairs of the church; surely he had no longings and yearnings which had to be denied? His fellow-parishioners were all hard, matter-of-fact country people, absorbed in their little every-day affairs, more interested in the state of the weather and the prospects of sowing and reaping than in the throbbing life of the world. True, there were some young people—though most of the bright young men had long since been drawn away to the busy city. Then, too, there were a few "fashionable" attendants—very few. There was Mrs. Sewell and her daughter Violet. They had come to reside for a few months in the village, and attended the church regularly. But did his preaching appeal to them? He remembered the restlessness of the daughter at the previous evening service; her look almost of scorn at times. What did she know of aspiration and the Divine guidance? How could she appreciate the sermon? He was afraid, too, that the other young people would not understand. Since the death of his wife, Mortimer knew that his preaching had changed; it had taken on a sombre hue. Possibly before that his preaching might have appealed to the young people; could it now?

The vicar recklessly poked the fire and scattered the heap of ashes that would never have been allowed to remain so long when his wife was living. One person there was to whom his sermon appealed—himself. His heart longed to be away from the quiet village; he yearned after the life of the town; he would be with the great teeming population, among the poorest of the poor,



doing "social work"—in the fighting line. The sermon expressed the philosophy of his soul—God had bade him wait here whilst he was anxious to be gone. He believed that in the heart of the city he would find his life-work. The burden of the cares of humanity was upon him, and he longed to go into the heat of the struggle. But God had placed him here in the quiet village with its humdrum existence, and he almost rebelled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nature had somewhat relented in the afternoon, and the sun, struggling to find its way through the leaden sky, threw a gleam of hope on the dreary country-side. The rain, too, had ceased. Mortimer remembered an engagement in Elred, a small town some four miles distant. A slow, lumbering 'bus every hour was the only means of communication between the two places, unless he took an eight miles cross-route railway journey. The vicar, as usual, decided to walk, and the healthy exercise and fresh air soon restored his spirits to something like their normal state.

A country clergyman always knows the short cuts around his district, and much time might be saved in the journey to Elred by a clamber over stiles and short incursions into the fields. In thus cutting a corner, Mortimer overtook a young lady at a stile, and, offering to assist her over, discovered she was Violet Sewell, and that she was

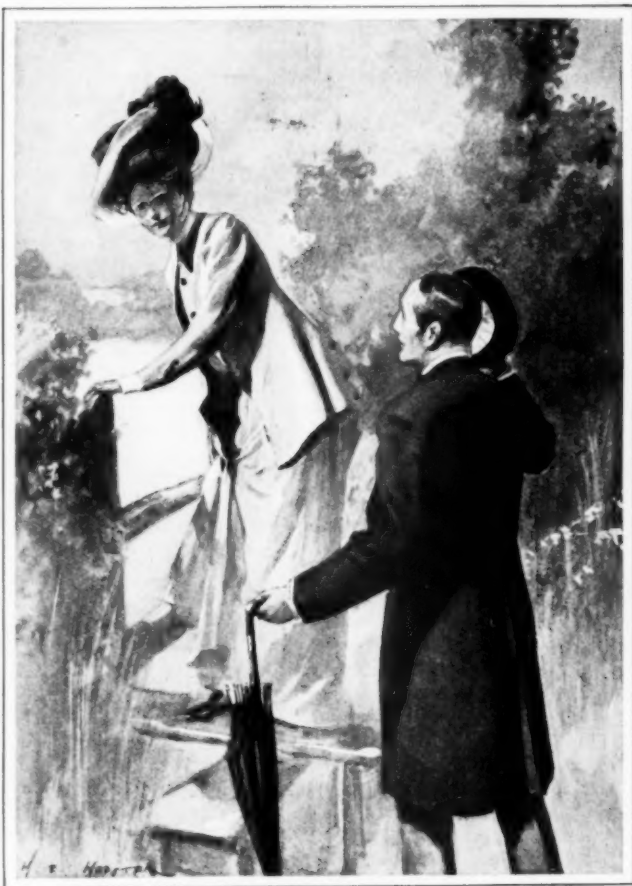
going the same way as himself. The young lady accepted his company somewhat with a bad grace, and after they had exchanged the usual remarks on the weather, and Mortimer was wondering what topic to broach, she started off impetuously:

"I suppose my mother told you to take that subject last night?"

"Your mother?" returned the vicar in bewilderment. "Your mother has never made any suggestions as to what I should preach."

The girl only listened half believing. She eyed him narrowly, and then, as if discovering the explanation, exclaimed:

"Ah, but my mother has told you about



"Mortimer discovered she was Violet Sewell."

me, and you have been preaching at me. You know you have. That sermon three weeks ago was meant for me, I am sure. 'We cannot see the wisdom of our being denied our dearest hopes and ambitions,' I think you said; 'but in the future, when we see by the clear light of Eternity, we shall be glad that we were denied what we had set our hearts on.' There," scornfully, "I think I have given you your very words. Then last week you devoted your whole sermon to 'The Discipline of Disappointments,' and now, yesterday, you returned to poor me, and I had another lecture."

"My dear child, you utterly surprise me; I did not know your circumstances, and do not know them now. The only talk I had with your mother was when I first called on her, and then I only learnt what everybody knows—that she had come here for a few months by her doctor's orders, on account of her health."

It was the girl's turn to look surprised.

"But has no one else told you?"

"No one. I assure you I know nothing."

"Then I suppose, having gone so far, I shall have to tell you?" the girl said rather petulantly.

"By no means," with a smile. "I do not want to force any confidences, though, if I can help you in any way, I shall be only too delighted."

The girl thought a moment.

"But first tell me," she said suddenly, "why have you been preaching like this? There must have been some reason for it."

Mortimer's face fell, and he became grave and solemn as he told her of the loss he had sustained a few months before she came to the village. The girl was all sympathy in an instant. "I am so sorry. I ought not to have said that. Please forgive me."

For a moment there was silence, then the girl resumed her former manner, a manner in which the minister thought he could detect a strain of defiance. She came to the point with the utmost abruptness.

"I want to go on the stage!"

"On the stage!" Mortimer could not help a smile, which the girl instantly noticed.

"Of course you think me a wicked and impossible person?" There was an undertone of sarcasm now.

"Just tell me about it," he rejoined gently. "I'll promise you to listen as sympathetically as I possibly can."

So the story came out. The girl had for years nursed the ambition to be an actress. Her mother had strenuously opposed it, but, after many a battle, Violet had, when brilliant prospects had been offered by an agent, wrung a reluctant consent. Difficulties seemed to have been swept away, when suddenly her mother's illness supervened, and all the plans had to be abandoned. The girl had evidently accepted the situation in sullen rebellion, and frankly avowed her unchanged desires.

Mortimer was not without some knowledge of life "behind the scenes," and as earnestly and sympathetically as he could he tried to point out to the girl the hollowness and dangers of the calling she coveted. Violet listened listlessly, often with an impatient shrug.

"I've heard all that before. Of course you people don't understand. You haven't any appreciation of art. You're prejudiced against the theatre, and you let your prejudice lead your imagination."

"My dear young lady," the vicar said sadly at last, "you cannot look at things in the same light as others who have had more experience. But quite apart from the good or evil of acting, believe me, God's hand is in all this. I don't say this because I am a clergyman, but because I know it is true. That sermon last night was the anguish of my own heart; it was God's message to me. But evidently He also intended it for you. He does shape our lives; we cannot get away from His interference. And, Miss Sewell, He loves us."

The man could proceed no further. With a catch in his voice he stopped. The short remaining distance was spent in silence, and when they shook hands at the end of the journey the girl noticed a tear in his eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twelve months passed, and still Mortimer remained at Remlet. Changes had come, as they will do, even in the most backward of villages. An epidemic of sickness had swept through the place, and the vicar by his heroic and untiring efforts had gained a double measure of the love of the people, not only of those of his flock, but of those who never attended church. He had begun to see the Divine wisdom that had placed him—a strong man, without the ties of wife or family—in such a situation, and right

nobly had he done his duty. He had had no communication with Violet Sewell from that memorable afternoon until the outbreak of sickness. Indeed, she had attended the services, but her attitude always suggested compulsion, and if she did not actually evade encounters with the vicar she at least took no steps to bring them about on the many occasions when it would have been possible and natural. When, however, the epidemic had first assumed alarming proportions, to the surprise of Mortimer, she paid him a visit at the vicarage and volunteered her services as a nurse. She had had some training since her mother's illness, she said, and anything was better than idleness in this unbearable place.

With whatever motives she had taken up the work, it speedily appeared how fully capable she was of sustaining the rôle she had assumed. She astonished everyone by her skill and knowledge, and the vicar especially with her tenderness. Gradually the sickness had abated, and things began to assume their normal appearance.

As we have said, twelve months had elapsed, and on a Monday morning Mortimer sat in the same study. There was nothing to remind one of the previous Monday a year before; the sun shone with its full October strength, lighting up the vicar's pale face as he sat busily reading. Little time had been left him of late for his books, and he was anxious once again to get into the thick of study. A light knock at the

door did not disturb him, and he was only conscious of intrusion when a lady entered and stood waiting.

"Good morning, Miss Sewell. I am very pleased to see you. Is your mother quite well now?"

"She has quite recovered, and next week we go back to the city; that is why I have come to see you."

The girl paused. The minister thought of the theatre.

"And what about your ambition now?"

"I am free to do as I please now, and I have accepted an engagement——"

"You are not going on the stage after all?" Mortimer interrupted.

"I have accepted an engagement as a deaconess in a city mission. Somehow, though I fought against it for a long time, your words spoil my taste for acting, and the nursing I was able to do here showed me"—the girl was speaking low, with downcast eyes—"that God had a work for me in another direction. I don't know what made me think of the poor in the city, but somehow my thoughts went there, and then my ambitions followed. I want to follow God's way, and I think that is where He is leading me."

"Thank God for this!" said the vicar. "For a long time I have wanted to do just that kind of work. Perhaps some day I may. But in the meantime it was worth living to have sent someone to the work. You must go as my substitute."

---

## AN EVERYDAY CREED

**T**HERE'S nothing so bad that it could  
not be worse,

There's little that time may not mend;  
And troubles, no matter how thickly they  
come,

Most surely will come to an end.

You've stumbled? Well, so have we all  
in our time,

Don't dwell overmuch on regret;  
For you're sorry—God knows! Well,  
leave it at that,

Let past things be past—and forget.

Don't despond, don't give in, but just be yourself,

The self that is highest and best;

Just live every day in a sensible way,

And then leave to God all the rest.

GRACE HARTMANS.



## DANGER MOMENTS IN MISSIONARY LIVES

By ERNEST H. RANN

**I**N many classes of society, even in a few associated with religious work, an impression prevails that the life of the modern missionary is one of ease and comfort. The critics, of whom there are not a few, point to the facilities of modern travel, to the swift steamers that convey the bearers of the Gospel to foreign parts without any more discomfort than an attack of sea-sickness. They show—on the map—where the steel line of the railway is rapidly pushing its way into the wildest parts of Central Africa, and even into the remote recesses of China, as a proof that one of the greatest aids to civilisation is at the missionary's beck and call, so long as he has the wherewithal to buy himself a ticket. And they point to the neat little boats, the portable tents, the medicine chests, and other accessories, as a further proof of the ease, if not of the luxury, of the missionary's life.

One may admit at the outset that many of the dangers that beset the old-time missionary do not threaten his modern successor. There is not the likelihood now of a Livingstone being lost in the wilds of Africa, being given up for dead, and then only to reappear as a body borne by his faithful followers, and to be

identified only by the marks left by the lion's teeth in his shoulder-blade.

But the lions are there in great numbers, tigers too, buffaloes and panthers. The malarial fever, which brought the life of Alexander Mackay to a premature close, is still a terrible danger to be feared in many parts of the world where missionaries are working. The typhoon still sweeps over China, wrecking houses and sacrificing lives; nor has a few years wrought any change in the snow-clad plains round Hudson's Bay, or minimised the dangers of drift or blizzard to the workers on their journeys hundreds of miles long.

In order to show that there are still many danger moments in missionary lives, I have collected the following stories of adventure and experience in many parts of the world. This much must be remembered, however, that the missionary does not court adventure, and that such peril as comes upon him is unsought. Nor is he one who wilfully exposes himself



THE REV. JOHN M. PATERSON.

to attack, like the mighty hunter of wild game in the wild places of the earth.

A curious adventure, and one that has an amusing side, befell the Rev. John M. Paterson, of the Church Missionary Society, who went out to India in 1891. When, by the regulations of the medical board, he had to take his usual summer holiday, he determined on a short expedition into the interior of the hill country, taking with him a small tent, provisions for ten days, an accordion, Bibles and tracts, and the necessary rifle for providing himself with fresh meat.

One evening, when he arrived at a certain village, he was told of a big black bear which had settled in a nullah where the village cattle went to graze. The natives were anxious that he should go and shoot the animal; so anxious, in fact, that they held a solemn service of *puja* (worship) to his rifle, and crossed it with a lucky silver coin that its power for destruction might be increased.

At daybreak on Sunday morning the

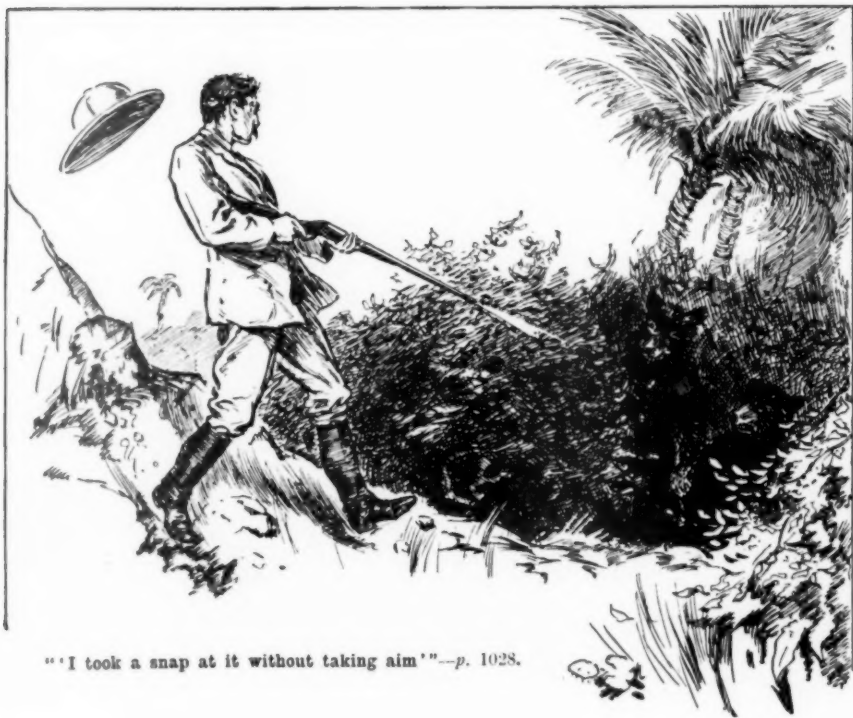
bear was announced as being about a hundred yards away, and "the sahib" was asked to go forth and shoot it.

"But it is Sunday," said Mr. Paterson; "the good Christian does not go shooting on Sunday."

"Oh, sahib! not shoot a bear on Sunday; what's the harm in it? Why, the bear has come right here to be shot! Just think how the villagers will bless you! Other sahibs shoot on a Sunday; why should not you?"

But he declined to attack the accommodating Bruin, leaving that duty till the next morning, when he sallied out and found, not one bear, but two. His first shot caused the female bear to spring upon her mate, and, savagely fighting, the pair rolled down the hillside, with Mr. Paterson in hot pursuit, in order to get another shot at them.

"I had lost sight of the bears," he says, "and could not stop myself from tumbling and sliding down the hill, for it was very steep; when suddenly the



"I took a snap at it without taking aim"—p. 1028.





"The reptile was now thoroughly aroused."

bears came out of a bush just below me, and I was going right down on the top of them. I don't know what helped me to stop, but I did stop, and only just in time, for the unwounded bear rose on its hind legs about six yards off. I suppose it would have come for me, only I took a snap at it, without taking aim, and hit it in the neck. It rolled over backwards down the hill. The wounded bear then turned towards me, with all its hairs standing straight on end with anger, and its little, black, piggy eyes gleaming with fury; and I can tell you I did not feel over-comfortable at such close quarters, with an empty rifle in my hand. The bear hesitated for two seconds, and the saying came true, 'The man who hesitates is lost' (only it was a bear in this case); for by the time she began to move again I had reloaded and had my sights well on a vital spot and pulled. Down the she-bear went like a log, with a small

hole behind her shoulder, and her heart torn to pieces by an expanding bullet."

Mr. Paterson adds that the skins of the two bears are now in his children's school-room, a reminder, if one were wanted, of their father's narrow escape from death.

India, however, has other perils than bears. Sometimes

they are in the form of tigers, sometimes they arise from the fanaticism of the natives, at others from the pestilent diseases in which many of the districts abound. For instance, there is a young American missionary named Samuel E. Stokes, who has parted with his goods, aban-

doned home and friends, and given himself up to the life of a wandering friar, in order that he may the better render aid and speak words of comfort to the unfortunate natives who have been stricken with leprosy or the plague. Into the leper asylum he does not hesitate to venture, or to pass from village to village where the dreaded plague is rampant, carrying his life in his hands, and counting it as cheaply as did Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai. The Bishop of Lahore, at a recent meeting in London, bore testimony to his heroic labours, testimony from actual companionship with Mr. Stokes in the smallpox hospital and the plague segregation camp.

The Rev. L. G. P. Liesching, who has done yeoman service in the Far East, was once in danger of losing his life through

that most terrible enemy of man—the cobra. His wife, who was present on that occasion, tells the story of the adventure in the following words:

"It was a warm, tropical night, and all was still in the missionary's house on the outskirts of a Singhalese town. The servants, leaving the bungalow, had retired as usual to their evening meal of rice and curry. Only the two "ayahs" remained, keeping careful watch beside their infant charges, whilst my husband lay in bed sick with malarial fever.

"Passing the doorway into our dining-room, I caught sight of a dark object moving stealthily in the direction of the open doors leading into the children's sleeping apartment. I at once called to the drowsy 'ayahs,' warning them to close the doors, and then went in search of the servants, in the hope that some of them might already have returned. No one, however, was to be seen on the back veranda, and I returned quickly to find that the creature, whom I now recognised to be the much-dreaded cobra, disappointed of his first means of exit, was groping about for another. There was no time to be lost, as all the doors were wide open, and the snake would find no difficulty in secreting himself and endangering the life of anyone who unwittingly disturbed him. I dared not lose sight of him, therefore, but called loudly to my husband, who, although shaking with ague, rose hastily and, seizing a stout door-bar, came instantly to my assistance. By this time two of the men-servants had returned, but being Buddhists, who consider it the greatest sin to take the life of even the smallest animal, they stood impassively by, watching their master in his attempts to strike the cobra. The reptile was now thoroughly aroused, and I realised with horror that my husband, unaided and in

his then enfeebled state, could hardly hope to evade for long its swift and angry darts.

"Great, therefore, was my relief when a young fellow called David, our only Christian servant, made his appearance, and, taking in the situation at a glance, joined at once in the pursuit. They brought the creature to bay in a corner of the room and aimed violent blows at its head. The snake eluded these for some time, and gliding to and fro in increasing fury, hissing and raising its head threateningly, it reared itself high against the wall. There, with one well-aimed blow,

my husband pinned him, and a moment of terrible apprehension ensued, while the snake gathered all its strength for one last fatal blow and shot out fiercely towards its antagonist.

"Most providentially, however, the length of body above the door-bar was just too short to allow of it reaching my husband, and it was not long before it lay writhing on the ground with its head completely crushed by the repeated blows showered upon it.

"For a long time after it had been thrown

into the compound it lay wriggling there like a monster worm. When measured it was found to be six feet long."

The tiger, or "Mr. Stripes," as he is called with a familiarity not bred of contempt, is another danger to which missionaries in India are subject. The Rev. J. Fleming tells us that, while travelling through the roadless jungle in Gondland one afternoon, he turned a corner, and much to his surprise a large tiger walked out to have a look at him. The animal was twenty yards away, and crouched ready to spring, but the missionary, thinking discretion the better part of valour, fled as rapidly as his pony would carry him. Very few men, indeed, would care to make an evening meal for a hungry tiger.



(Photo: Russell and Sons.)

THE REV. L. G. P. LIESCHING.

The Rev. E. Dickinson Price, who is C.M.S. missionary to the Gonds, has had quite a number of adventures with tigers while out on service in India. Once while in camp at Panchipani (Five Waters) close to the Burmer River, he was called upon to settle accounts with a tiger who had been marauding in the vicinity. The first efforts to dispose of the beast were fruitless; indeed, the tiger had the advantage in slaying the horse of a catechist in his camp.

Mr. Price erected a stockade, and waited there many hours, beguiling his time by reading the Scriptures. When he left the enclosure he found that his footsteps in the sandy soil outside had been obliterated by those of the tiger, who had evidently been prowling about in close proximity to his human foe.

The same night hunter and hunted came closer together. The tiger was discovered making his nocturnal meal off the dead pony. Mr. Price crawled out of the stockade, intent on having a shot at the beast. The animal, hearing a dry leaf crackle, charged down on him. He got near enough to see the long dark body, and to fire at the right shoulder; but a single thick bamboo intercepted the shot, and the animal again escaped into the jungle. Next morning they found that "Mr. Stripes" had come back and finished his meal, leaving only the head, tail, and hoofs of the pony untouched.

Then it was determined to get the tiger out in a beat, for which no fewer than sixty beaters were engaged. At length the flying peacocks and the fleeing deer told the intrepid missionary that the animal was close at hand.

"I was all the time," says Mr. Price, "poised on the branch of a leafless tree in a very uncomfortable position. Suddenly facing me was a black object, forty-eight yards off; now forty yards. It was the tiger! I fired. He bounded



THE REV. E. DICKINSON PRICE.

round. I fired again. He was lost in the long grass. Was he hit? I yelled, 'Tiger! tiger! stop the beat,' fearing the wounded animal might attack some of the beaters. As the tiger was evidently some distance off, I got down to track him, to see if he was wounded, and found his great paw-marks on the leaves. Suddenly they ceased. The trackers declared that the tiger had gone in the direction of the last sound we had

heard. Suddenly I spied an immense form lying on the ground ten yards off. I could only see his back. I scuttled into the shadow of the trees to see which it would be best to climb. But there was no motion. The natives exclaimed, 'Fire, sahib; fire, sahib,' and at last I went some distance off and fired, but the tiger was quite dead already. My first shot was right in his ear; my second in his neck—both fatal. He was a monster, and it took twelve men to carry him. He measured seven feet in the body and three in the tail—ten feet, but along his nose to his tail eleven feet in all. The folk said it was the biggest tiger ever brought into Mandla."

Mr. Price, however, takes a humorous view of the situation, and recommends a tiger when "your ponies won't go"; get a tiger behind them, he says, and then see how they will run.

As I have mentioned, missionaries are occasionally in peril from the attacks of fanatical natives, and an adventure of this kind recently befel Mr. J. H. Hickinbotham, of Kushitia, in the Nadiya district of Bengal. He was leisurely walking back home after bidding good-bye to a friend, when a Bengali stepped in front of him, pointed a revolver at his chest and deliberately fired. The bullet entered his body just below the breast-bone, grazed the lungs, and came out by the shoulderblade. Owing to the darkness Mr. Hickinbotham could not recognise the

man as he disappeared, nor had he strength to follow, as the blood was pouring from his wound and saturating his clothes. All that he could do was to make his way to the nearest house for help.

The perpetrator of the cowardly deed was difficult to discover. Mr. Hickinbotham himself considered it to be the outcome of the strong anti-European spirit which prevails in Kushtia; others attributed it to a man whose relative had been influenced towards Christianity; while the sub-divisional officer, a shrewd judge of the native mind, put it down to the enthusiasm with which the missionary had helped him in furthering the cause of moral purity in the town. But a bullet through the body is a heavy price

or compunction if he had not shown his trust in them by going placidly to rest. One can reasonably assume that in the peculiar circumstances of the case he slept with one eye open.

Even in the Hudson's Bay Territory, where the nomadic tribesmen will often travel twenty-five miles in a temperature of  $40^{\circ}$  below zero to be present at eight o'clock service on Sunday morning, many perils beset the missionary worker. Fire may destroy his dwelling, or a whirling blizzard may threaten death as he travels in his dog-sledge over the snow-clad plains between mission stations that are sometimes three hundred miles apart.

Archdeacon Lloyd tells the story of a catechist who was asked to explain why a service had not been held on a particular Sunday in a certain place.

"You ask what kept me so long in getting to the mission field," was the reply. "The reason was this. Our travelling clergyman was going to drive me down there, but his extra pony was very sick, and so I decided to start on foot. I had to walk all the way to S—— and back, as I had left my cart there. This was seventy-six miles. Then I had to drive to my new mission, one hundred and twenty miles. On

to pay in this work of reform.

Sometimes it is only the missionary's presence of mind which saves him from disaster. Dr. Pennell, a medical missionary among the fierce Pathans on the Afghan frontier, frequently carried his life in his hands. The healing virtues of his drugs gave him some sort of protection; but a greater measure of safety lay in his own calm bearing. On more than one occasion, as he has recently told us, he had to lie down to sleep in a hut among suspicious tribesmen, who would have cut his throat without either hesitation



P. R. HICKLING

"With a fearful trumpeting he continued his mad career"—p. 1032.

the way the pony shied at something on the trail, which turned pony, cart, baggage and myself into a deep lake. I very nearly lost the pony as well as myself. It was near death's door for both of us. Nearly all my books were spoiled, and I had to cut the harness under the water in order to get the pony free. We were in the water for an hour and a half. It was a fortunate thing I had been taught to swim, or else I must have been lost."

From Canada to the wilds of Africa is a far cry, but perils beset the missionary there just the same, differing only in kind, not in degree. Mr. A. B. Lloyd, a missionary explorer who has spent many years of his life in opening up the dark regions of Central Africa, has had more adventures than would fill a book. Indeed, he has filled two of them already,\* and may possibly be writing another. He seems to count it as a commonplace of life in the African wilds that, while going out to seek for a lion, he should place his foot within three inches of the head of a python twenty feet long and measuring three feet round the middle of the body.

On another occasion, while holding service in the church, he heard a strange noise, and, rushing out, saw a lion carrying off a man who had been sitting outside. Seizing his gun, Mr. Lloyd followed up the beast, and found it had taken refuge in a cave. From the darkness of the interior came the ominous sound of the crunching of bones as the lion proceeded to eat his victim. It was a critical time for the pursuer. Any moment the animal might spring out on him, while if he fired, and only wounded, the risk of attack would be doubled. But he could not stand idle, and at a venture he despatched a bullet into the cave. When he entered

to see the effect of his shot he found the place was empty, save for the remains of the unfortunate victim. There was a back way to the cave, along which the lion had fled, but only to die, as his decomposed body was found a few days later in close proximity to the scene of the encounter.

Far more serious was Mr. Lloyd's encounter with an elephant while he was exploring in the vicinity of the Albert Lake. He calls it "an adventure of a lifetime," and one can easily believe that even an intrepid explorer like himself could dispense with another peril of the kind.

While out in pursuit of elephants one day he climbed a tree in order to get a better view, and to take a snapshot of a large bull-elephant standing close at hand. But the elephant might have been a cloistered hermit, so great was his objection to the camera. He saw the button pressed, and charged with a fierce gleam of anger in his beady eyes. A bullet from Mr. Lloyd's rifle glanced off his frontal bone, with no more effect than to make him more angry. With a fearful trumpeting he continued his mad career, and was joined

in the attack by a second bull. By the time the missionary had reloaded, the infuriated animals were only ten paces away. He fired again. There was an awful crash as the animal struck the tree, a moment of terrible suspense, and Mr. Lloyd found himself thrown from his perch into a bath of liquid mud. As he raised his head he saw the black mass of the first elephant lying close at hand.

But the second elephant was by no means disposed to show the white feather, as an Irishman might say. He sniffed his prostrate companion, screamed in anger, and made for the explorer, who, just as he was about to be seized by the animal's trunk, despatched a bullet which



THE REV. HENRY COLE.

\* "In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country" and "Uganda to Khartoum."



laid him low. The tusks of the first elephant were six feet long and weighed ninety pounds each; and those of the second elephant were also over sixty pounds in weight—formidable weapons all when backed by the fury of their owners.

The Rev. Henry Cole, now of St. Leonards-on-Sea, has seen much peril and adventure in the mission field, from human and animal enemies alike. While on a mission of peace to a belligerent chief in the Usagara country, to obtain the return of some stolen goods, his motives were entirely misconstrued.

"You have come to fight," said the dusky warrior as he made to seize his gun, but Mr. Cole had his arms around him in a moment and prevented the fulfilment of his purpose. Argument proved of no avail, and the missionary was amazed to see a host of warriors, for whom the chief had secretly sent, making for the house, waving their guns and spears. He said afterwards that the sight of these men, with the froth coming out of their excited mouths, was sufficient to make the bravest heart quail. When at last the infuriated braves consented to spare his own life they demanded the blood of his native companions. But a Christian



"Mr. Cole had his arms round him in a moment, and prevented the fulfilment of his purpose."

missionary could not consent to this horrible course, and seeing that he was firm in his determination to prevent bloodshed the warrior's resentment passed away, and the missionary and his followers were left unharmed. But it was a touch-and-go encounter for his life, and Mr. Cole was devoutly thankful when it was over.

Truly there is much peril to life and limb in the missionary's lot, of which the stay-at-home preacher can have but a faint perception.

# The League of Life

By MORICE GERARD

## CHAPTER X

### EXPLORATION

DR. AINSLIE looked up with a start of surprise. He could hardly believe his eyes.

A victoria had drawn up by the side of the curb on which he was standing. A well-gloved hand was stretched out to him, a bright smile and two amused eyes were bent temptingly towards him.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The day had been gloriously fine, one of those occasions which Nature gives by way of contrast to the gloom of winter, helping us to believe that out of the storm and darkness of the year will come, in the end, the promise and radiance of spring.

Dr. Ainslie was just about to visit the new buildings which the League of Life was erecting on what had been waste land near the river. He was only a few yards from his own door when the sound of wheels awoke him out of a reverie. That night his decision had to be given as to whether or not he would be a candidate for Hagley Row. No wonder his thoughts were preoccupied. Then suddenly to him had come the vision of Maud Garrison, daintily attired in a bewitching hat and fur-trimmed jacket, a vision of health and beauty which contrasted oddly with the sights Ainslie was wont to look on.

"You did not expect to see me here, Dr. Ainslie?"

"I don't know about that," he answered.

"Mr. Garrison spoke some time ago about bringing you."

"My father has not brought me to-day; he knows nothing about it. He has been called away to the north on business quite unexpectedly. Mother had promised to spend the day with an old friend. I was therefore left alone, and suddenly it occurred to me that I should like to explore Hagley Row for myself. I hear nothing now except the name, so I wanted to see it."

Ainslie's pulses quickened. Was that the only reason which had brought Maud Garrison in his direction that afternoon? It would be idle to deny that he hoped some

personal attraction had a place in her motives.

"Whatever the cause, I am very glad," he said.

He looked it. The cloud, which had been heavy on his brow when Maud first saw him, had visibly cleared, and he seemed to have shaken off years from his age. She was delighted to think that this instantaneous, almost miraculous, difference had been brought about by her coming. There is no appeal to a woman like the suggestion that a man needs her. Infinitely stronger than anything he can do for her is the impression that she can do something for him.

"Are you very busy?" she asked.

"Why?"

"I am in an unknown country; I want a guide. Can you find time to show me round?"

"I was just going to our new settlement," he answered. "Perhaps you would like to see it?"

"Just the very thing. Shall I drive you?"

Ainslie looked at the victoria, and a smile played about his lips.

"It's a rough road," he said, "as soon as you leave the town. I do not fancy your carriage will benefit."

"Then we will walk. I prefer that."

"Are you well shod?"

"Oh, yes, thank you—quite. Come!" she said, throwing back the rug; "you must lead the way."

Ainslie put out his hand as she stepped on to the curb. He held her fingers a little longer than was perhaps quite necessary. Their eyes met; hers fell before his glance.

She turned to the coachman. "Can you put up at the works, William?"

"Yes, miss."

"How long shall we be?" she asked of Ainslie.

"Shall we say an hour?"

Maud nodded. "Come back in an hour's time. I will meet you here."

The coachman raised his whip in salutation and drove away.

An hour! How much can be put into an



"You did not expect to see me here, Dr. Ainslie?"

hour! Ainslie's thoughts went back, and perhaps Maud's too, to the day they had spent together at Folkestone. They had seen one another but few times since, yet how far they seemed to have travelled on the road to acquaintance, to mutual knowledge, since then!

An hour! How much more it meant now than it did then!

They walked away together at a brisk pace, following the main street until they came to a break in the houses; then they turned sharply to the left, where a road was in the process of making.

The road was familiar enough to Dr. Ainslie; at least once every day he passed over it, often twice or three times. Brick-fields flanked it on both sides; beyond, on the higher ground, was the line of buildings, some of them completed, some half-built, some just rising from the ground, all representing the results of the efforts of

the League of Life, all really the children of the brain of one man—that man Horace Ainslie. They were his children, and he cared for them in every sense of the word as such. Yet, familiar as was the road and the environment, Ainslie was conscious that he saw it that afternoon as he had never seen it before. He saw it through the eyes of his companion; he saw it inspired with a new interest, flooded with a new enthusiasm. The sun shone on that drab landscape, and made it among the most beautiful in the world.

Maud was like a girl out of school, learning new experiences. Her spirit took on a kindred enthusiasm to the doctor's; she saw through his eyes, with that sympathy which has made woman man's companion and helpmeet since her creation.

"Those are the buildings that I hope you will one day open," Ainslie said as he pointed to the long row of workmen's

cottages. They were model buildings, not built in square lines, but with an eye to architecture, with porticoes over the doors, gables, and arched windows of red brick, picked out with white. Each had its plot of ground, before and behind; the former to be laid out with flowers, the latter for vegetables.

"I cannot take you over them to-day," Ainslie went on.

"Why? I should like to see them very much."

"We have turned them into isolation hospitals for fever patients. By this means the epidemic has been stopped, and there are no fresh cases. Now I will show you our convalescent home."

This was a large building, standing by itself, in a garden space already planted, beyond the last of the row of cottages. Ainslie and Maud were received by a woman in deep mourning.

"Mrs. Dawson, this young lady would like to see over the house under your care," Ainslie said. "At present," he went on, turning to Maud, "we have no guests here—in fact, we are not quite ready for them, as you will see. If you will excuse me, I have some directions to give to the foreman of the works—I ought to have told you I am my own architect."

"How clever of you!" she answered. "There is nothing you cannot do, it seems to me."

Ainslie laughed. "Jack of all trades and master of none—eh?"

Mrs. Dawson was surprised; she had never seen the lighter side of this man's character before.

"It was good to see him laugh, miss," she said to Maud, when they were alone. "He generally looks grave enough, and no wonder; he bears all our troubles. You should hear the folks speak of him."

"Tell me," Maud said. "I like to hear about it."

She found a new and great satisfaction in listening to Mrs. Dawson's narrative of a simple heroism which vaunted not itself, but which lost nothing in the telling from the fact that the narrator gave bare facts without colouring, almost without emphasis.

Maud saw Hagley Row as it was in the days before Ainslie came there. She saw the mission church, the centre of light striving to penetrate the darkness,

the sorrows, the poverty of the lives of the people, the chaplain and his assistants almost heart-broken in the face of the odds against which they were pitted. Then Ainslie had come with his stalwart figure, his rare courage, his power of welding together incongruous forces and making them serve his purpose—that magnetism which had made possible the League of Life and all that the League of Life had done. Maud, in Mrs. Dawson's narrative, saw clearly enough the illuminating spirit of the Master working in this twentieth-century disciple, the same objects, the same sympathies, the same outlook, which had marked that wonderful teaching nearly two thousand years before.

She shed a tear over Mrs. Dawson's own story, hardly related in so many words, but left to the imagination of her listener to fill in the gaps.

Presently Ainslie returned.

"There," he said, "I have settled him for to-day, at any rate. Have you seen everything, Miss Garrison?"

"I have seen a great deal, and heard even more."

Ainslie turned to Mrs. Dawson and held up a reproving finger.

"What have you been telling this young lady?"

"Nothing but the truth, sir, and only a little of that."

"The truth," Ainslie echoed. "Ah! what is truth?"

"May I get you a cup of tea, sir?" Mrs. Dawson interposed, the doctor having got a little out of her latitude.

"Would you like it?" he said to Maud.

"Above everything."

The good woman bustled off to the kitchen, leaving the two alone—a result which Ainslie had contemplated, if Maud had not.

A strange shyness had come over the girl. She felt tongue-tied; she wanted to say something to break the silence, but words failed her.

Horace Ainslie was looking at her with inquiring eyes, kindly, tender, half-humorous. He saw her confusion, and was perhaps not altogether dissatisfied with it.

"This will not be the first time we have had tea together," he said, "and I hope it will not be the last."

Maud felt her heart beating, some lump

in her throat seemed to choke her. She turned away and walked to the window.

They were in Mrs. Dawson's front sitting-room. Before the window was a piece of garden, already showing signs of cultivation: fruit trees here and there, and the soil turned up by the spade preparatory to sowing and planting in the coming spring. Bounding this was an eight-foot wall of red brick, which marked the end of the land actually being worked under the direction of the League and the supervision of the doctor.

Ainslie came over and stood by the girl's side. He took her right hand in his left. She did not resist, but half turned away. Was it because she was afraid that her eyes might say more than she allowed her lips to express?

## CHAPTER XI

### AT THE CONVALESCENT HOME

"I HAVE longed to have you here," Dr. Ainslie said, "to show you all this. It has been my waking dream almost ever since I knew you, but somehow I never pictured it happening in this way. I fancied that it would be a formal coming, to do some public act, like the opening of our workmen's cottages; instead, you have come just by yourself."

"Come without invitation," she whispered under her breath, but the words reached his ears.

"Come of your own accord—that is the way I like to put it."

She tried to release her hand, but Ainslie held it firmly.

Maud blushed furiously.

"I wonder what powers of imagination you are gifted with?"

She was surprised at the remark, and turned swiftly towards him; then as rapidly her eyes went back again, averted, as if the only object in the whole world was the wall opposite the window.

"Can you guess what lies beyond that wall?" he asked.

Maud shook her head. From the palpitation of her heart she was afraid to trust her powers of speech. She felt like a runner breasting a steep hill; she knew Ainslie was watching her all the time, understanding a great deal of what she felt.

"Beyond that boundary," he said, "lies

a blank space, surrounded as this home is by a half-tilled garden; I have been wondering what use I could make of that spare ground. Beyond it again will be other rows of workmen's model cottages; that is, if those already built prove successful, for that is part of the scheme—they are to pay their way."

"You are hurting my hand," she said.

"Only when you try to take it away."

"It is my hand," Maud protested, with a stress on the "my."

"I want it to be mine, too," he declared.

"I want it more than anything. Maud, I love you! I am years older than you are—"

"That would not matter," she whispered.

"My work here—the organisation of the League of Life—I have seen these things standing in my way."

He paused, waiting for an answer which did not come. His face grew grave, almost grey. He saw that the two great desires of his life were clashing; he knew that duty must win, even though it meant the tearing out of his heart-strings.

He let go Maud's hand. This time it was she who took the initiative.

"Why do you do that?" she asked.

"Do what?"

"Loose my hand."

"Because I saw the impossibility of it all," he blurted out, "as I have really seen it all along in my saner moments. Of course it is impossible. You have been brought up in all the comfort and luxury of your position; we are wide apart as the West from the East. I do not doubt, no one could doubt who knows you, the tenderness and sympathy of your heart; but to change your whole scheme of life, to give up all you have been accustomed to—"

Maud interrupted him. "You mistake me altogether, if you think I should let these considerations weigh with me for a single instant."

"Do you mean?"—he now took both her hands—"that you could do what I have sometimes hoped? Do you mean that you could—"

"It is more than possible—probable, under one condition." She looked shyly into his eyes, then bent her head.

"What condition?" he asked.

"If—I loved anyone—very much."

Mrs. Dawson bustled in with the teatray,



full of apologies for having been so long: the kettle simply would not boil.

Maud assured her they had not found it long at all. "I was so interested in all Dr. Ainslie had to tell me," she said, and shot a glance at the doctor which nearly upset his gravity.

"Ah! he is a wonderful gentleman," Mrs. Dawson commented.

"Very!" Maud agreed.

"How would you like to have me as a neighbour, Mrs. Dawson?" Ainslie inquired.

"Lor'! sir, anyone would be proud."

"I am thinking of building a house on that plot of land next to this."

This time it was Maud who looked uncomfortable, as Ainslie glanced at her.

"It is very healthy here, Miss Garrison. One gets all the breath of the tide from the river. When the sun shines on it in the morning it gleams like a pathway of gold. From the upstairs windows of my house, when it is built, one will be able to see the shipping on the Thames, going up and down the tideway, bringing the wealth of the world to London. So, you see, my idea of the pathway of gold is not really an ideal, but is almost, if not quite, a fact."

How much or how little tea they had neither of them could remember afterwards. When they were about half-way through the meal Mrs. Dawson suddenly disappeared.

"I never thought that of Dr. Ainslie," she said to herself; "but it would be a good thing for him, poor dear lamb! He looks after other people, and he wants looking after himself. I wonder!"

Maud rose from the table. "William will be quite tired of waiting," she said.

"William? Who is William?"

"My own particular coachman. You see, I have a victoria of my own."

Ainslie smiled. "Do you think I may venture to build a coach-house?" he asked. "There is plenty of room."

"I think it might be included," she answered, "if the architect is equal to making the drawing."

"The architect will have a good try. May he?"

The answer seemed to be satisfactory, if answer there was—for he did.

As they were leaving the home Maud slipped a piece of gold into Mrs. Dawson's hand.

"I have enjoyed it very much," she said.

"I hope you will come again, miss."

"I hope so, too."

"I should like to show you that part of the land before you return," Dr. Ainslie suggested.

"And I should like to see it so much."

They went along together, past the boundary wall of the convalescent home, and out on to the vacant space beyond.

"I shall want to consult you about every detail, Maud. The house shall be as comfortable as it can be."

"I shall love it—but—"

"What is the but?" Already Ainslie was betraying a certain sense of right, of proprietorship with regard to the dainty lady by his side.

"My father will be hard to win over."

"I am not afraid, if I have your consent. I will go over and see him to-morrow; he will be back by then."

"Yes, he returns to-night. Now, I really must hurry home."

They walked rapidly back, Ainslie with years of his life struck off his shoulders. The men were just coming out of the works as Maud was handed into her carriage. On seeing the doctor they raised a cheer which was taken up all down the street.

"Why are they cheering?" she asked.

The doctor's brow clouded. "I think it has to do with the election," he answered. "The men want me to stand."

"Against my father?"

"No, not exactly—on behalf of the League."

## CHAPTER XII

### STARTLING NEWS

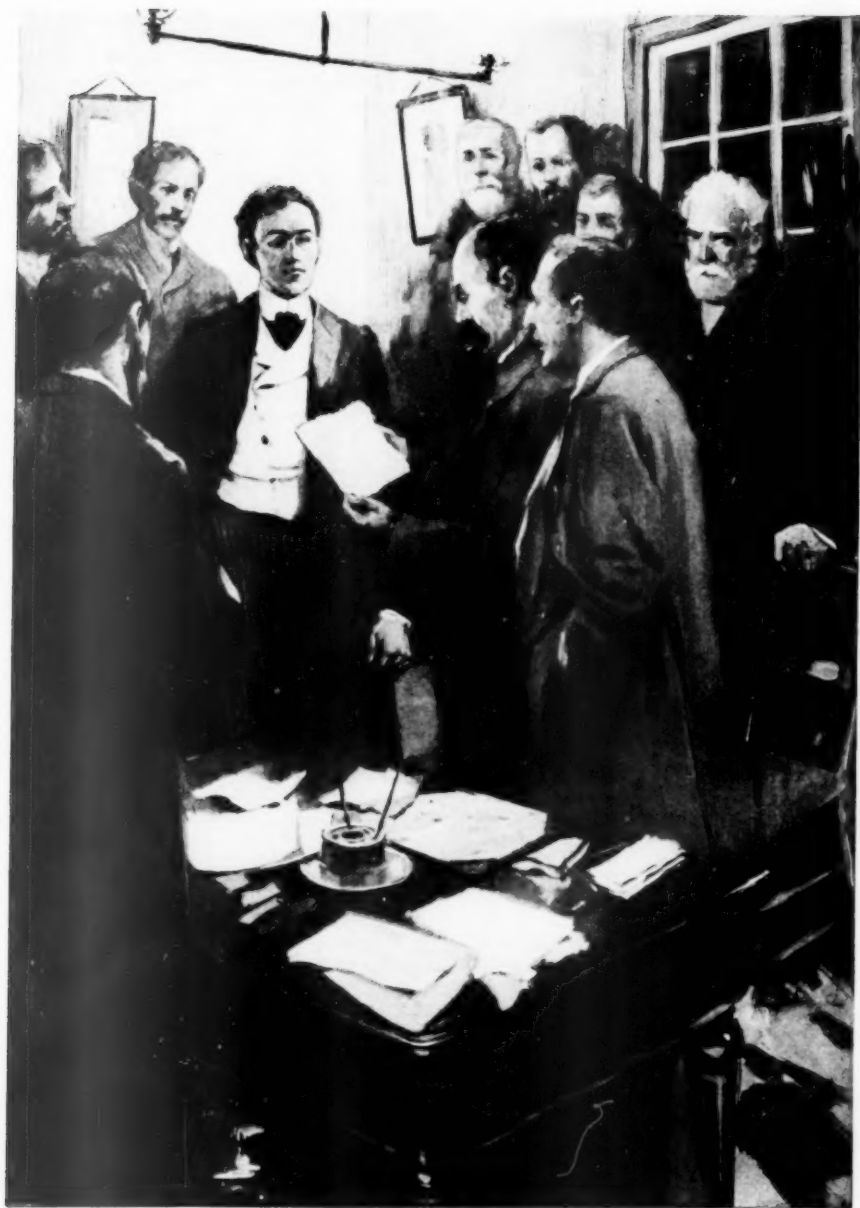
THAT night the die was cast.

Ainslie attended the meeting made up entirely of members of the League living in Hagley Row. They urged on him the acceptance of the position. He pleaded the great strain on his time and strength already; in response, they urged the importance of the new work.

In the end Ainslie yielded.

As he left the meeting the crowd outside, awaiting the decision, had grown to enormous proportions. On hearing the result they cheered lustily. The doctor was the only man not wildly jubilant.

His election was assured from that



"Ainslie attended the meeting made up entirely of members of the League living in Hagley Row. They urged on him the acceptance of the position."

moment, but his brow was clouded. He knew perfectly well that another obstacle—a more serious one—was placed in the way of his happiness. Maud would certainly not be permitted to marry a man who had carried the Hagley Row election against her father. That was his reading of Mr. Gerrison.

Already the latter had taken his committee rooms; the contest was likely to be a short one. Five minutes after the meeting was over a telegram was despatched to Winslow Gardens with the news of the decision: "Ainslie has agreed to stand—great crowd cheering—augurs stiff fight."

Mr. Gerrison had just received the message when Maud entered the room. Dinner had been over about an hour, and she argued that her father would have completed his usual nap, and be in a favourable mood. She judged it an opportune time to impart her information.

"Hallo, Maud! I thought you were playing the piano in the drawing-room."

"So I was, father, but I have come for a chat with you now." She drew up a stool by the side of his chair and sat down.

"What do you want, Maud? Something out of me, I'll be bound—a trip to Switzerland? A new carriage? Or a set of furs?"

Maud shook her head. "Something much cheaper than any of those things. Only your consent!"

"My consent?" Mr. Gerrison was wide awake and all attention now. "Consent to what?"

"I drove to Hagley Row this afternoon. I wanted to see the place."

"You had better have waited for me to take you, Maud. You will have to be there a good deal during the next few days, canvassing on my behalf."

"I met Dr. Ainslie, and he showed me all over his pet projects."

"Like his cheek!" Mr. Gerrison remarked savagely.

"He asked me to marry him, father, and I consented."

"He—asked—you—you—you—to marry—him! Ainslie did?" Mr. Gerrison gasped. Maud stood up. "I love him," she said simply. "I love him with all my heart."

Mr. Gerrison sprang to his feet.

"You are mad," he said; "quite mad. With your good looks and wealth and

position you could have anyone—a peer of the realm, for that matter. You are my only daughter, and to think that you should for a moment take up with a fellow like this, who comes from no one knows where, who hasn't two threepenny-bits to rub against one another!"

"I don't think you can be quite sure of that, father. He intends to come and see you to-morrow, and explain his position."

"Come to see me! He shall not cross the threshold of my door. Look at that."

Mr. Gerrison thrust the telegram before Maud's eyes. Her face fell, although she had expected it.

"We must wait," she said. "I can quite understand what you feel about it, dear father, and of course I shall do nothing contrary to your wishes."

"I should think not," he snapped out, but he was mollified all the same.

"I feel sure," she went on, "that the clouds will roll by; at the same time, I want you to understand that we love one another, and shall never change."

"Don't you believe it," her father said. "I know a good deal better than that."

On the following afternoon Dr. Ainslie called, but did not get past the hall door.

Maud wrote to the doctor, telling him the result of her interview with her father. The note did not reach him, however, in time to prevent his going to Winslow Gardens. Ainslie treasured this piece of handwriting more than anything he had ever received before; it assured him of Maud's unwavering fidelity, and he trusted to time and circumstances to remove Mr. Gerrison's opposition.

Strenuous days followed. Before a week was over the eyes of the whole country were turned in the direction of Hagley Row. The interest caused by the bye-election had exactly the effect that Dr. Ainslie and his friends in the League of Life desired. His views were ventilated, and his speeches reported at length. The public began to understand this new organisation, aiming at the well-being of all classes. It met with almost universal approval.

Even Mr. Gerrison was drawn into the vortex. He was standing as candidate for a constituency in which the League of Life was dominant, and questions were asked about it at all his meetings. Mr. Gerrison was a broad-minded man, and he

owned, at the outset, that he was in sympathy with the greater part of the views which the League of Life expounded. As the days wore on his approval became more marked; and in the end there seemed to be little to choose between the two candidates on this particular point, which had nothing to do with politics, as they are generally understood.

At one of the meetings Mr. Garrison was asked point-blank if he had offered £1,000 to the funds of the League.

"Yes," he answered, "it is quite true."

How the information was acquired neither he nor Ainslie ever knew; these things have a way of leaking out.

"If you were wishful to subscribe £1,000 to the fund, why do you not become a member of the League, Mr. Garrison?" his questioner inquired.

"Perhaps I may, after the election," he said; "I am not going to join it merely to catch a few votes."

The answer was heartily cheered; it was in accordance with the independence which Mr. Garrison had shown throughout. He won favour daily; his own men had always liked him, as an employer of labour his popularity was considerable, and if it had not been for the personal hold Ainslie possessed over the affections of Hagley Row the wealthy manufacturer would have been returned in triumph. As it was, he knew from the outset that he was fighting a losing battle.

He and Dr. Ainslie frequently met during the contest. No allusion was of course made to any private differences. Gradually



"She ran forward, as she always did, to kiss him"—p. 1042.

their intercourse became more cordial. Mr. Garrison was compelled to respect the doctor's personal character, and to approve his chivalrous methods of fighting his own battle. Ainslie, on the other hand, learned to like his opponent, to see the good points which were for some time obscured by Mr. Garrison's manner, but which shone conspicuously under the fire of opposition.

Maud took no part in the fray. She could not support her father against her lover, neither could she help the doctor against her father.

It was the day before the nomination. Mr. Garrison was feeling the strain of the unusual excitement through which he was passing, and of the extra work he was doing. As he drove home from Hagley

Row late in the afternoon, there was a block near the park gates, and the carriage stopped. As it did so, Mr. Gerrison recognised Lord Brackenthorpe. The two men had been on bowing acquaintance ever since the day of the collision between his lordship's yacht and the packet. On one or two occasions they had spoken in passing. Lord Brackenthorpe was talking to a friend, but on seeing Mr. Gerrison he came across the road.

"Glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Gerrison. I suppose I must offer you my congratulations?"

Mr. Gerrison made a wry face.

"Upon what, my lord? Playing second fiddle to your friend? It is not exactly the rôle I should have chosen."

Lord Brackenthorpe looked surprised.

"Don't you know you are to have a walk over?" he asked.

"A walk over?"

"Yes, certainly. Then you have not heard the news?"

"No. What news?" Mr. Gerrison was leaning forward, all his faculties alert.

"Lord Elmyrn is dead."

Mr. Gerrison looked slightly bewildered. What did that matter to him?

"Yes," he said; "I saw a headline in the *Globe* to that effect a few minutes ago, but I did not know him. Is he a friend of yours?"

It was Lord Brackenthorpe's turn now to be surprised.

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Gerrison, that you do not know—that you have not known all along who Ainslie is? I was under the impression everybody knew that."

"Really, my lord, you talk in riddles. I must ask you to make your meaning clear; I seem to be in a fog this evening."

"Ainslie is Elmyrn's brother. Of course he succeeds to the title and the estates. Bless you, he will be one of the richest men in England. There will be no need now for any of us to subscribe to the League of Life. He will be able to run it on his own. Not that Ainslie was a poor man; he had a few thousands a year from his father, who, by-the-bye, was member for Hagley Row when I first heard of the place."

"The name struck me as familiar," Mr. Gerrison said, "when Dr. Ainslie was introduced, but I never connected the two."

"It has happened in the nick of time for you, Mr. Gerrison; and as for poor Elmyrn himself, the least said about that matter, the better. He was my wife's first cousin, as you know. No two brothers could have been more different—St. George, the man who has just died, and Horace. Horace is the best man I have ever known. I expect you have found that out, even though he has opposed you in Hagley Row. He has always been my ideal, and I am not given to hero-worship as a rule. There is nothing he cannot do—at Cambridge he was a double blue, as well as a double first-class, and his heart is even more splendid than his head and his physique. He and Elmyrn have gone different paths, but I have no doubt Horace is much cut up; I shall go to see him to-night. Good-bye. Glad to think you will be in the House."

Mr. Gerrison drove home immersed in deep thought. The news he had just received was sufficiently absorbing. It made an enormous difference to his own position as candidate for the representation of Hagley Row. Above all, it affected Maud.

She was crossing the hall when her father came home, and ran forward, as she always did, to kiss him. Her face during the last few days had worn a look of sadness wholly foreign to it heretofore; her eyes were heavy, and there were dark circles under them. Her appearance suggested sleepless nights. Mr. Gerrison had noticed all this before, but it struck him more that evening. He linked his arm in his daughter's, and drew her into the library, the room in which he had pronounced sentence against her betrothal to Ainslie.

Mr. Gerrison lifted up Maud's face and kissed her affectionately. A change had come over him. He was less satisfied with his own opinion, and more tolerant of the opinions of others. The fire of criticism, through which he had passed on becoming a public man, had afforded him the schooling he needed.

"Maud, darling, I have heard something this afternoon which will interest you a good deal. I want to say also—I only wish I had said it before—that I feel I have made a great mistake."

"Oh, father!" Maud looked up at him with eyes full of tears. "Do you mean about Dr. Ainslie—and me?"

"Yes. I have learned to see him very



differently. I believe he is a great man, absolutely disinterested. I believe, Maud, he is worthy even of you."

Again she said "Oh, father!" but in a different tone—deprecatingly.

"The worst of it is," Mr. Garrison went on, "it will look as if I had changed my mind since I have found out that he is someone much more than appeared on the surface when we first met him."

"I know," she said; "he is Lord Elmyr's brother."

"You did not tell me."

"I preferred you should find it out some other way. I heard it from a lady who was calling here one day this week; she was speaking about the election, and mentioned that Dr. Ainslie was the son of a former member."

"But now I must tell you my piece of news," Mr. Garrison said. "Lord Elmyr is dead. Dr. Ainslie succeeds to the title and to great wealth."

"I am sorry," Maud said. "I preferred him just as he was—not that it will make any difference to Horace." The name slipped out quite naturally; she had practised learning to call him by it.

At this moment there was a ring at the bell, and the butler brought in a card:

"Dr. Ainslie."

"Show the gentleman in here, Wilkins."

A minute later Ainslie entered.

He looked grief-stricken. He started

when he saw Maud, and his eyes flashed recognition.

Mr. Garrison shook hands with him. Maud laid hers on his arm.

"You have heard the news, Mr. Garrison. My opposition to you at Hagley Row is over."

"And I have to apologise for mine—not at Hagley Row, but here," Mr. Garrison said. He laid his hand on his daughter's, where it rested on Ainslie's arm. "I hope you will both forgive me," he said. "I have felt my mistake every day for the last week. You, Dr. Ainslie, have taught me what you really are—taught me that you are worthy of the best girl in the world."

"Oh, father!" Maud said, for the third time—on this occasion with a note of emphatic protest.

"I thank you," Ainslie said, "with all my heart. My brother's death has come as a sad blow. We played together as children; of late our paths have diverged. His death was quite sudden: he was kicked by a horse he was exercising in the park at Melcombe Abbey. The end came immediately, and there was no chance of saying any farewell."

Ainslie's voice quivered.

"I will leave you two together," Mr. Garrison said. "You will find Maud a comfort now, and always."

Almost before her father had left the room Maud's soft arms were round her lover's neck.

Theirs was to be a League of Life.



Next month I am giving the first instalment of a splendid new serial story by Annie S. Swan, entitled "Love's Barrier." Annie S. Swan has put her finest work into this story, which is one of the best she has written. My readers will be interested to know what this gifted writer has to say on the writing of stories.

## The Art of Story-Writing

AN INTERVIEW WITH ANNIE S. SWAN

By DENIS CRANE

READERS of Annie S. Swan's charming stories will hardly need to be told that to the famous authoress story-writing is no mere pastime or means of money-making, but a sacred vocation, demanding the best that brain and heart can give.

"Bring a serious, even a reverent, mind to the work," she once advised her girl friends who were bent on writing. "I love my work and respect it. Unless a girl approaches it in this spirit, she will not succeed. Only thus will she reach and touch the hearts of those she writes for, and is not this, after all, the highest success?"

### The Difficulties of the Beginner

Young writers who yearn after self-expression, and whose susceptible hearts now beat high with hope, and anon thump heavily with despair, will find no safer guide than one animated by such ideals and with such lofty conceptions of their art. For Annie Swan has no illusions. Her own success and the rapidity with which she rose to favour have not blinded her to the difficulties which beset the aspirant of to-day: difficulties which arise partly from the great increase of writers and partly from the changed conditions under which they write; yet, those new conditions recognised, her counsel is based, as all true counsel must be based, chiefly upon experience.

In an interview which the gifted lady kindly gave me during one of her busy days in town, conversation turned upon a topic on which slighted genius, whose manuscripts, like boomerangs, return so persistently to its hands, generally holds strong views. I refer to undiscovered talent.

"Of a surety," she said, "there must

be much undiscovered talent among the would-be story-writers of to-day, else where are our future authors to come from? But those who come into touch with the aspiring writers of the present day are, I think, a little discouraged by the prevailing mediocrity. It is very rarely that one comes across anything that grips by reason of originality. This may be attributed in some degree to our system of education, under which intellects of varying calibre have to be urged or hauled up to the required standard, and a certain amount of cramming is inevitable before it can be attained. Thus, individual research along any special line is practically denied to the youthful mind. In the old days it was different. The old-fashioned teachers, especially the village schoolmasters—often men of rare attainments, but of modest ambitions—did a great deal in the way of fostering individual talent."

To make matters worse, Annie Swan thinks that, with some notable exceptions, the editor of to-day makes very little effort to encourage unknown writers. The competition in the magazine world has become so acute that he must at almost any cost have authors of repute.

### Annie Swan's Early Experience

Her own early experience has been often told, but it contains so many hints for the intelligent reader that it is worth repeating. She is of Scotch parentage, and was born near Edinburgh. Her father, a farmer, held somewhat definite notions on the true domain of woman, and insisted that his daughters should take their share of house-work. He looked with no very favourable eye on Annie's first literary attempts; yet, strange to say, it was from him rather than from

her mother, a lady of singularly unruffled temper, that she inherited her talent as a writer.

"He would tell the simplest anecdote with dramatic force," she says. "His eye for character was extraordinary, and when he returned home on market days he would relate the occurrences of the day with a power and humour that made the scenes live before you."

She was about eleven years of age when she first felt the fascination of the pen, and her first attempts at story-writing consisted in retelling the sensational tales that appeared in a certain weekly journal; with distinct improvements, as she thought, both in characters and plots. At length she was sent to a private school kept by a remarkable woman who had a great love of literature and sense of style. This lady made her pupils write letters and essays, which she afterwards criticised and compared with the best models. This had its inevitable effect on the future story-writer, whose schoolfellows soon

discovered in her a pretty gift of tale-telling and pressed her to its almost daily use.

"Although I constantly practised writing in the intervals of house-work," she says, "I never once thought of making money by it. Indeed, I did not know that it could be done. I wrote for the love of it. Naturally I longed to see my words in print, but it was some time before I realised that to have this satisfaction I must send my story to a publisher."

But so ignorant was she of the book world that the first two manuscripts she despatched, addressed to publishers whose names were obtained from volumes in her father's library, were ultimately returned marked "Firm unknown."

#### A First Success

About this time she was encouraged to enter a Christmas story competition in the *People's Journal*, published by Messrs. Leng and Co., of Dundee, the pioneers of popular story-writing. The story was



MRS. BURNETT SMITH (ANNIE S. SWANI).

(Photo: Russell and Sons.)

to be five thousand words long and the prize three pounds. After much weary waiting she learned to her great joy that she had won. Her triumph removed her father's last objection to what she still regarded as little more than a hobby. Her next venture was not so happy. It was a three-volume novel, published on the half-profit system (which, by the way, she thoroughly condemns), the monetary returns being absolutely nil. Nothing daunted, however, she commenced forthwith a story of domestic life in the old Border days. This book was fortunate enough to win the high commendation of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, who was then in his first Midlothian campaign. His letter, describing the story as "beautiful as a work of art," printed in the *Scotsman*, set all Scotland reading "Aldersyde," and the young authoress's name was made.

#### Encouragement v. Indifference

Asked whether the taste for writing should be indiscriminately encouraged, Annie Swan replied in the negative.

"I think the talent should be let alone," she said, "and allowed to develop itself. If it is the real thing, it will thrive all the better for a little opposition, not necessarily active, but decidedly indifferent. Nothing could be more fatal to incipient talent than the foolish admiration of partial relatives, who are naturally disposed to regard the most mediocre efforts as the outpourings of genius. Leave the would-be writer alone. Let him work and struggle and, if possible, succeed by his own unaided effort. A talent in the making is far more likely to be ruined by too much encouragement than by indifference."

Writing purely for one's own pleasure she would regard with more indulgence; it has its educational value; moreover, in the majority of cases it is the natural outcome of the real gift. In her own case her early efforts simply flowed like a stream which it was impossible to stop. At the same time, it would be mere affectation to deny that the most high-souled writer is encouraged by monetary appreciation, and that the market value of his work is, after all, a real criterion of its worth. This rule, however, may in the rare works of absolute genius have its exceptions.

Describing, indeed, some of the red-letter days of her life, several years ago, she said:

"There are few joys rarer or more soul-satisfying than that of seeing one's written words in print for the first time. That the stuff is poor or sorry makes no difference. It is always beautiful to the one who gave it birth. How well do I remember a snowy Saturday morning when I, a girl in my early teens, saw in the *People's Journal* the announcement that I had won a £3 prize in a story competition. Was any money ever sweeter than that, or any joy purer than mine when I read my printed words? I have that story in my desk still, and my chief regret, when I glance at it, is over the prodigal waste of material. These few thousand words contain material for more than one three-volume novel. But that is the way of youth, to be prodigal of all—love, opportunity, time, all things most precious. When we are old we are wise, and then it is too late." A point which the young aspirant should lay to heart.

But how should the novice begin, and which should he first essay—the short story or the long? The authoress of "Aldersyde" thinks that the latter is the truer test of the young writer's mettle, besides being far better practice. Short stories, she contends, in common with many other authorities, are a more difficult, and should be a more perfect, form of the art.

#### Materials for Story-Writing

As to materials, these are to be gathered everywhere: by the wayside, in the solitary walk, in one's intercourse with one's fellows, in tram and train, in the school, the market-place, the home. The whole world is the writer's harvest-field. The habit of close and accurate observation should be cultivated. He should make absolutely his own what lies nearest to him, and then try to describe it so that others shall see it, too. The essential thing is for the author to acquire the right point of view, and to realise that every scrap of knowledge has its use in skillful hands. But all knowledge should be thoroughly assimilated before it is incorporated in his work. A patching together of actual episodes that he has witnessed and of words that he has reported in his

notebook, may make a manuscript, but not a living tale. He must learn to visualise his subjects, and to transmute the results of his observations into a living whole.

It is to this practice that Annie Swan attributes her own success. The reason she has won so many readers, she says, is because she deals with everyday life, and with the class of people with which she is most familiar. She always endeavours to preserve the note of personal sympathy, to share the feelings of her public as well as of her characters. Thus she has won to a remarkable degree the confidence of her readers, who have sent her hundreds of letters testifying to the guidance and heart's ease they have derived from her pen.

#### Methods of Work

"Do you work from character to plot," I asked, "or from plot to character?"

"My own methods are simple. I start with a central idea and work round it. Sometimes it may be a central character which requires certain circumstances to develop it. But every author has his own method, and every story differs in origin and development; hence, no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down."

Concerning the use and abuse of models, Annie Swan shares the opinion that, while these are valuable in gaining a knowledge

of technique, excessive novel-reading is bad for the young fiction-writer. He is apt to fall into the insidious temptation to imitate; and it is the defects rather than the merits of his author that he is prone to emulate. He had far better, she thinks, read widely in general literature.

#### The New "Quiver" Story

Before our talk concluded I asked the talented authoress about her new *QUIVER* serial, which commences next month. It is a love story with some strong situations. But it is much more. It deals with some of the deeper experiences of life; with youthful errors and their power to mar the future; with the need for perfect frankness between husband and wife; and with the complete triumph of sanctified human love over a sad and sordid past. It has all the pathos and strength and grip that characterise the writer's best work.

"The story has interested me very much," she said. "It is a story of the effect of principle on the life, and, while not insistently religious, aims at showing the effect that such principle may have on a heart awakened to it rather later than usual. It has engaged the best of my powers, and if it fails to help as well as interest the reader, the fault will not, I think, be wholly mine."

## Flowers or Weeds?

By the Rev. J. LEWIS PATON, M.A.

I REMEMBER how, when the Great Central Railway made their trunk line through the Rugby district, they had to carve their way through a solid fold in the country. It was said to be the biggest cutting on the line. I watched carefully the banks of that cutting and the earth heaps that were thrown up. At first they were as bare as could be, but presently here and there the seed of a thistle or a dandelion or a knotweed would find a lodgment, and before many months elapsed the whole space was overspread with flowers and grasses and herbs. There was no emptiness. Before one could well believe it, the bare banks were covered with young seedlings that had drifted against it by chance on the wings of the breeze. The human mind is like that cutting. It cannot remain unpossessed. It is always receiving, never empty. (Phil. iv. 8.)



# The Last String

A Complete Story

By ETHEL F. HEDDLE

"IT must have been fate, my old fancy for that picture"—Christilly's lips gave a little twisted smile—"and I may as well leave it on the wall. Poor Hope, blindfolded! Poor little broken harp! Poor little last string! But, still, the last string is there! And I, too, hold on to it. Somewhere there is light in the sky! Even for me! I really think I worry most over little Mère Besançon downstairs; how she is going to exist, and take the little lame boy to the country; for here, in Paris, he will die. And she is like a child drifting about in a lost boat!"

There was no one to talk to, up in the highest *étage* of the Rue Scapin, No. 70, so Christilly followed the thread of these scattered thoughts as she paced the little empty rooms. They were quite empty save for a *sommier*—bed by night, couch by day—in one corner.

Lila March, her chum, had gone yesterday. Funds had come to an end, and the Salon would have nothing to say to her "Columbine with Balloon." Christilly was to follow, and Christilly had been rather vague in her explanation as to what she was going to do in London. Lila did not know that the harp of Christilly's life had apparently reached its last string. Of course, she knew about Harry Rintoul. Harry was Christilly's lover, and had gone to Canada to make a home for her. There he wrote that he had heard of gold, near Edmonton, and was going with another chum to find it in the Indian country. Then had come a brief paragraph in a Canadian paper, sent home. The two young Englishmen, Rintoul and Douglas, had been killed by the Indians—murdered. She heard that in London, just before leaving for Paris with her friend. The paper was put away, and Christilly had worked on in Paris—a little whiter and quieter, but with the same kind, beautiful eyes. She had not been bitter, nor tragic, nor even overwhelmed.

Lila thought it rather strange, her calmness.

She said odd things.

"It is all mapped out for us, Lila, as I

see it," Christilly said. "God meant us to have just so much pain and so much joy. I had my good brimming draught. Harry and I walked right up to the gates! It isn't the happy married people who have all the joy. There are dazzling pages in other women's lives, too, and the light from them helps one all the way home. Besides, it is no use to be cowardly. Love and joy aren't dead for all the world because one little cup is shattered! We can't go about darkening the sunshine. God gave me that—to bear. I'll not say—I—can't!"

Which was all beyond Lila's little shallow soul. But even she did not know how even the last string of Hope was a little frayed. Christilly's picture had not been accepted. Her last quarter's allowance had gone to the doctor, and for food for little Mère Besançon, who had had a dreadful time with influenza, and who, in her turn, had been good to the English girls. Christilly was almost penniless. She had just enough to take her back to London. That was all. Paris was a failure—a complete failure. Her black-and-white sketches were brilliant, but no one wanted them—in Paris.

"I wonder what Harry would advise me to do?"

She had turned back from the window, where she had been looking out at the rust-red spars of the Tour Eiffel, and a little wan smile was on her face. She had never put Harry out of her life. He was as close as ever, she said, only there was a veil between.

On her first visit to Paris, she had written him a postcard from the top stage of the Tour Eiffel, and posted it there. One of the little inconsequent trifles, in the days when all life was happy and careless and inconsequent; before she knew its minor chords, its deep organ notes, its "still, sad music."

"I don't much mind what I do. The last string in the harp shan't be broken. But I do worry a little over Mère Besançon. She is such a child!"

The room was rather cold. Christilly looked round it vacantly in the cold March twilight, and presently sat down on the floor

near the window, her arms clasped round her knees. Her bags were packed in one corner. Before her were only her own charcoal sketches on the wall: the Louvre "Napoleon," "Dante," from the Vatican, a bit of the Apollo Belvidere, a group of dancing figures—the wonderful innocent abandon, the essence of spring, in Guido Reni's "Dawn."

They were very clever—amazingly so.

"I think I'll take round my sketches, all the afternoon," she said to herself, "after I arrive. I've kept them out in that portfolio. I have enough money for two nights' plain lodging. One may call at a good many offices in one afternoon! London will be strange after Paris. The Aerated and Lyons—tea and sticky buns, instead of the Rue du Bac and the *petits suisses*! Harry would say, 'Cheer up, old girl—something will turn up; the last string of hope mustn't go.' He would be a little—worried—but he always hoped on!"

He had always talked as if the wind of heaven should not visit her face too roughly. Christilly's sweet and tender face, with its gentle, deep-blue eyes and strong lips. It had a wonderful look of serenity now, in the cold raw evening, and I do not think that many people would have guessed that here was a girl well-nigh penniless, friendless, the light of whose life had gone out.

"If it were not for Mère Besancon——"

A knock at the little slim door. Christilly got up and shook her dark serge skirt. She went to the door and opened it, the last light of sunset falling into the empty room, with its bare walls, on which were the clever charcoal sketches—a little of the light catching the tawny colouring of her auburn hair.

"Oh, you are in, Christilly dear! I'm so glad! I feared you had left. May I introduce Mr. Learoyd? He and I have been doing the Quarter, and it just struck me that you might not have gone. And he wanted to see a student's interior."

She had come into the little room—a pretty, fashionably dressed girl, whom Christilly had known in her South Kensington days. With her was a London man, keen of eye, very well dressed, very *point device*. His quick eyes took in the little room with a comprehensive look round.

"I'm very sorry I can't even say 'Sit down'!" Christilly said. "You see, I'm

leaving to-morrow for London, and we sold off everything! It sounds dreadfully inhospitable. For even the luggage——"

"Oh, never mind." Clarice Courtenay was very gracious, if a little condescendingly so, to the tiny rooms and the shabby hostess. "What a fine view! That hideous Tour Eiffel! I call it hideous—unless at a very safe distance. And *quite* unpaintable! We found the Quarter disappointing, didn't we, Ivor?"

"I fancy Du Maurier has a lot to answer for." Mr. Learoyd spoke reprovingly. "We went our way expecting to find Trilbys, and lairds, and Svengalis! Picturesque squalor! The students appear to dress much as any others in the Boulevards. They wear pot hats! That was my last blow. You see, I am looking for someone to illustrate a series of articles—Paris articles."

"Mr. Learoyd has just bought the *Fleet Street Magazine*," Clarice was stroking her sable muff. "We are going to be married in June, Christilly. I say I shall edit the lady's page—at £600 a year—for pin money!"

They both laughed. Christilly remembered hearing that Mr. Learoyd was very rich. He had lately taken to buying papers and magazines. Her face lit into sudden attention, and then she saw that he had gone up to her "Hope."

"That is very clever," he said, and stooped his tall head. Clarice followed and laid her gloved hand on his arm. Christilly, behind, waited.

"So many strings on *their* harp!" she thought. "They won't understand!"

"But I never cared for these picture parables." Clarice went back to the window. "I don't like picture sermons. As if anyone could go on hoping with one half-broken string! I'm afraid poor little blindfolded Hope found it went, too—her one string!"

"I don't think so." Christilly spoke desperately. "It is wonderful on how little one can hope."

Clarice looked at her, incomprehendingly. It never struck her to ask any questions, though she had heard Christilly had lost her lover. She never went out of her way to ask about other people's affairs. One might be asked to help—a nuisance! Better to keep to the sunny side of the road, where the walking was good. The Pharisees and

the Sadducees are more plentiful than the Good Samaritans, or so we are apt to think. Or perhaps they are all too busy, and the man who fell among thieves must certainly have been the cause of valuable loss of time!

"I am choosing a necklace of black pearls," she said to Christilly, settling her furs. "I did not take an engagement ring or bracelet, they are so commonplace! A string of black pearls with my grey satin dress. One must be a little original, if one is to pass in a crowd!"

"I dare say," Christilly said.

She was looking over the rich dress, the costly furs, the white jewelled hands.

"We are staying at the St. James et d'Albany," Clarice resumed; "mother and I and Ivor. I am getting all my things in Paris—the underclothes at Pau. But Ivor won't stay away longer than Monday; he is so absorbed in this new paper. Ivor, are you coming?"

He turned and came up to Christilly, then. The girl had a sudden tired feeling. She saw he looked cold and utterly expressionless. It would be no use to ask him—but she must. They would go away to choose black pearls, and she must sit down and think, and face life, and say good-bye to the little delicate widow downstairs, and the lame child, and hear the wolf come closer and closer—till one day it leapt!

She turned desperately and faced poor Hope—her sketch of Hope. She made a little gesture towards it.

"How do you like my broken harp?" she said. "I did it from a photograph. Rather suitable for an English girl in Paris, who made a mistake, and thought that talent—"

Perhaps Learoyd heard the break in her voice. He spoke suddenly and sharply. "I don't care for anything that isn't original, and the time for Watts's goody-goody stories is past. But these sketches—the Pierrot, the Apollo, Columbine—are splendid. They are just what I need. Did you do them, and—have you any others?"

Christilly stood quite still. For a moment she drew a long breath, and then she went up to the portfolio. "If you carry them to the window, you could—just see," she said. "I did them all. I—want to dispose of all those."

He bent over the portfolio, and delightedly

exclaimed over them. "It is as if you had done them for me!" he said. "The very things I wanted! And I was leaving Paris in disgust, thinking I had failed. I will give you twenty guineas for those six."

Twenty guineas! Christilly gasped again.

She could stay on in Paris and take Mère Besançon and Henri to the sea!

But she grew suddenly very white. Perhaps the last string chimed too loudly in her ear, and it was a new sound! "You can call on me in London at the office," he said; "I'm going to make a feature of my black-and-white. Since Aubrey Beardsley there has been nothing worth looking at in magazine art in England. Now about these sketches. I'd prefer to take them with me. I have a fountain pen."

It grew suddenly unreal. Like a dream!

Christilly had not eaten much all day. The last little bit of the yard of bread and the Gruyère had been finished at breakfast. Sudden joy and relief make one dizzy. She saw Learoyd take out some crisp Bank of England notes and a few sovereigns. She saw him make out a receipt. Half dizzily she signed it. Clarice looked on a little patronisingly. Christilly supplied a roll of paper, and offered an old portfolio. They all shook hands. Clarice said they had just time to get a taximeter, if they were to dine, and go to the Théâtre Français.

Christilly went downstairs with them, feeling that she would waken up and find it all a dream. She saw them hail and enter the taximeter, and then, still rather dizzily, she went and knocked at Mère Besançon's door.

But there she caught the little Frenchwoman's hands, and suddenly, to the surprise of that little lady, shook them wildly to and fro. The one string was playing louder and louder!

"Oh, madame, help has come at last—at last. God is good! I have sold six sketches, and he will take more. And I—I have money, madame! See—see! And now, after all, we can follow the doctor's advice, and take the little boy away. He would never, never get well in Paris."

"What do I hear? Ah, the blessed saints! But, mademoiselle, is it true? True?"

Christilly explained. She was growing calmer, and her excitement was dying down, and then suddenly she was aware that the



"I did them all. I—want to dispose of all those."

room was going round a little, and that supper-time was past, and since breakfast, a meagre one, she had not had time to think of food. Also, that one's body is something that objects to neglect!

"Suppose we have supper together?" she said. "And you go out and get it? I—I feel just a little dizzy! I will watch the boy till you come."

Never a happier supper in all Paris. They talked, they discussed a hundred plans. Madame's hopes, easily roused, saw Christilly on a pinnacle of fame. They would all go to "Londres," and she, Mère Besançon, would care for Christilly, would cook, and mend, and clean! Ah! the girl had been as an angel to her and the boy.

Christilly went upstairs after supper, groping her way, happily. She was thinking what rich per cents love paid. Yes,

the wolf was driven off from her and from the two fellow-travellers.

"Harry would be glad; he would say——"

She paused on the dark staircase, for someone, a vague figure, had drawn back to let her pass.

Then he took off his hat, addressing her in rather faulty French. "Could you tell me, mademoiselle, if a young English lady, Mademoiselle Christilly Raymond, lives in No. 70 or 71? I have the address incorrect."

She took a step upward, gaspingly. A little moan came from her lips.

How one can be deceived—if one thinks of the dead—as if they were near—and thinks of them as if—the veil were frayed and one could see through—and hear—hear—their voices?

"Comprenez-vous? C'est une Anglaise. Mademoiselle——"

"Harry! Harry! Harry!"

She was shaking his arm. Her wild, glad laughter rang out, and up the dark stone staircase, out to the cold March evening, out to the sunset, dying over Paris.

Below, in the street, Paris raved and roared.

But one heart was in Paradise.

"Not dead! Harry! Harry! Harry!"

He took her in his arms, and his kisses stilled the wild, hysterical laughter.

"My darling, no! I only knew to-day you thought me dead. I was not—killed. It was poor Douglas. I—found the gold. I'm rich, Christilly, rich. I could not find you. You had left London, they thought for Paris, but knew no more. I got your address just now from Learoyd. Oh, Christilly! Little girl, I have found you at last."

They borrowed Mère Besançon's little lamp.

The good lady accompanied them upstairs, and lent them chairs. She talked volubly. She appealed to high heaven and the saints. They talked and talked: there was a world to tell and hear.

And just before he left for his hotel Christilly led him up to "Hope" on the wall. She had not told him all. Harry must not know yet how the strings of the harp had all been broken, save one.

"The harp is all restrung, Harry!" she said, her hands on his arm. "But I know now how one can work and hope on—with only one left. I know its faint, faint music. I shall be able to hear it all my life—in all the broken harps around."

Perhaps he did not quite follow her. But he kissed the happy lips.



"'Harry! Harry! Harry!'" She was shaking his arm."





## The HOME DEPARTMENT

### Saleable Trifles

By ELLEN T. MASTERS

Author of "100 Useful Things," Etc.

"WHAT shall we make?" is always the first question when a sale of work or a drawing-room bazaar is on the tapis. The problem can only be solved by the discovery of novel and pretty articles such as are useful to many folk, if not essential to all, and which can be inexpensively put together in a short space of time. Most people do their best to use up scraps upon such occasions, and several of the articles that we are describing here are suitable for this reason, as will be shown later on. Others cost but little, and yet are novel and attractive in their way. Take, for example, the head-dress (No. 1), which is such as many an elderly lady would like to have if she did but recognise the small cost of time and trouble with which it may be made. The considerable expense involved by always purchasing such articles in the shops ready for wear, and having to send them to be cleaned at a further expenditure when necessary, often prevents ladies from wearing what is really a great improvement to their appearance when the time comes at which their hair grows thin and delicate.

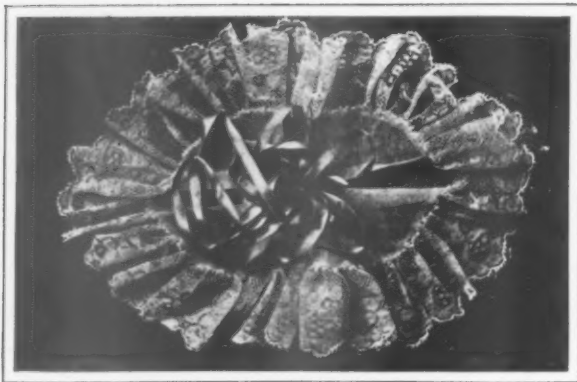
Our model is as simple as it well can be, for it consists merely of a foundation cut in an oval shape of net, lace, muslin, or indeed of any thin material that happens to be convenient. This foundation of the cap is shown in No. 2, and it will be noticed that it is very much like a tart-dish doyley, being practically the same in form. Our model was made of thin book muslin, but most people will prefer something yet more transparent.

Being all the better for light fingering, as indeed is every kind of millinery, the edges of the oval in the original were merely

turned over to the wrong side for a depth of a quarter of an inch. There is no fear that book muslin, net, or similar materials will ravel, so there is no necessity for any hem, which would but add clumsiness to the head-dress.

The foundation has to be bordered all round with lace. Any make will answer the purpose, but it is advisable not to choose anything that is at all thick; indeed, the finer it is the better. At the two sides of the oval it may as well be rather more full than it is at the ends, as the lace will form a sort of frilly cap and be very becoming at the top of the head. When the lace has thus been sewn on to the foundation, the oval must be folded up into an inverted box-pleat, first from end to end, then from side to side. The box-pleats must be kept quite even and regular, and on the top of them must be placed a full bow of narrow ribbon or velvet. The stitches which hold the box-pleats in place will also secure the bow. Hence when the lace requires to be cleaned all that is necessary is to take off the bow. Then the whole thing is reduced to a flat piece of muslin once more, and can easily enough be cleaned and made up again in a few minutes. Any colour of ribbon or velvet may be used for the bow, and by changing the tints fairly often the owner may get a series of apparently new caps. For travelling also these head-dresses are easy enough to pack and to pleat up when required. The better the lace in quality, needless to say, the better is the look of the whole thing.

The next trifle is quite a novelty, and should be a boon to any busy mother who has a great deal of sewing to do. We all



No. 1.—HEAD-DRESS FOR AN ELDERLY LADY.

know what a fateful habit reels of cotton have of escaping when they are most wanted, but this is entirely obviated by the use of the reel-board which forms the subject of our third illustration. In most houses can be found a square board measuring about eight inches across, and if possible it should be five-eighths of an inch in thickness. This should be rubbed down with sandpaper to get it as smooth as possible, so that there are no irregularities of any consequence in the surface.

The top or front of the board must be covered first with calico, or indeed with almost any material of moderate thickness. It should then have an outer covering of cretonne, or printed sateen, that has a design upon it consisting of groups or clusters of decidedly drawn flowers, the reason for which will be seen later on. The next requirements are some long nails, those in the model measuring three inches in length. These nails have to be driven completely through the board from back to front. The under side should be kept as flat as possible, so that the heads of the nails are as much on the same level as the board as they can be.

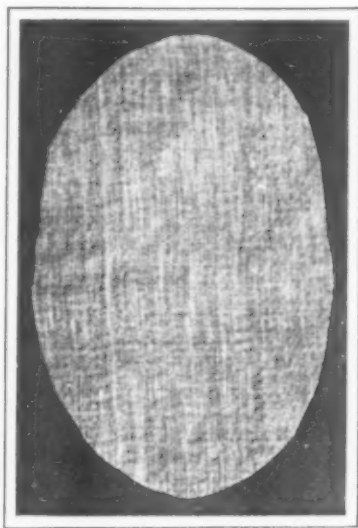
The object of choosing a suitable cretonne with groups of about six flowers in the bunch is that a nail can be driven through each, which will make the effect all the better. The cretonne in the model was of a particularly good pattern for the purpose. The reels are slipped over the nails and the cotton can either be drawn off without removing them, or they may be taken off on

one condition, which is to the advantage of the owner of the board: namely, the reel must infallibly be replaced after using. A thimble may be kept over one of the nails, upon which only a small reel of cotton is slipped, and a pair of scissors may be placed on a third.

The worker will find that by putting the nails into the board irregularly, according to the pattern of the cover, she can all the better remember in an instant where each particular reel is to be found.

The whole thing can be arranged to hang up if required. On this principle also may be set long nails for holding twines of varying colours, and a pair of scissors also must not be forgotten. The board intended for string must be much larger than one that is required for holding reels of cotton or silk.

An ordinary round doyley of linen, or jean prettily embroidered in any style that the amateur pleases, will make an excellent needlebook (No. 4). The doyley must be lined with pale tinted sateen tacked well into



No. 2.—SHAPE FOR HEAD-DRESS IN No. 1.

place, and then the edges are scalloped and buttonholed round, the two materials being cut away beyond the stitchery. The tacking threads are easily removed, but the more there are the more conveniently can the buttonholing be worked. The needle-book requires leaves of thin flannel or delaine, either pinked or buttonholed round the edges. These leaves should be smaller than is the circle which forms the cover of the book. The leaves are sewn with a few light stitches to the centre of the doyley, which is next folded in half. A row of ornamental stitchery is carried down the fold. A crisp little bow of ribbon decorates the back of the needlebook, and on the front edges we have a pair of strings of the same ribbon with which to close the needlebook. Penwipers, too, may be made much on the same principle, but many people will object to the white doyley owing to its facility for becoming blotted with ink.

The same sort of arrangement answers very well for a little case for holding fancy lace pins. The materials employed should naturally be richer than those that are needed for a needlebook, and a piece of fancy silk, such as brocade, seems the best of fabrics to use for the purpose. The leaves must be extra carefully finished at the edges.

Ladies who work about in their houses in the morning are very wisely taking to



NO. 4.—A USEFUL NEEDLEBOOK.



NO. 3.—A USEFUL REEL-BOARD

aprons again; indeed, in this respect they are copying their American friends, whose skirts are generally to be found thus protected from stray threads and spots. The large apron to which we have grown accustomed, and which nearly covered the whole front of the dress, has practically disappeared, and has given place to one that does not measure, as a rule, more than eighteen and a half inches in depth and is about twenty inches across in its widest part. It is sometimes preferred when cut slightly full and put into a shaped band finished with long strings, and at other times it is sloped so well to the figure that it requires no pleats or gatherings at all, but sets quite smoothly and evenly.

These aprons, being still novel over here, are likely to become quickly bought up from those ladies who have them on their tables at sales of work. Added to which advantage is that of the many materials of which they are to be fashioned. The model in our fifth illustration, which was kindly supplied for use here by Mr. William Barnard, of 126, Edgware Road, London, was made merely of coarse brown linen, but it fitted the figure

well and was finished all round the edges with coarse Torchon lace which matched the linen exactly in tint. Some of the daintiest of these aprons are made of white silk, a material that will stand washing much better than most people would imagine. The designs upon these are extremely good, and lend themselves admirably to working out with coloured silks and even narrow ribbons, which makes an extremely smart affair of a useful article. Other and very dainty aprons require lace or sprigged muslin for their development, and when tastefully trimmed

Anything at all novel in the way of a bag is always useful and acceptable, and the boot and shoe holder shown in No. 6 is no exception to the general rule. Any two materials may be employed for it that will look pretty together. In the model the outermost part was composed of a striped linen fabric, which was extra convenient because the lines in it served as a guide for the placing of the feather-stitch which divided it into sections. The general plan is that of two bags left open at the top instead of being joined, as is usually the case. The

one bag slips exactly and neatly into the other, and rows of feather-stitch are carried down so as to make in all six divisions. The compartments in the centre are rather smaller than the two at the sides, so that there is room in one for a small evening shoe or perhaps for a skate. The second of these divisions will, of course, hold the fellow. In the side pockets there is plenty of room for one pair of shoes, or even for more. Con-



No. 5.—ONE OF THE NEW APRONS.

with coloured ribbons the utilitarian article is at once turned into an accessory of dress that is a real ornament and makes an old gown look quite fresh and new.

Industrious folk make similar aprons entirely of crochet, and sometimes combine it very prettily with muslin or canvas. The crochet should be open and lacy, but these aprons are in reality far more ornamental than strictly useful, for of necessity the work has to be rather open, or it would be too large a task, and the weight would be uncomfortable.

Contrary to custom, we have here no decided heading, but the two bags are provided with rings, which hold a cord by which they can be closed. Cord having the ends frayed out to make tassels answers best for the heading, or rather the top of the case. Then we have the whole of the inside free and ready for any odds and ends we may care to keep in it, such as buttonhook, shoe-horn, and the like, or we can easily stow away there yet another pair of shoes or boots, or, indeed, more than one pair, as there is ample space to hold them.



No. 6.—A CAPACIOUS BAG FOR BOOTS.

Upon this plan again may be made other kinds of bags suitable for containing work, letters, and bills, account books, and other things that a housekeeper requires to keep in some settled place, where she will always know exactly where to find them. Tinted linen, cretonne, printed sateen, and many a similar material would be suitable for such a bag, while, if it is needed for holding mending or more fanciful work, we could scarcely find anything better than brocade, watered silk, or even serge, of which to make it. It may in this case be as smart as the worker pleases, and the sides may be ornamented between the lines of stitchery with pretty little transfer designs ironed off and afterwards embroidered. No very thick

material nor style of ornament should be employed for such bags as these, for, being in themselves double, there is already a considerable amount of substance in them.

Another item that always sells quickly is a cover for a tea-cosy, as shown in No. 7. This was made by a correspondent of the writer, and it possesses several points of novelty. It is ornamented with dainty little bows made of fancy braid by the worker herself, and sewn down upon the linen background. The braid chosen for such a purpose should be that which is provided with a cord along the edge, by which it can be drawn up into any shape required. It is then sewn down in bow form upon the background in such a way that it can readily be cut off and again restored to its place when the cosy cover has to be washed or cleaned.

The cover shown in our seventh illustration is rather small in size, but it is easy enough to make a larger one, if desired. Some very dainty covers are not only trimmed round the edge with lace in the style of ours, but they are apparently so made in two sections that they can be laced together with coloured ribbons, which when tied in a smart bow at the top, or rather towards one side of the cosy, give an excellent and dressy effect to what is really an exceedingly simple trifle.



No. 7.—A NOVEL COVER FOR A TEA-COSY.



# How to Keep Young and Healthy

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

IT is interesting to reflect upon the fact that the average person to-day has a better chance of attaining to a hale and hearty old age than was the case fifty years ago. Preventive medicine has advanced considerably even in the last score of years, whilst the introduction of aseptic measures has vastly affected the statistics of surgical operations for the better. "Preventive medicine," by teaching people the relationship between dirt and disease, and instructing the public in hygiene and health, has reduced the mortality from infectious fevers enormously, whilst the death rate from phthisis has declined nearly 50 per cent. in the last fifty years. By our mode of life, by careful attention to the simple rules of health and hygiene, by avoiding "risks" in the way of unnecessary exposure to infection and chills, we can do a great deal towards keeping healthy and fit for work for many years longer than if we are indifferent to this important subject. Every natural man, every normal woman, wishes to prolong the number of their years, and to keep healthy in body and young in mind until the end. All deaths under seventy or eighty years of age are "unnatural," in that they are not due to gradual senile decay, and might have been prevented. The diseases of middle life are but the result of our unnatural mode of living, of improper diet, lack of exercise, or disobedience of Nature's laws. The fact that health and long life are compatible with strenuous work and continuous mental exertion is demonstrated by some of our greatest men. Gladstone, Titian (who painted in his hundredth year), Bellini (whose best work was produced after the age of ninety years), Señor Garcia (who attended and enjoyed the dinner given in his honour on his hundredth birthday), illustrate the truth of the belief that to keep mind and body occupied is one of the chief aids to longevity. We all know examples of busy, strenuous workers who have kept healthy during long years of activity, only to collapse suddenly a few months after "retiring" from work. Bodily activity keeps the system healthy and free from the uric acid poisoning respon-

sible for the gouty and rheumatic maladies which cripple the body and hasten the coming of old age. Healthy outdoor exercise is the foe of dyspepsia, and one of the best means of getting rid of toxins and waste matters from the body. Mental activity is the best preventive of boredom, ennui, and "nerves," of the many varieties of nervous ailments which specially afflict the middle-aged of the well-to-do classes of the community.

## To Lengthen Life

To lengthen life we must assuredly keep occupied. Statistics prove that the death-rate of those who are in active work is lower than amongst those who are not engaged in any regular occupation. The healthiest occupations are those which entail several hours' daily work in the open air. Farming is perhaps the most healthy of all occupations, in that it means spending the greater part of the day out of doors, but if those who are compelled to lead a sedentary life are careful to procure regular periods of exercise in the fresh air it will go far to ensure good health and long life. As life goes on, people are apt to exercise less than is advisable for health reasons. A daily walk of from one to three hours is essential. It may be divided into two parts, morning and afternoon or evening, depending upon the time of year. The importance of breathing exercises for elderly people can hardly be over-estimated. Deep breathing for five minutes, twice a day, combined with simple muscular movements of the body and limbs, will go far to prevent chest ailments and muscular rheumatic affections, such as lumbago, in old people. Indeed, for young and old, breathing exercises are a most important aid to health, and no period of the day is more profitably occupied than the five minutes night and morning devoted to deep breathing. The exercise consists simply in standing erect, taking a deep breath, and holding it for ten seconds, then slowly letting the breath go. Various exercises can be combined with this, such as raising the arms and bending the body to touch the toes, turning the body slowly from side to side with hands on hips, etc.

The good effects of these apparently simple measures are very great. Lungs, heart, and other organs are benefited by the oxygen taken up by the blood and the muscular exercise brought about by the movement of the chest and body generally. Stooping is counteracted, and various muscles of the spine and shoulders are brought into healthy action, so preventing stiffness and wasting from disease. By increasing the power of resisting disease by such methods one can help to prolong life.

In the same way due attention to dietetics must be given. Simple, nourishing, easily digested meals, the avoidance of excess—in a word, moderation in eating and drinking is all important. The man who over-eats in middle life inevitably succumbs to chronic ill-health or organic disease at a time when he should be in the prime of life and vigour. Unhealthy livers are but the result of over-eating and over-drinking; temperance is one of the ingredients of the elixir of youth.

Chills, whether contracted in summer or

winter, again, are antecedent to many diseases which may prove fatal in those whose vitality is below par. Although chill from damp, cold winds, draughts, etc., will not in itself produce influenza, bronchitis, and other infective ailments, which are responsible for so many deaths amongst elderly people, it "predisposes" to all such diseases by lowering vitality. A person who is "chilled" is liable to infection, and all old people should be protected from the ill effects of damp and chill for that reason. Woollen clothing next to the skin, a daily sponge bath to make the skin healthy and resistant to cold, proper diet and exercise, are the best methods of avoiding chill. Strong foot-gear, and a habit of changing damp clothes at the earliest possible opportunity, come under the same heading. To practise such measures, some knowledge of hygiene is almost necessary, and there is no doubt that we should be a healthier and a longer-lived race if hygiene were a compulsory subject in the education of the young.



## The Art of Making Short Pastry

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

THE art of pastry-making is one that should be studied and thoroughly mastered by every woman, but especially by those who contemplate taking upon themselves the important duties of a housewife. It is a culinary art which stands quite apart from any other branch of cookery, and the young wife who can prepare and cook a dainty and wholesome pie, or any other dish of which pastry forms a principal factor, possesses a talent which is by no means to be despised.

There are many different kinds of pastry, each of which has various uses, and a full description of them all would fill a good-sized volume. In this short article I propose to confine my remarks to the most useful variety—*i.e.* short pastry, and notwithstanding opinions I have heard to the contrary, I maintain that a short crust, well made from fresh ingredients, and carefully cooked, is not only wholesome and nourishing for children and adults, but also a very welcome adjunct to the dinner table.

Here are a few general directions which

may assist the inexperienced cook to gain the desired end:—

1. The flour used must be of the best quality and absolutely dry. Damp, lumpy flour will surely spoil the most lightly handled pastry, and if it feels at all damp when the back of the hand is laid on it take the required quantity from the flour-bin, spread it on a large dish, and let it stand in a warm place for half an hour. Pass the flour through a sieve before using it.
2. Fresh butter is better than salt. If the butter looks watery, place it in a piece of muslin and squeeze it well to extract the moisture.
3. If lard is used, ascertain that it is perfectly sweet.
4. Clarified dripping, preferably beef, can be substituted for lard or butter; but it must be used sparingly, or it will spoil the flavour of the pastry.
5. Extreme cleanliness of all utensils is essential. Should it be necessary to scrub the pastry-board or rolling-pin before use, dry them in front of the kitchen fire.

6. *Cool fingers*—the ingredients should never touch the *palms* of the hands—are another secret of success, as is also a light, dexterous handling of the paste.

7. A marble slab has great advantages over a wooden board, and if it is possible to make the pastry in a room other than the kitchen so much the better.

#### A Good Short Pastry for Family Use

To every pound of flour allow  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of lard, a teaspoonful of baking powder,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of castor sugar, and a little very cold water. Put the flour into a deep earthenware basin and thoroughly mix in the baking powder and sugar. Next take the lard and butter; break or cut them into small pieces, and rub them lightly, using the tips of the fingers only, into the flour, until it becomes like fine breadcrumbs. Make a hole in the centre; take a jug of ice-cold water in the left hand and a knife in the right; pour a little water into the flour, and mix quickly with the knife, adding more water (in small quantities) from time to time. I must warn beginners not to hold the jug over the basin whilst mixing, for the movement of the body sometimes causes the water to splash over the sides of the jug, and the pastry is ruined. Short crust should not be too moist; only sufficient water to make a very stiff dough is required. It is impossible to give an exact measurement, because some flours absorb more readily than others, but for the above quantities rather less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint should suffice. Lift the ball of paste out of the basin and place it on a well-floured board. Knead it delicately for a few minutes, then take a well-floured rolling-pin, and lightly but firmly roll out the paste. Fold and repeat the process, in all three times. The last time the pastry should be  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick. Make the tarts and put them into the oven as quickly as possible.

#### To Clarify Dripping

Put the dripping into a basin and pour boiling water over it. Keep stirring to wash away the impurities. Let it stand till cold, when the water will settle at the bottom of the basin.

Another method is to put the dripping

into a saucepan and let it boil for a few minutes over a slow fire. Then let it stand till a little cool, and strain it through a piece of fine muslin into a jar.

#### A Short Pastry made with Dripping

One pound of flour, 10 oz. of clarified dripping, a pinch of salt, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint of cold water. Rub the dripping into the flour very thoroughly, add the salt, and then the water by degrees. Roll out three times, when it will be ready for use. This is a good recipe for a meat-pie crust.

There are several different ways of making short crust for tarts, etc., and if one is not successful with the result of one recipe another can be tried.

#### Short Pastry made with Milk

To every pound of flour allow 2 oz. of castor sugar, a pinch of salt, 3 oz. of butter, and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of boiling milk. Work the butter into the flour, add the sugar and salt, make a hole in the centre, and pour in the boiling milk. Mix quickly and roll.

#### Suet Crust for Tarts

To every pound of flour allow 6 oz. of finely chopped beef suet,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water, 2 oz. sugar, and a pinch of salt. Rub the suet into the flour, add the salt, sugar, and water, and roll out as usual.

#### A Simple Pastry for Meat-Pies

One and a quarter pounds of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of butter, a good  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water, a pinch of salt. Mix the salt with the flour, and rub in the butter. Add the water and roll the pastry two or three times. Pastry for meat-pies should be  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick, and the pieces left over can be cut into leaves and ornaments to decorate the pie. Do not forget that it is most essential to make a hole in the crust of a meat-pie. The pastry looks much better when brushed over with the beaten yolk of an egg. This is done before the pie is put into the oven for the first time.

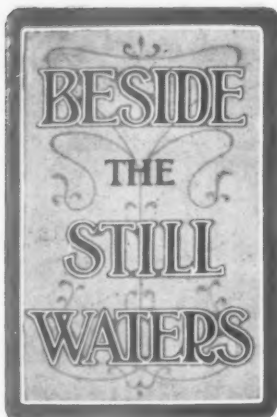
Short pastry should be baked in a medium oven and allowed to cool in a warm place. It will keep fresh for several days in a dry, cool pantry, but should never be put away in a dark, damp larder.

NOTE.—*Mrs. St. Clair will be glad to answer queries on the subjects dealt with by her in this department. Letters should be addressed "Home Department," QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*



IN THE ORCHARD.

(From the Drawing by P. B. Nickling.)



### A Prayer

**G**OD make my life a hymn of praise,  
Each day a note, each year a phrase  
With tenderness and beauty filled,  
Sung in the way that Thou hast willed.

Help me to sing this song for Thee,  
My part in Thy great symphony,  
Until the last Amen shall ring  
With that new song the angels sing.



### Light and Shade

**L**OFTIER destinies compel some present darkness, just as mountains cast a shadow. If life were never to go to a higher stage, always to stay on the present level, we might be able to see everything clearly, and understand everything perfectly even now. Can we not believe that Divine Love is always saying to us, "As your Friend, Who knows what you are going to need, I want you to go through this darkness"? Trouble and labour and weariness are simply ways up the mountain of loftier destinies. Tears may be given to wash our eyes that we may see these loftier destinies more clearly.



### The Surprise of Life

**T**HE surprise of life always comes in finding how we have missed the things that have lain nearest to us; how we have gone far away to seek that which was close by our side all the time. Men who live best

and longest are apt to come, as the result of all their living, to the conviction that life is not only richer but simpler than it seemed to them at first. Men go to vast labour seeking after peace and happiness. It seems to them as if it were far away from them, as if they must go through vast and strange regions to get it. They must pile up wealth, they must see every possible danger of mishap guarded against, before they can have peace. Upon how many old men has it come with a strange surprise that peace could come to rich or poor only with contentment, and that they might as well have been content at the very beginning as at the very end of life!—PHILLIPS BROOKS.



### Your Highest Moments

**I**T seems to me there is no maxim for a noble life like this: Count always your highest moments your truest moments. Believe that in the time when you were the greatest and most spiritual man or woman, then you were your truest self. Think of the noblest moment that you ever passed, of the time when, lifted up to the heights of glory, or bowed down to the depths of sorrow, every power that was in you was called forth to meet the exigency, or to do the work. And then believe that the highest you ever have been you may be all the time, and vastly higher still, if only the power of the Christ can occupy you and fill your life all the time.—JOHN WESLEY.



### How to Begin the Day

**I** BEGIN my day's work some mornings, perhaps wearied, perhaps annoyed by a multiplicity of trifles which seem too small to bring great principles to bear upon them. But do you not think there would be a strange change wrought in the petty annoyances of every day and in the small trifles that all our lives, of whatever texture they are, must largely be composed of, if we began each day and task with that old prayer: "Rise, Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered"? Do you not think there would come a quiet in our hearts and a victorious peace to which we are too much strangers? If we carried the assurance that there is One that fights for us into the trifles as well as into the sore struggles of our lives, we should have peace and victory. Most of us will not have many large occasions of trial and conflict in our career; and if God's fighting for us is not actual in regard to the small annoyances of home and daily life, I know not for what it is available. "Many mickles make a muckle," and there are more deaths in skirmishes than in the pitched field of a great battle. More Christian people lose their hold of God, their sense of His presence, and are beaten accordingly, by reason of the little enemies that come down on them like a cloud of gnats on a summer's evening, than are defeated by the shock of a great assault or a great temptation, which calls out their strength and sends them to their knees to ask for help from God.—DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

**T**HE knowledge of God's Father-love is the first and simplest, but also the last and highest lesson in the school of prayer. And next to the revelation of the Father's love there is not a more important lesson than this: Every one that asketh receiveth.—ANDREW MURRAY.

**T**HERE is no music in a "rest," but there is the making of music in it. In our whole life melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. Be it ours to learn the time and not

be dismayed at the "rests." They are not to be omitted. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him, we shall strike the next note full and clear.—RUSKIN.

**Y**OU know people who go on over hard roads with amazing serenity. Life is full of bitterness for them, but all the bitter experience is somehow sweetened. Even in the face of the direst of ills, they are composed and confident. How do they do it? What is the secret of it? The secret of it is that by faith they see God; as they go, they walk with God, holding the hand of God.—GEORGE HODGES.

### The Narrow Way

**T**HE way is narrow? Ay, but think how wide

*The fields it leads to. Wide as hope are they.  
Into a larger life the path will guide.*

*What matter, then, if narrow be the way?*  
—MARY M. CURRIER.

### Shut In

**I**N one of the famous lace shops of Brussels there are certain retired rooms devoted to the spinning of the finest and most delicate lace patterns. These rooms are altogether darkened, save for the light from one very small window falling directly upon the pattern. There is only one spinner in the room, and he sits where the narrow stream of light falls upon the threads that he is weaving. "Thus," you are told by your guide, "do we secure our choicest products. Lace is always more delicately and beautifully woven when the worker himself is in the dark, and only his pattern is in the light." Does not the same beautiful and mysterious result appear in work of any kind, when surrounding shadows compel the toiler to fix his attention solely upon the task in hand—the task upon which falls the concentrated light of life? When a soul finds itself shut in by disappointments, trials, bereavements, disciplines, or physical limitations, to its divinely appointed task, the one thing it is best fitted to do or to teach in this world, how marvellously the pattern is wrought!

# A New Competition for "Quiver" Readers

By THE EDITOR

**First Prize: A Splendid Sewing Machine  
Six Prizes of "Thermos" Flasks  
Twelve Handsome Book Prizes**

I HAVE much pleasure in repeating the announcement made last month of a New Competition for the readers of THE QUIVER. Previous competitions we have held in recent years—the Bazaar Competition two years ago, and the Album Competition last year—were attended with such success that I have no doubt that my readers will take up this new competition with as great a zest.

As will be noticed at the head of this article, valuable prizes are awarded, but the central idea in these competitions is that every reader who competes shall have the pleasure of knowing that her efforts are not wasted, even though she fails to secure a prize, as every entry means joy and gladness in other hearts and lives.

As all my readers by this time know, the League of Loving Hearts has been founded with the purpose of affording help to home charities. Thousands of my readers have sent the entrance fee of One Shilling, and have the satisfaction of knowing that this sum is divided amongst ten charities doing good work in the home country.

Now our efforts are to be extended to the foreign field. Our new competition is for dressed dolls for use among missions in foreign lands.

## The Dolls to Send

It is important to remember the hints I gave last month as to the kind of dolls that are acceptable. The principal things to note are these: (1) All the dolls should be dark-haired or dark-headed: light hair is despised in Oriental countries. (2) They should not have white dresses: plain white is the colour of mourning and the badge of widowhood in India. (3) They should not be made of wax, for wax melts quickly in hot countries. (4) They should not be nigger dolls. Black-faced dolls are not appreciated by natives.

These points are not put in as condi-

tions of the competition, but simply as guides, so that our gifts will be properly appreciated in the countries to which they go.

## A Splendid Sewing Machine Offered

The first prize in this competition is one of Frister and Rossmann's magnificent vibrating shuttle, hand-and-treadle sewing machines. The machine is encased in a drawing-room cabinet with six drawers, with two massive panel doors, and the cost is £10 2s. 6d. The machine itself is of the very finest type now produced, and in addition the cabinet will be an ornament to any room. A complete set of attachments, with instruction book, etc., is sent with the machine.

## Six "Thermos" Flasks

In addition to this first prize, six "Thermos" flasks will be awarded; and for those next in order of merit twelve handsome volumes will be sent. Thus there will be nineteen prizes in all.

## Disposal of the Dolls

The dolls sent in for this competition will be divided among the principal missionary societies of Great Britain. One half will be sent to the Church Missionary Society, and the remainder divided between the London, Baptist, Wesleyan, Presbyterian missionary societies, etc. If readers desire their work to go to any particular society, they may add a note to that effect.

## Conditions of the Competition

The idea of the competition is to encourage the ingenuity and taste of the competitors. In order that there shall be no unfair advantage, I have decided to restrict the cost of the doll and the materials used upon it to One Shilling. I am relying upon my readers' honour to observe this condition faithfully.

Only members of the League of Loving Hearts may take part in this competition, but anyone joining the League at once is eligible. A coupon will be found among the advertisement pages, which should be filled in and sent with One Shilling to the Editor, *THE QUIVER*, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. More than one doll may be sent in by one competitor. The last date for receiving the dolls will be January 31st, 1910. There is no restriction of age, nor of locality, nor of sex. All who join the League are free to enter.

#### A Prized Possession

Those intending to enter the competition will derive considerable help from an article which appeared in *THE QUIVER* for April on "Doll Dressing for Zenana Missions."

I quote a few paragraphs from that article to show the usefulness of the task I am setting my readers:

"The dolls are highly prized, and therefore are worth dressing well. Many a little English girl smashes her doll very quickly, but the Hindoo girls and women regard their dolls as treasures rather than

playthings, and take the greatest care of them, so that after many years of proud possession they are as fresh and pretty as at first.

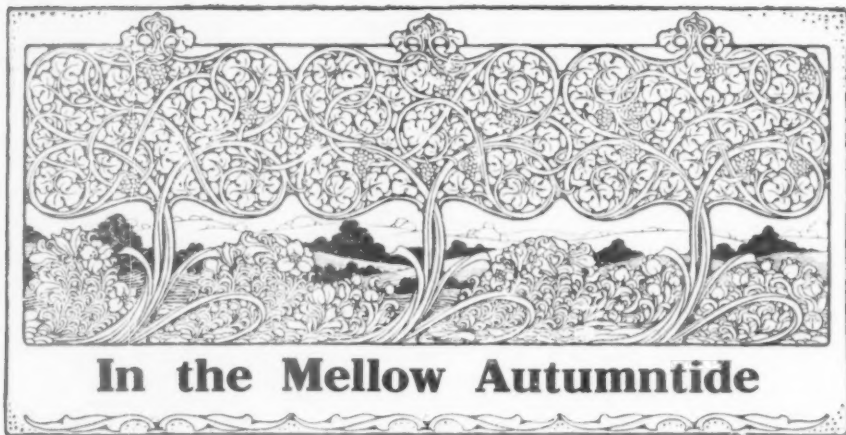
"Women? Yes, even the Hindoo women love to have dolls, for their life is so different from that of an Englishwoman, so monotonous and often unspeakably dull and sad, that anything that brings a gleam of brightness is welcome.

"And to the younger Hindoos—to the poor little child bride, taken away from school, home, and friends, shut up in a dreary zenana when ten or twelve years of age, or even earlier, practically a prisoner for the rest of her life—no outgoing and little incoming—a doll must indeed be a boon! No wonder the missionaries are so eager to have a good supply!"

I hope that readers all over the world will decide to enter for this competition. The first step is to join the League of Loving Hearts, if you have not already done so. The entrance fee is One Shilling, which, let me repeat, is divided among the following ten societies:—

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.  
 RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.  
 CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.  
 SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.  
 MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth,  
 THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.  
 LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.  
 ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.  
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,  
 Savoy Street, W.C.  
 BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.





A Complete Story

By GLADYS M. SMITH

NANCY LESTER was walking home slowly through the cornfields. She had a bunch of scarlet poppies in her hand, their colour vividly brightening her white linen dress.

Her sweet brown eyes were very thoughtful, and she passed the labourers with merely a word of greeting instead of indulging in her usual merry chatter. Nancy was the Vicar's only daughter. She had lived her twenty years in quiet little Windford, where the only houses of importance were the Vicarage and the Manor.

Leslie and Cecil Mainwaring lived at the Manor; Nancy and Cecil had been playfellows all their lives.

The Mainwarings had lost both father and mother one year after Leslie had attained his majority. Cecil was three years younger than Leslie, and the brothers were devoted to each other.

Leslie had just finished his course at Cambridge. He and Cecil had decided to shut up the Manor and go abroad for a time. They were coming to tea at the Vicarage for the last time that evening, as they were starting the next day.

"How funny it will seem without them!" sighed Nancy to herself. "Father and I will be quite alone."

"Nancy, Nancy, do wait!" cried a merry, breathless voice behind her, and she saw Cecil Mainwaring running quickly to overtake her.

"I've been tearing after you since Giles told me you came this way," he said, "and it's awfully hot. Give me that basket, and do let's rest on this stile a moment."

So they sat down, and Nancy played idly with her crimson flowers, while a slight shadow crept over Cecil's merry, boyish face.

"It will be awfully jolly going to-morrow, won't it?" he said at length.

"Yes," said Nancy, simply; and then she went on: "But it will seem strange to us when you are gone."

"That is just what I was saying to Leslie last night," replied Cecil, quickly. "But we shall not be gone more than two years, Nancy."

"Two years! Such a great deal may happen in that time. Perhaps"—and Nancy laughed gaily—"perhaps we shall all three be married by then."

"No fear!" muttered Cecil under his breath; and he seemed lost in thought for some moments—thoughts which he did not impart to Nancy. The evening before, as the brothers had been sitting in the lovely Manor gardens, Cecil had told Leslie that he did not wish to leave England until he had told Nancy of his love for her.

"You won't think me unkind, old man, will you?" Leslie had answered gently, "but do you think it quite fair to bind Nancy, considering the quiet life she has lived at the Vicarage, scarcely seeing anyone

but you and me? And you are both so young. I do not suppose she will wish to marry while we are gone, but one can never tell what may happen. If you can make up your mind to it, I should wait until we come back again. Have I set you too hard a task, old boy?" for Cecil's face was full of a bitter disappointment. "I only want you to be fair to yourself and to dear little Nancy."

And Cecil had muttered, "All right, Leslie; you know best, and I see what you mean." Then he had disappeared into the house.

Now he took some of the poppies from Nancy, and said gently, "I am going to take these away with me."

"They will make your head ache, Cecil," she said teasingly.

"No, they won't, Nancy; they will make me think of home, cornfields, sunshine, harvest—and you," he said; and the strange wistfulness in his voice found an echo in Nancy's heart.

"We must go back to tea, Cecil," she said softly. Then she went on: "I wonder if you will be as glad to come home as I shall be to welcome you?"

## II

CHANGES did indeed come to Windford during the two years that the Mainwarings were away. At the end of the first year, just when the harvest was being gathered in, Mr. Lester was forced to give up his work through ill-health. So he and Nancy left the Vicarage and went to live with Mr. Lester's sister at a

little seaside town in the heart of Poppyland.

It was a great grief to Nancy, but Mr. Lester spoke cheerfully of coming back after a good rest should have re-established his health. But it was not to be. Before the spring was over Nancy was an orphan.

The evening before they had left Windford she had lingered long by the stile in the cornfield, where she had so often talked with Cecil. Old Giles, the village oracle, had discovered her there, her brown eyes filled with tears and her sweet face pitifully sad.

"'Tis sad to be going, Miss Nancy dear," said the old man tenderly; "but it will be gay coming back again. Bless your dear heart! 'tis old Giles will welcome you when you come as a bride to the Manor."



"Oh, Nancy, come home with me!"—p. 1068.



"Oh, Giles! I shall never come back," sobbed Nancy. "I was so happy a year ago, and now everything is changed. 'Tis the same cornfield, even the poppies are the same; but oh! I feel as though I were someone else."

"'Twas two years at the most they were going for," went on the old man. "Master Leslie told me so himself, and Duncan"—the Mainwarings' steward—"says they will keep to it. He manages well, but we shall all welcome the young masters home again. And the first question Master Cecil will ask when he finds you gone—can you guess it, Miss Nancy, what it will be?" Nancy smiled through her tears and shook her head. "He will say," went on the old man, "'Giles, where be Miss Nancy?' So tell me where you are going, missie dear, or 'twill be a sad day for the young master."

And Nancy said softly to Giles, "You can tell him we are gone to Norfolk, to Thornton-on-Sea. And, oh! Giles, tell him I hated leaving home."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was harvest-time again, and Miss Lester noticed that Nancy's eyes would look wistfully over the cornfields, and again and again she came back from her walks with her hands full of scarlet poppies. Miss Lester submitted to having her drawing-room vases filled with them, but she asked Nancy why she was so fond of the languorous-smelling flowers.

"I love them, auntie dear," said Nancy, penitently, "because they make me think of home and the cornfields there. I won't bring any more indoors."

It was a very sad time for Nancy. She missed her father at every turn, and longed for him with an intense pain which made the days seem endless.

She longed, too, for Windford, and she often found herself wondering if the Manor were still shut up, or whether Leslie and Cecil had returned. Then she would smile sadly as she thought of Giles and his quaint speech.

Harvest was late that year. One afternoon early in October, Nancy was walking down to the sea through the fields. She found the familiar "click-clack" of the cutter and the gay song of the reapers as they gathered the sheaves together almost more than she could bear. When she

reached the beach, the merry bands of holiday-makers looked sympathetically at the sweet-faced girl who looked so sad. There was a tiny esplanade, and Nancy sat down there and opened her book.

Just at that moment Leslie and Cecil Mainwaring—who had arrived at Windford just a week before, and had only waited to arrange things there before coming on to Thornton—were being ushered into Miss Lester's drawing-room. Cecil noticed the drooping poppies in the vases, and said to Leslie, "Dear little girl! I know why she is so fond of poppies and harvest-time."

Then Miss Lester came in, and, after talking for a few minutes, she sent the brothers down to the sea to meet Nancy. "She is sure to come back through the cornfields," she said; "Nancy loves the harvest."

And it was in the fields they met her.

"Poor little girl!" said Leslie. "Poor little Nancy!"

But Cecil said nothing, for Nancy gave a little cry of delight and hastened to them. Then her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, how good of you to come!" she said. "Dear father spoke of you to the last."

"Windford is not like the same place without you and Mr. Lester," said Leslie, gently. Then he went on: "Cecil has something to say to you, Nancy; I am going down to the sea." And with a smile he left them.

"Nancy!" said Cecil. Then he clasped the girl's hands in his. "Oh, Nancy, come home with me!" It was enough.

"Oh, Cecil, I have wanted you most dreadfully ever since you went away," she cried, "but I did not know you wanted me."

Then, there in the cornfield, they plighted their troth.

Later, in the evening, they passed under the open window of a room where a girl was singing.

"Listen!" said Cecil. "That must be our song, Nancy."

For these were the words they heard:

"Joy has returned, and our sadness is over,  
Gone are the shadows, the mist and the rain;  
Here in the cornfields I linger and greet thee,  
Here 'mid the corn and the poppies again,  
Gone are the bright days of springtime so tender,  
Golden and russet the leaves strew the way;  
Love is our own, dear, whate'er may betide us,  
Autumn-tide skies are as cloudless as May!"



### Programme for the New Volume

I MUST at the outset explain that this is the last number of the present volume. It has been found inconvenient to commence the new volume with the Christmas Number, as has been the custom for some years, and so it has been decided to end the old volume in October and start the new with the November issue.

I have had our new volume in mind for a considerable time past, and have spared no efforts to secure a programme which shall be thoroughly interesting, varied, and helpful.

In the first place, I have much pleasure in announcing that Annie S. Swan is writing the serial story. An article in this issue will give my readers some idea as to the lines this gifted author is going upon, and, having read the story, I have no hesitation in saying that, in my opinion, it is the finest that Annie S. Swan has written.



### Short Stories

I HAVE been particularly anxious to obtain short stories of highest merit and at the same time as varied as possible, and I am pleased to be able to announce that I have secured the help of such well-known writers as J. J. Bell, Harold Begbie, F. M. White, Lillias Campbell Davidson, Evelyn Everett Green, A. B. Cooper, Edward Cecil, L. G. Moberly, Mary Bradford Whiting, Ethel F. Heddle, C. Kennett Burrow, and others.



### The Outlook on the Future

I HAVE been able to secure the co-operation of five or six distinguished writers on a short series of articles dealing with "The Outlook on the Future." Mrs. Creighton, widow of the late Bishop of London, is writing an article on "The Future of Family Life." Sir Andrew Fraser, who has just returned from India, having resigned his position as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, will

contribute an article on "The Future of Missions." From the high position he has held, and his contact with missions from the outside, Sir Andrew Fraser's article should be particularly valuable. Lady St. Helier, who has previously contributed to THE QUIVER, is to write on "The Philanthropy of the Future," whilst "The Future of the Race" will be dealt with by Mr. A. C. Benson, M.A., the distinguished author of "The Upton Letters," etc.



### Looking Backward

WHAT wonderful reminiscences our leading public men must have after years of service! I am pleased to be able to announce that I have arranged for a series of articles, entitled "Looking Backward," to which the contributors will be the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A., and others.



### Special Articles

AMONGST the special articles to appear in early issues I might mention "The Festival of the Heart," by the Bishop of Ripon; "The Religion of a Middle-Aged Man," by the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A.; "Problems of Prayer," by Dr. Horton; "The Social Work of the Church of Scotland," by the Rev. D. Macmillan, D.D.; "The Traveller's Psalm," by Canon Vaughan; and "The Romance of Village Life," by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield.



### Kingdom of Womanhood

WOMAN'S interests and home life will continue to have a very prominent place in THE QUIVER. I am starting next month a series of brief, pointed, practical talks to women on their work, mission, and influence, under the title "The Kingdom of Womanhood." The first of these papers is

on "Drudgery," and is written by Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, M.B. Our Home Department will be continued, and Blanche St. Clair will contribute her practical papers on cookery, housewifery, etc. From time to time we shall have Needlework and Fancy Work articles by E. T. Masters, and others; whilst occasional Health articles by Woods Hutchinson, M.A., M.D., and others, should prove useful.



### Open Letters on Life

NEXT month we start the first of a brief series of "Open Letters on Life and Love." These are written by a well-known writer, who veils her identity under the *nom de plume* "Amica." The letters are frank, sympathetic, and helpful. The first is addressed "To a Girl who Knows she is Very Plain," whilst others in the series are "To a Young Man who Thinks his Parents Ill-Bred," "To a Wife who has Never Been in Love," "To a Young Man Wishing to Break Off a Matrimonial Engagement," "To a Wife who does not Like her Husband's Relations."



### For Sunday School Teachers

I ANTICIPATE that THE QUIVER will be increasingly popular amongst Sunday school teachers. In addition to the notes on the International Lessons, Miss Emily Huntley, who is known all over the country in connection with the new Primary Department work, is to contribute Nature talks every month. These are written in simple language for the children, but should be of considerable help to teachers and others. The first of these talks appears in the present issue. Mr. G. Hamilton Archibald, the pioneer of the Primary system in this country, has promised to contribute an article on "What Shall we Do with the Child?"



### Boys' and Girls' Pages

THE pages for boys and girls will be as varied and interesting as it is possible to make them. In addition to "The How, When, and Where Corner," which "Alison" is conducting, we are to have an illustrated monthly article on such subjects as "The District Messenger Boy," "The Home of the King," etc. The Rev. J. G. Stevenson is known far and wide as a writer for children, and he has promised to contribute a monthly story. Short stories will appear occasionally by such writers as Margaret Batchelor, May Wynne, etc.

### Illustrated Articles

I FIND even now that I have only mentioned a few of the items in our new programme. I have not space here to give a full list, but must mention the illustrated articles on such subjects as "The Mimicry of Nature," "Bible Bearers in the Arctic," "A Walk Round the Walls of Jerusalem," "Openings in Australia," "A Baron who Collects Bibles," "In Childland," etc.



### My Readers' Part

I THINK I have said sufficient to show that the Editor and contributors are doing their part to make the new volume the best possible, and I feel that I can claim the co-operation of my readers to this end. THE QUIVER never has, and never will adopt the sensational methods of some publications for securing large circulations, and it is therefore more necessary that those who sympathise with our methods and aims should give us their help by introducing the magazine to their friends. May I rely on your support?



### "The Light of the World"

AS announced last month, there have been so many requests from our readers for copies of Holman Hunt's masterpiece, "The Light of the World," that special arrangements have been made to meet their wishes. Our Art Department have secured a limited number of prints, and these have been artistically mounted and framed. To obtain this framed engraving all that is necessary is to send a postal order for 1s. 6d., made payable to Messrs. Cassell and Co., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., together with name and address, when the picture will be sent post free to any address within the British Isles.



### A Recommendation

I HAVE been able to see an advance copy of *Cassell's Magazine* for October, and can confidently recommend it for general reading. A noticeable feature is the number of brilliant short stories that it contains, contributed by such well-known authors as the Baroness Orczy, Mrs. Mary E. Mann, R. S. Warren Bell, William Mackay, Paul Urquhart, Frank Henty, and others. In the opening article Mr. Charles Gleig gives a graphic description of the changes that have occurred in life in the Royal Navy during the past half century; lovers of music will be interested in an account of the revival of "Choral Singing in England To-day," in which appear

portraits of the leading choir trainers in this country; Dr. Woods Hutchinson expounds a new and amusing philosophy of dress under the title of "Clothes and the Woman," and in an article entitled "Before the Registrar" some intensely human scenes from life in a London registry office are depicted. An account of the work of Mr. Frank Calderon, the well-known animal painter, will be found specially attractive by all those interested in things artistic.



### Good Conduct Medals

I HAVE much pleasure in awarding THE QUIVER Good Conduct Medals to two of the scholars in the Reedham Orphanage. The Boy's Prize has been awarded to Eric Miller Greaves, and the Girl's to Edith Graham.

Mr. H. E. Clarke, B.A., reports: "THE QUIVER Medal for Good Conduct was awarded, by the unanimous vote of the school, to Eric Miller Greaves, because of sterling qualities which have won the confidence and esteem of all who have come into contact with him. He has passed through the year without the loss of a single mark. That of itself would have won the approbation of his teachers: not necessarily that of the boys. What has appealed to them is his generous nature, his lovable character, his manliness. He is one with his fellows in every phase of their school life. A many-sided personality,



ERIC MILLER GREAVES, "QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT MEDALLIST.



EDITH GRAHAM, "QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT MEDALLIST.

he is to be found wherever good is to be got or given. He is on the point of leaving us for a City office."



### Courage and Endurance

MISS C. CLEMENTS, the Head Mistress of the Reedham Orphanage, states that "Edith Graham, aged twelve years, has been one of the Reedham family since she was four, and has always been loved for her sweetness of disposition. Two years ago she met with an accident which deprived her of the use of her right hand, and her courage and patience during the consequent illness and the necessary operations were really remarkable. When sufficiently recovered to take her place in the school again, she set herself to do with her left hand, and the partial use of the right, all that her fellow scholars with the full use of both hands could accomplish, and her writing, drawing, and needlework are now quite equal to that of the other girls, while she sweeps, dusts, and attends to her household duties quite as well as they do. She deserves THE QUIVER Prize for the example of patient, courageous endurance and unflagging perseverance she has set before her companions."

*The Editor*

on "Drudgery," and is written by Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, M.B. Our Home Department will be continued, and Blanche St. Clair will contribute her practical papers on cookery, housewifery, etc. From time to time we shall have Needlework and Fancy Work articles by E. T. Masters, and others; whilst occasional Health articles by Woods Hutchinson, M.A., M.D., and others, should prove useful.



### Open Letters on Life

NEXT month we start the first of a brief series of "Open Letters on Life and Love." These are written by a well-known writer, who veils her identity under the *nom de plume* "Amica." The letters are frank, sympathetic, and helpful. The first is addressed "To a Girl who Knows she is Very Plain," whilst others in the series are "To a Young Man who Thinks his Parents Ill-Bred," "To a Wife who has Never Been in Love," "To a Young Man Wishing to Break Off a Matrimonial Engagement," "To a Wife who does not Like her Husband's Relations."



### For Sunday School Teachers

I ANTICIPATE that THE QUIVER will be increasingly popular amongst Sunday school teachers. In addition to the notes on the International Lessons, Miss Emily Huntley, who is known all over the country in connection with the new Primary Department work, is to contribute Nature talks every month. These are written in simple language for the children, but should be of considerable help to teachers and others. The first of these talks appears in the present issue. Mr. G. Hamilton Archibald, the pioneer of the Primary system in this country, has promised to contribute an article on "What Shall we Do with the Child?"



### Boys' and Girls' Pages

THE pages for boys and girls will be as varied and interesting as it is possible to make them. In addition to "The How, When, and Where Corner," which "Alison" is conducting, we are to have an illustrated monthly article on such subjects as "The District Messenger Boy," "The Home of the King," etc. The Rev. J. G. Stevenson is known far and wide as a writer for children, and he has promised to contribute a monthly story. Short stories will appear occasionally by such writers as Margaret Batchelor, May Wynne, etc.

### Illustrated Articles

I FIND even now that I have only mentioned a few of the items in our new programme. I have not space here to give a full list, but must mention the illustrated articles on such subjects as "The Mimicry of Nature," "Bible Bearers in the Arctic," "A Walk Round the Walls of Jerusalem," "Openings in Australia," "A Baron who Collects Bibles," "In Childland," etc.



### My Readers' Part

I THINK I have said sufficient to show that the Editor and contributors are doing their part to make the new volume the best possible, and I feel that I can claim the co-operation of my readers to this end. THE QUIVER never has, and never will adopt the sensational methods of some publications for securing large circulations, and it is therefore more necessary that those who sympathise with our methods and aims should give us their help by introducing the magazine to their friends. May I rely on your support?



### "The Light of the World"

AS announced last month, there have been so many requests from our readers for copies of Holman Hunt's masterpiece, "The Light of the World," that special arrangements have been made to meet their wishes. Our Art Department have secured a limited number of prints, and these have been artistically mounted and framed. To obtain this framed engraving all that is necessary is to send a postal order for 1s. 6d., made payable to Messrs. Cassell and Co., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., together with name and address, when the picture will be sent post free to any address within the British Isles.



### A Recommendation

I HAVE been able to see an advance copy of *Cassell's Magazine* for October, and can confidently recommend it for general reading. A noticeable feature is the number of brilliant short stories that it contains, contributed by such well-known authors as the Baroness Orczy, Mrs. Mary E. Mann, R. S. Warren Bell, William Mackay, Paul Urquhart, Frank Henty, and others. In the opening article Mr. Charles Gleig gives a graphic description of the changes that have occurred in life in the Royal Navy during the past half century; lovers of music will be interested in an account of the revival of "Choral Singing in England To-day," in which appear



portraits of the leading choir trainers in this country; Dr. Woods Hutchinson expounds a new and amusing philosophy of dress under the title of "Clothes and the Woman," and in an article entitled "Before the Registrar" some intensely human scenes from life in a London registry office are depicted. An account of the work of Mr. Frank Calderon, the well-known animal painter, will be found specially attractive by all those interested in things artistic.



### Good Conduct Medals

I HAVE much pleasure in awarding THE QUIVER Good Conduct Medals to two of the scholars in the Reedham Orphanage. The Boy's Prize has been awarded to Eric Miller Greaves, and the Girl's to Edith Graham.

Mr. H. E. Clarke, B.A., reports: "THE QUIVER Medal for Good Conduct was awarded, by the unanimous vote of the school, to Eric Miller Greaves, because of sterling qualities which have won the confidence and esteem of all who have come into contact with him. He has passed through the year without the loss of a single mark. That of itself would have won the approbation of his teachers: not necessarily that of the boys. What has appealed to them is his generous nature, his lovable character, his manliness. He is one with his fellows in every phase of their school life. A many-sided personality,



ERIC MILLER GREAVES, "QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT MEDALLIST.

515



EDITH GRAHAM, "QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT MEDALLIST.

he is to be found wherever good is to be got or given. He is on the point of leaving us for a City office."



### Courage and Endurance

MISS C. CLEMENTS, the Head Mistress of the Reedham Orphanage, states that "Edith Graham, aged twelve years, has been one of the Reedham family since she was four, and has always been loved for her sweetness of disposition. Two years ago she met with an accident which deprived her of the use of her right hand, and her courage and patience during the consequent illness and the necessary operations were really remarkable. When sufficiently recovered to take her place in the school again, she set herself to do with her left hand, and the partial use of the right, all that her fellow scholars with the full use of both hands could accomplish, and her writing, drawing, and needlework are now quite equal to that of the other girls, while she sweeps, dusts, and attends to her household duties quite as well as they do. She deserves THE QUIVER Prize for the example of patient, courageous endurance and unflagging perseverance she has set before her companions."

*The Editor*



*Miss Huntley, so well known in connection with Sunday School "Primary" work, is to contribute a "Nature Talk" to these pages every month.*

## The Story of Autumn

By EMILY HUNTLEY

DO you ever shut your eyes and see pictures? Are they pictures of summer holidays among the hills, where the bluebells hide under the waving bracken, and brown streams sing on their way to the sea? Or is it the blue sea, with little waves rippling on the soft, warm sands? To-day I want you to come on a make-believe journey with me; we shall have the corner seats, and as our train rushes by we shall read the story of autumn written in field and wood and garden. Have you guessed before that every living thing which springs from the brown earth, or finds its home there, is part of a wonderful story, written for us by a wise and loving hand? It is a story so wonderful that the wisest man in all the world is just a little child learning to spell it out. Yet it is written in pictures so beautiful that a little child may love them.

We are going westward to-day, for it is in the sweet West Country that we shall see the glory of autumn best. How quickly the city is left behind, and we are among fields and open spaces where the air is fresh to breathe! Though it is October, there are fields still green; the green is softer now than when the buttercups strewed it over with gold. It will make a covering all through the winter days for the myriad sleeping seeds and grubs that will wake when spring comes again. But the green to-day makes only patches among the brown furrowed stretches where so lately the harvesters gathered in the golden grain. Here we can

see the ploughman at work, and watch the deep, straight furrow creeping slowly behind the plough; and each furrow whispers, not of idleness, but of preparation for another harvest. A little farther on and the brown ribbed earth is covered with a faint sprinkling of fresh green. It is the green of springing wheat! No, it has made no mistake in sending up those tender shoots to face the winter's storms; they will not rot in the snow nor be torn by the wind, but wind and storm will make them the stronger for next year's golden harvest. Look at the rooks hovering over the fields, and there are sea-gulls, too, making their strange wheeling flight. They know where the wheat is fresh sown, and are ready to snatch a meal whenever the farmer's boy shall forget to keep his watch among the furrows.

If your eyes were sharp, you saw just now a quick flash of blue-green, and the sweep of a long brown tail just where the woodlands join the furrowed field. The beaters are at work in the woods, and the crack of the sportsman's gun rings across the fields, but our pheasant is safe as he races across the furrows to the shelter of a quiet garden beyond. How many living jewels there are that light up quiet places! Think of the pheasant's head in brown fields, the flash of the wild duck's wings in the dark pool, the glint of the robin's eye, and the sunshine on his breast. But now we are passing the woodlands all in the blaze of autumn glory. Already the ground is strewn with the leaves of oak and birch,

and the acorns have commenced to send down roots into the soft earth, but the beeches are in all the glory of gold and orange and brown, and the sun finds bits of scarlet and green as he lights up the woodland.

Have you visited a grand cathedral and seen the tattered flags which tell of victories won long ago? In the woodland palaces fresh flags of victory blaze out to-day

for another battle won. It has been a battle with no shout nor sound of trumpet. Silently each root has struggled for place and life; silently each leaf has stretched to the light which is the life of the tree; silently the green blooms scattered their pollen on the spring breezes, and silently the fruits ripened in the sunshine. Now the autumn glories blaze to tell of rest with honour and the battle won.

The woodland has much to say to us which we cannot hear, and much to show which we cannot see, as our train rushes swiftly by. Some day we shall sit quietly, with eyes and ears open, and read that story. But now we are in the West Country. The white scars where the chalk showed through the hill-sides have given place to the red earth of Devon. The field pathways and river banks are red, the rocks by the railway cuttings are red, the very cattle in the fields are red, and in the orchards the cider apples still gleam red on the trees. It is the time of apple harvest, the glory of Devon. There are golden heaps everywhere where the



LATE AUTUMN IN THE WOODLANDS

yellow apples are mellowing under the trees, and red heaps which will be gathered into sacks and crushed to make the cider which will refresh weary workers at next year's harvesting. When Christmas comes the eyes of little children will sparkle as the rosy Devon apple peeps out from the heaped up stocking. But the trees which have yielded up their store

look bare and old. There are no glorious autumn leaves to crown their year; their glory is the fruit which has gone. But there is another glory, too, which the great forest trees have never known. For here is the gardener at work, that his trees may bear again, and better fruit than before. We will end our journey here, and watch him at his work. See, he has dug a trench by the side of that bare tree; those tough strands from which he is removing the earth are the great roots which have spread far around; now he is cutting through the roots one by one. Do not be afraid for the tree; the gardener will not kill it; he knows that those great roots must not be allowed to grow for themselves, for that would take strength from the fruit. There was a tree once which spread its branches far and crowned itself with fresh green leaves. For five years it grew, but brought no fruit to perfection. Then the master said, "Cut it down, for it only cumbered the ground," but the gardener said, "I will give it one more chance." Then he

dug deep and cut each spreading root. When he came to the tap root, he found it buried in clay, which could not nourish the tree, and that too was cut. Then he covered it in soft, rich earth, and the maimed tree drooped as though it would die. But through the winter days it slept and gathered

strength; the raw cuts healed, and the sap flowed upwards in spring. And next autumn there was store of fruit, so rich and fine that the master said, "The fruit from that tree alone shall serve my table." Can you read the parable which the apple trees whisper to us this autumn time?



## How the Steeplejack Works

By WILL GAVIN

YOU have all heard of the "Jacks." What a big army they are—little "Jack Horner," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Jack of all Trades" (I hope none of my readers belong to this family of Jacks!), and many others. But what I want to tell you about is another Jack—the Steeplejack. I suppose originally people called him the man who climbed church steeples; but that is such a mouthful, as we say, and so, for short, we have nicknamed him the steeplejack! He is not a boy, but all boys and girls like to hear of brave workers, and the steeplejack is really daring, for he works up in the air, so to speak. You may have seen a tall chimney stack or a church steeple lashed round with ladders and ropes. This is a sign that our hero is at work repairing or building one of these lofty erections. But perhaps you have never paused to consider how dangerous his duties are, and I know you all love to read about men who can perform tasks that have a spice of daring attached to them.

Let us for a moment consider his dangers. Supposing he were to lose his footing? Ah, but the steeplejack is sure footed, and cool headed. That is, he knows that climbing a chimney stack or a church steeple is his regular occupation, that a wife and little children are dependent upon him, and so he is very, very careful; and, although hundreds of these men are up at giddy heights every day, very rarely do we hear of accidents.

It is a curious fact that the profession of steeplejack is hereditary, which means that the son follows his father's calling. Most likely he accompanied his father when

he was a little chap, but only up the first ladder. Then, as he grew older and bolder, he ventured up the second ladder, until in a few years he had acquired sufficient nerve and experience to go to the very top, and after that he became a steeplejack himself. At the present day you may read in the papers of famous climbers taking their children up chimney stacks, and girls as well as boys have made many perilous ascents. Not long ago the plucky, twelve-year-old daughter of a Leicester steeplejack ascended a fairly high chimney. Wasn't she a brave girl?

How does he work? This is what you will want to know next, and I will try to explain. We will suppose the steeplejack has got an order to repair a tall chimney stack, possibly in a Lancashire factory town. Perhaps some of you live in such a place, others of you may have seen the forest of tall chimneys only from a train, but at any rate you all know what these stacks are like—lofty, narrow, and tapering towards the summit. Some bricks have been seen to be loose at the top, or the stack is believed to be unsafe. The daring steeplejack is soon on the spot, armed with the ladders and stout ropes with which he intends reaching the top. He may have several assistants with him, for a leading member of this profession will employ other steeplejacks to assist him.

Arrived at the base of the chimney, he places his first ladder against the stack, and lashes it securely to the brickwork. The next step is similar; only the second ladder is placed on top of the first, and bound firmly to the stack in the same way. Sometimes the steeplejack uses hooks or iron spikes to make the ascent more safely,

# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

## A Household Remedy for

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet (Eating or Drinking), Biliousness, Sick Headache, Ciddiness, Oppression or Feeling of Melancholy, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, or Constipation. It is a Refreshing and Invigorating Beverage, most invaluable to Travellers, Emigrants, Sailors, & Residents in Tropical Climates.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' assists the Functions of the Liver, Bowels, Skin, and Kidneys by Natural Means: thus the blood is freed from poisonous or other hurtful matters, the foundation and great danger of Chills, Fever, Worry, Blood Poisons, &c. There is no doubt that, where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, prevented a serious illness.

**CAUTION.**—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E.

Sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere.

## G. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE  
MEDALS.



Neither Scratch  
nor Spurt.

Attention is  
also drawn to the  
**NEW PATENT  
ANTI - BLOTTING  
PENS.** Sample Box of  
either series, 7d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE 124, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

## THE "ROOM TO ROOM" PATENT CINDER SIFTER.

A Boon to Housekeepers, &c.

Light, and easily carried from room to room.  
No dust or waste. Saves labour and fuel.  
Will hold 5 ft. from ordinary fire grates.

Dimensions, 12 in. by 11 1/4 in.

Weight about 7 lb.

Japanned Red, Green, or Black.

Retail Price **5/9** Carriage Paid U.K.

**WATSON & COOMBER,**

Sole Agents,

Dept. Q3, Shaws Alley, LIVERPOOL.

Directions supplied with each Sifter.

Reg. No. 10457.



# NEAVE'S Health Diet

A Delicious and Nourishing Milk and Cereal Food.  
(Manufactured by the Proprietors of Neave's Food for Infants.)

Especially valuable in Sickness, during Convalescence and for Dyspeptics, Invalids and the Aged, etc., on account of its digestibility and strengthening properties.

Quickly and easily made. Sold in **1/3 & 3/6** tins by Grocers and Chemists.

Sample sent on receipt of two penny stamps for postage mentioning this publication.

**JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, HANTS.**

## FASHION'S FAVOURITES.

### The "Louis" Velveten

... and ...

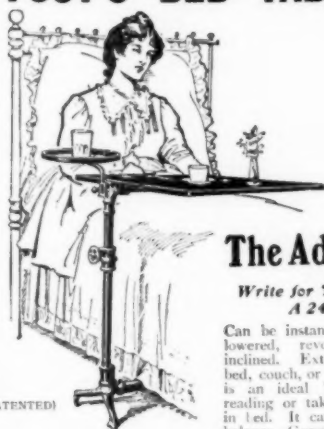
### The "Louis" Chiffon Vel-Duvet.

Unequalled for Beauty of Appearance and  
Sound Wearing Qualities.

Be careful to see that every yard is stamped at the back with the name spelled "LOUIS"—and in no other way—without which none is genuine.

If you find any difficulty in obtaining the above, please write to the "MANUFACTURER," 57, NEWTON ST., PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER, who will give the name and address of the nearest Draper supplying the Genuine "LOUIS" VELVETEEN and VEL-DUVEET.

## FOOT'S BED TABLE



(PATENTED)

### The Adapta

Write for Booklet  
A 24.

Can be instantly raised, lowered, revolved, or inclined. Extends over bed, couch, or chair, and is an ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. It cannot overbalance. Comprises Bed-

Table, Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, etc.

Carriage Paid in Great Britain.

- |   |                |
|---|----------------|
| No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top                                | <b>£1 7 6</b>  |
| No. 2.—Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray, and Automatic Bookholders (as illustrated) | <b>£1 15 0</b> |
| No. 3.—Complete as No. 2, but superior finish                                       | <b>£2 5 0</b>  |
| No. 4.—Complete as No. 2, but Nickel Plated and Polished Metal Parts                | <b>£3 3 0</b>  |

**J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. A 24),**  
171, New Bond Street, London, W.



Hundreds of enthusiastic mothers have written letters telling what Quaker Oats has done for their children.

Many of these mothers believe Quaker Oats has saved their children's lives. For school boys and girls Quaker Oats is the ideal food.



212 A



## TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

All the delights and benefits of every form of Hot Air, Vapour, Perfumed and Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately, economically, and with absolute safety in your own room.

Our Patent Folding Cabinets embrace every desirable feature and possess several exclusive advantages, such as—  
Efficient and Absolutely Safe Outside Heater; Adjustable Seat; Heat Regulator; the Bather is not fastened by the neck to the Cabinet; Exit is easy and immediate—no assistant is required; Durability and Perfect Hygiene.

DR. GORDON STABLES says: "Foot's Bath Cabinet is the best."

Prices from 35/-. Write for "BATH BOOK," No. 24.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., (Dept. B 24), 171, New Bond St., London, W.

## An Englishman's Bread

must be palatable, fine in crumb, rich crusted, and contain all those valuable food elements so essential for the sustenance and renewal of the bodily fabric.

**REYNOLDS' .. PURE .. DIGESTIVE WHEATMEAL BREAD**

Awarded 55 Gold Medals.

Fills all these requirements, and many others we could mention.

ORDER FROM BAKERS AND STORES.

FREE SAMPLE loaf sent on receipt of postcard.

J. REYNOLDS & CO., Ltd., Flour Mills, Gloucester.

"Their goods have the merit of excellence and cheapness."

## IRISH

Irish Napkins, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Cloths, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

Irish Table Linen, 25, 12d. per dozen.

though in the case of church steeples and monuments he is forbidden to use them. But to return: he carefully feels his way to the top, by ascending the ladders which are placed one on top of the other, and each is lashed tightly round the chimney. Sometimes the latter are very high, two hundred feet or more, though the average height is considerably less. But in any case the danger is the same. At the summit the steeplejack makes his investigations, and by means of the tackle and ropes carried up with him is able to draw up from below the tools and materials necessary for the work.

We have seen how he ascends a chimney stack. Now let us pass to describe another equally perilous and quite as common branch of his work—felling a chimney. As you can understand, chimney stacks, like everything else, grow old; the long years they stand exposed to the rain, frost and storms without, and the heat from the smoke inside, all help to weaken the brickwork, and one day the owners decide that it is dangerous. They at once call in a steeplejack, and ask him to fell the chimney, or to "throw" it, as the correct expression is.

I am sure you would all like to see a tall stack thrown. It is a wonderful sight. Only you would need to stand a good way off, as the stack frequently breaks in the middle, and the bricks are hurled many feet. But often the stack leans over and gracefully falls to the ground, making in its fall a sound like the firing of many guns. To fell a large mass of masonry is no

easy feat, and often a big chimney stack contains anything up to a million bricks. Just fancy a million bricks falling to the ground! The steeplejack has to observe every precaution, but he can never be sure that it will fall just as he wishes. As I have told you, it sometimes falls before he has bargained for, or breaks in the middle, and the steeplejack has to rush to a place of safety. Usually, however, he is able to guess pretty accurately the precise moment of its fall. Perhaps there are a thousand or more people watching it, so he has to do his work well, just as we all do when we know we are being observed.

The most common method of felling a chimney is by cutting away a great slice of brickwork near the base, leaving a huge gaping hole. The cutting away of the brickwork is only performed round half the chimney, and as the cutting away proceeds the arch in the chimney often gives way and so it falls to the ground before the expected time. The idea is that bricks are gradually removed at the base until the towering masses topple over by their own weight.

But the most popular aspect of the steeplejack's work is repairing church spires. The men like this branch best; it is prettier and better paid. Sometimes slates get loose at the top of the spire, or the weathercock falls or gets out of order. In any case the steeplejack ascends just in the same way as we have described for the chimney stack. Some steeplejacks climb on an average more than sixty spires a year, in addition to a large number of smoke shafts and



STEEPLEJACK AT WORK ON BETHNAL GREEN WORKHOUSE.

high structures of every kind. Mr. W. Larkins, who is one of the best known and most daring steeplejacks of the present day, once went to Truro Cathedral to put the weather vane right. It was hanging, and threatened to fall down. Now the spire here is high, and the feat was a remarkable one, but some of the newspaper men—you know they try to be funny sometimes—referring to this exploit, said Mr. Larkins went three hundred miles to grease a weather vane! This was only their way of poking a little innocent fun at one of the branches of the steeplejack's work—repairing the weathercocks on our church spires.

But even more daring than the climbing of either spires or chimney shafts is the steeplejack's work on monuments and towers. Mr. George Aldington, who is the famous Lancashire steeplejack, has climbed the lofty Blackpool Tower, while Mr. Larkins, the

London steeplejack whom we have already referred to, was the man chosen by the Government to climb the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square on the occasion of the Nelson Centenary celebrations in 1905, which many of you will remember. He performed this daring feat in five hours, the previous best time being two days! No more difficult task could be imagined, for the use of spikes was forbidden, while the projection at the top necessitated the last part of the journey being made at an angle of forty-five degrees. He found the pillar itself in a fine state of repair, but you will be sorry to hear that there was a crack in Nelson's arm, which he repaired with some cement and a copper band.

So from what you have learnt here you will be able to appreciate the daring work of the steeplejack when next you see ladders lashed to a chimney stack or church steeple,



## The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

ALICE in "Wonderland" was considerably astonished at what the Mock Turtle had to learn at school—"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision." A modern parent would hardly be surprised at seeing such items on a school prospectus; he is prepared for almost anything. What with the demand for new books almost every fortnight, the increase of home lessons, the new branches of education continually being opened—as if they were tea-shops or stores—and the mysteries that are veiled under the word "technical," he feels rather behind in the march of progress.

But there is one thing which appears to be remarkably constant: no prospectus makes any promise to cultivate the hearts of the pupils. To be sure, some lessons of the kind are given *gratis*, but they are mostly imparted by the pupils themselves. If a boy is mean, or a girl is spiteful, the other youngsters let them know it—in ways, too, which they cannot fail to understand; but

this can hardly be called systematic instruction. Perhaps it is for this reason too many leave school with heads so full of knowledge as to require a shoe-horn to get their hats on, while both then, and all their days thereafter, the biggest sum in life they can work out is something or other which has to do with "Number One." It is a pity, but it is so.

Now, good-heartedness, affection, love and unselfishness are no more natural endowments than reading and writing are. They have to be taught. What is more, they cannot be taught by books or theories any more than swimming can; only practice can train the heart to them. And this does not come within the scope of the schoolmaster; he has too much to do in looking after the filling of the head; the instruction must be imparted in the home. Yet, while there are parents and guardians who are very good-hearted themselves, and who wish those in their care to grow up good and generous-hearted, too, it is not always easy to find the way. Some reside in places so remote from the throng that the oppor-

tunities of showing kindness to others are few, and some are so circumstanced as to be almost shut off from the chance. How, then, are children to be trained to grow up large-hearted men and women?

The Crutch-and-Kindness League furnishes one of the readiest and simplest means. Its very title might suggest something of the tenderness of its scope. There are more than nine thousand poor crippled children in London alone—boys and girls with the child's heart full of wonder about what the world is, and full of eagerness to share in the exploits of health; but they must remain indoors, or, at the most, move painfully about a limited area like a wounded goat tethered to a pole; and their parents, fond of their children as they almost invariably are, can do little to interest them, for they are so poor. It is over such as these that the Crutch-and-Kindness League stretches its kindly wings. It tries to supply some interest, and to feed the young hearts of the wee sufferers. The way it does this is simple. All it asks of its members is to write a letter, once a month at least, to some cripple whose name and address, with particulars of each case, are furnished. This is all it asks, and who cannot do so much, whether young or old, rich or poor, dwelling far off or near? A glance down the list of new members for the month, which accompanies this, will show how these friends of the poor cripples are now in every part of the globe.

Is it difficult to see the opportunity this gives for training both young and old in the graces of sympathy and loving thoughtfulness? Looked at in that light, it is hard to say which gets most benefit—the one who writes the letter, or the poor wee, ailing mite who gets it. There is but one fee for membership, one shilling, to cover expenses, and a beautiful card for framing is given each member.

All further particulars about the League may be had for a stamp from SIR JOHN KIRK, Secretary, Ragged School Union,

32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

#### Our New Members

Miss Dorothy Andrews, Broadstairs; Miss Maud Anstry, Clapham Common, S.W.; Miss I. Armour, Methil, N.B.

Miss Bartrum, Broadstairs; Miss Ina Bell, Broadstairs; Miss Penelope Bernard, Broadstairs; Miss Ursula Bernard, Broadstairs; Mrs. Brown, West Kirby, Cheshire; Miss Freda Browning, Haywards Heath.

Mrs. J. W. Cable, East Finchley, N.; Master Leslie Caparn, Burnham, Somerset; Miss Doris Chandler, Eastbourne; Miss Doris Champion, Broadstairs; Mrs. Clare (for her pupils), Deal; Miss N. Christian (for the C.E.), Victoria, British Columbia; Miss Kathleen Coale, Broadstairs; Miss Elizabeth Coit, Sandgate; Miss Bertha Cook, Westcliff; Miss Audrey Crosse, Broadstairs.

Miss Margaret Davidson, Auckland, N. Zealand; Miss Gwendoline Dewe, Broadstairs; Miss Iris Duddington, Sandgate, Kent.

Miss Eva Earwaker, Canterbury, N. Zealand.

Mrs. Percival Gane, Grahamstown, S. Africa; Miss Goudge, Worthing; Mrs. Grant, Battersea Park, S.W.; Miss E. M. Greig, Sydenham, S.E.; Miss Gertrude Griffiths, Vowchurch, Nr. Hereford; Mrs. Gunn, Market Deeping.

M. Abdul Hakim, Dacca, Bengal; Miss R. M. Hatfield, Trundisburgh, Suffolk; Miss A. J. Hay, Nr. Royston, Herts; Miss E. M. Henty, Melbourne, Australia; Mr. C. H. Hill, Pitsmoor, Sheffield; Miss Carrie Hobbs, Broadstairs; Miss Winnie Hobbs, Broadstairs; Miss Gladys Hobbs, Broadstairs.

Miss M. K. H. James, Bungay, Suffolk.

Miss Kingzett, Southend.

Miss G. L. Lane, Eastbourne; Miss Le Brun, St. Clements, Jersey; Mrs. S. Lister, Bolton Abbey, Skipton.

Master G. McVicar, Durban, S. Africa; Miss Marjorie Medway, New York, U.S.A.; Miss Agnes J. Mills, Otago, N. Zealand; Miss Moffatt, Nailsworth, Gloucester; Mr. John Mories, Greenock, Scotland. Mr. Nettleton, Sandown, Isle of Wight; Miss N. M. Neville, Pulborough, Sussex; Miss Jeannie Nicol, Ayrshire, N.B.

Miss Mina Owen, Coatbridge, N.B.

Miss D. Farry, Redland, Bristol; Miss Phyllis M. Peacey, Cape Town, S. Africa; Miss Margaret Pett, New York, Lincoln.

Mrs. C. Randall, Liverpool; Mrs. W. G. Riches, Loddon, Norfolk.

Miss Emily Saddler, Canterbury, N. Zealand; Miss Ethel Smith, Westcliff; Miss Madeline Stanley, Broadstairs; Miss Florence Stanesby, Southend-on-Sea.

Mr. Sydney F. Talls, Southend-on-Sea; Mrs. Teggan, West Kirby; Mrs. Thomson, Newcastle; Miss Elsie V. Trevena, Falmouth, Cornwall; Miss Winifred Trevena, Falmouth, Cornwall; Miss E. Trickett, Nr. Ormskirk, Lancs; Miss Madge E. Turner, Eltham, Kent; Miss Josie Turner, Broadstairs.

Miss C. White, E. Dulwich, S.E.; Miss A. Olive Willis, Ilford, Essex.

*The October number of "Little Folks" is an exceptionally good one. Besides important instalments of the various serials, it contains six delightful short stories by some of the foremost writers for children, and interesting articles on "Little Folks of India," "Our Horses," and "How to Make a Propeller Boat."*

## "How, When, and Where" Corner

Conducted by "ALISON"

**MY DEAR COMPANIONS,**  
While I am writing this letter to you you are beginning, no doubt, to feel that bubbling excitement that always comes with the ending of the summer term at school. This is the time of those dreadful examinations, I know, but there is the prospect of those golden days by the sea, in the country, or, perhaps, among the mountains, to help you through all the difficulties. And, of course, you have much to plan and arrange, so that the spare hours fly all too soon.

When you read these paragraphs it will be October, and school will have reopened, and I shall, I hope, be receiving letters from some of you every day, telling me all sorts of jolly stories and happy memories of the summer. That is what I am looking forward to, and you will not let me be disappointed, will you?

### A Place for Picnics

I cannot tell you about my big holiday, because it will not be till October; but I want you to know something of a place

which I love very much; it has been our favourite picnicking place ever since I can remember picnics at all. And while you are having your long vacation I hope to have a little holiday there. Of course, I must not forget that some of you will say, when I mention the name, "Ashridge." "Oh, I know it too." For perhaps some of my Companions live at Tring, in Hertfordshire. And all the people in that part are very proud of Ashridge. Those woods, and the long stretches of bracken and heather, lying high alongside some of the Chiltern Hills, are so beautiful!

Most of the crowds of trees are beeches. Spenser, the great poet who gave us that wonderful poem-story, "The Faerie Queene," which the biggest of you will know, writes of the "war-like beech." Why "war-like," do you think? You study the next beech forest you are in, and try to find out what he meant, and tell me what you guess it was. I learned something of his meaning at Ashridge one day, when looking far up among the branches. These are very high above the ground. Indeed, as you



(Photo H. Williams.)

LEARNING COBBLING IN A "VACATION" SCHOOL. (See p. 1080.)





(Photo: H. Williams.)

LEARNING TO PLAY, AT A "VACATION" SCHOOL.

may like to know, one of them is called "The Queen Beech," and is said to be the tallest and finest beech tree in England.

If you look at the trees for a few moments you will notice that in the sunshine each leaf is like a little polished mirror, and all the green mirrors sparkle and gleam in a wonderful fashion. When you read this they will be all bronze and red gold, and the squirrels will be very busy hiding their winter stores beneath the brown carpet of leaves. But I want you to come with me through the woods, first one way and then another. Peeping through the trees is

#### The Grey Old Castle

This is owned by Earl Brownlow, but when Edward I. was king there was a monastery where the castle stands, and King Edward spent one happy Christmas there and held a Parliament within its walls. One other little bit of history. We always like to remember that Queen Elizabeth—before she succeeded Mary—lived here; and one day, when she was quietly enjoying her books and needlework, soldiers came and she was taken prisoner and carried away to London because it was thought she had something to do with Wyatt's conspiracy.

There are some other incidents you would be interested in, but I want to show you

another view. We step back through the woods a short distance, and presently we are on Aldbury Hill, and all before us is the wide Vale of Aylesbury. Look down below at that quaint little village, because really that is the special part I want to mention. In the middle is the village pond, and by its side is a curious wooden thing you are eager to examine. Very worn and worm-eaten it is, but if you were to ask one of the old men who live near he would show you how it worked and tell you some funny stories. Only a few other villages now have the remains of the "stocks," as they are called. You can see how they were used. Any villager who was found tipsy, or who misbehaved himself, was fastened by his hands and feet to these posts, and left there as a punishment.

But Aldbury is most known because it is where Mrs. Humphry Ward has her country home. It is named "Stocks House." In case one or two younger Companions do not know why Mrs. Humphry Ward is famous, let me say that she has written a number of books for grown-up people. Some of them have gone almost all over the world, and you, surely, will read them when you are big.

What I like to remember best about her, though, is that Mrs. Humphry Ward is such

a splendid friend of poor little London children; and possibly, when the books are forgotten, there will be old people who will love to think of her work for them in long past days.

#### Schools for the Holidays

A few years ago it occurred to her and some other grown-up folk that it would be a good plan to start some Vacation Schools to which children could go when the ordinary schools were closed. Now, to you a vacation school does not sound very nice, does it? Yet if your home consisted only of one, or two, or perhaps three rooms, stuffy and small, badly lighted, and with no cosy chairs, and no playthings or books, and if your home were in a street so full of houses that no garden could be spared, and there was no place for games except the road, wet or dusty according to the weather—then I think you would say that the vacation school, or play centre, was the nicest place you knew. Hundreds of London children do, as a matter of fact. Mrs. Ward and her friends knew about the sad cases of thousands of them, and they set to work, and the idea so finely carried out by them has led other men and women to follow in their steps.

I know how glad it makes the boys and girls because I have seen some of them learning to play at "The Centre." Cricket and carpentering, singing games, basket work, and dolls—lots and lots of lively and useful games and crafts are taught to them. It makes a big lump come up in one's throat as they swing past in the old English dance or the musical drill; because it means more than can be told to the boys and girls who have such grey, sad homes. And I do want all of you, my Companions, to think of and do something for the children who have not the great joys and privileges that you, most of you, have. You see, London is not the only place, I am sorry to say, where the unfortunate ones are living. All big towns, and some smaller ones, have them, and your life will be much, much richer and happier if you share some of your good things.

I must just tell you, in closing, how one poor little girl, named Edith, taught me a big lesson. I think I shall remember her always. Her home was two rooms in a dull London street; she was such a tiny girl, only five, and because of a nasty disease she had had to lie for ten months in the same position, day and night, in a kind of case for her back and legs. Only her head and arms were free. I went in one very hot day, when many people were grumbling because of the sunshine and the heat. Edith's bed was by the kitchen window, and in the yard were two small, dusty lilac bushes, all the greenery she had to look at. The baby was crying, and the two-year-old boy was making a big noise; he was jealous of baby. There was a brave girl of four, with sunny curls all over her head, trying to help the mother to quiet them. Edith was the eldest—just five. She could not help the sick mother with the others, because she could not move. But she was trying—in her own way. Guess how? On to her wee hand she had drawn one of her daddy's socks. It would be nice for mother, she thought, if she mended it. But the needle was so large, and it was difficult for her tiny fingers to hold. Yet she was the happiest being in the room: so gay, so kind, though the back hurt ever so much! I wondered what I should have done in her stead? She was a joy-bringer. Are you? You will like to know that Edith was sent into the country for a long rest. When I told her she was to go she was so excited because she thought of all the *green grass* she would see. I do not know how her mother managed without her little girl.

With love, and a big wish for letters and many requests for certificates,

Your friend,

Alison.

"Alison" invites all the boy and girl readers of these pages to become Companions in the "How, When, and Where Corner." A coupon of the "Corner" will be found in the advertisement pages of this issue. Fill this up, and send with a penny stamp (for postage), and a beautiful coloured Certificate of Membership will be forwarded.

A Handsome Book Prize is offered every month for the best letter received by "Alison."

## Too Substantial for Elegance?

THERE is a class of young ladies whose somewhat clumsy figures seem to be the only negatives to their title to be called beautiful. Waist too big, hips too full; shoulders and neck too fleshy. In a word, they are too fat for their age. In nine cases out of ten this is the result of too little physical training in earlier years. In the remaining case it may be a constitutional tendency. But they still have youth and health on their side, and with these and the pleasant and harmless Antipon treatment for the permanent eradication of the tendency to put on a lot of flesh (a tendency which is most certainly confirmed by neglect) all may yet be well with them.

Both young women and matrons who are "too substantial" may soon acquire an elegant figure by a short course of Antipon. This is not only a very wonderful fat-reducer, but an admirable tonic. As fast as the superabundant fat is removed health and strength are improved. There are no "finikin" dietary observances; only ordinary prudence is needed. You can enjoy your favourite wholesome dishes without

fear that the excellent appetite you have will be a deterrent to the cure, because, as before stated, the abnormal tendency to over-fatness is over-mastered. The good appetite and sound digestion you will, to some extent, owe to the grand tonic influence of Antipon on the entire digestive system. Try Antipon now; you will thank us for the recommendation. To know that you are going to be lastingly slender and graceful is surely a delicious thought. Antipon will not disappoint you. The reduction produced within the first day and night varies between 8 oz. and 3 lb., and the pleasing daily diminution that ensues will quickly render further doses unnecessary. Antipon is an absolutely harmless liquid mixture of pure vegetable substances only; very pleasant to take.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty may be had (on remitting amount), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.



### RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES.

#### Keep your Boys at Home.

**Your Boys** will have every incentive to spend their evenings at home if you instal a Riley Billiard Table. Billiards is the ideal indoor game—never monotonous—never wearying. Played on RILEY'S MINIATURE TABLES the game is just as difficult—just as correct as on the standard tables. They are built in true proportion. \* RILEY'S Billiard Tables to place on your own dining-table, from £3 7s. 6d. \* RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables—converted in a minute—from £13 10s. **Cash or Easy Payments.** These prices include all accessories. **Carriage paid to nearest railway station.**

**FREE** on receipt of post-card full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries.

**E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Borough Billiard Mills, Accrington.**

London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

K1

121

# Redfern's NAVY Rubber Heels

The comfort of walking on soft, close, springy turf is in every pair of Redfern's Navy Pad Rubber Heels.

Sightly, comfortable, and economical.

Once on, they never come off.

And they are easily put on.

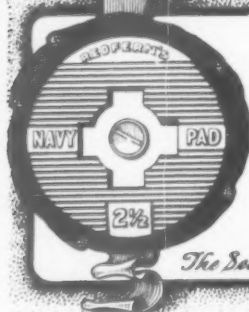
There is common sense in their wear—and comfort.

And they save many a headache and hours of fatigue.

But be sure they have "Redfern's Navy Pad" stamped on each one.

From Boot Repairers and Bootmakers everywhere.

Men's, 6½d.; Ladies', and Children's 4½d.



Write for  
Booklet to—  
REDFERN'S  
RUBBER  
WORKS,  
HYDE,  
Near  
Manchester.

B4



*The Seal of Quality*

## 'NO MORE SKIN ILLNESS'

**"Antexema" Cures Eczema, Rashes  
Ringworm, and every Skin Trouble**

DOES your skin get red, rough, and chafed easily? Have you spots, pimples, or black-heads; or a rash, breaking-out, or bad leg? Are you suffering from skin irritation or eczema? Are there any other signs that your skin is unhealthy? If so, get a bottle of "Antexema" and cure your skin trouble. "Antexema" gives immediate relief from itching, however incessant and intolerable. Time after time people write to us to say that the first night they used "Antexema" was the first night for months that they had enjoyed restful sleep. "Antexema" cures

where ointments, doctors, and hospitals utterly fail.

"Antexema" is not a greasy ointment, but a milky-looking liquid, and when gently applied to the skin it is absorbed and its healing virtues begin their beneficent work, and a cure soon results. While the cure is going on, the affected part is covered by a dry, invisible artificial skin, which protects it from germs and injury



Use "Antexema" for baby's tender skin. It cures rashes of all kinds.

so that no bandages are required.

Nothing can be more exasperating than to know that everyone you meet is noticing some breaking-out on your skin. Nothing is so disfiguring as skin which is red, rough, or pimply, or which has upon it an angry-looking eruption; and certainly nothing torments the sufferer like the itching of eczema or other irritating skin ailment. All such worries are absolutely unnecessary. We assure you, in the most emphatic terms, that "Antexema" will cure you completely. We are anxious that every skin-tortured man, woman, and child should find in "Antexema" relief, comfort, and skin health. Get a bottle of "Antexema" to-day and begin your cure, and note that it is supplied in glass bottles, so there is no risk of metallic poisoning.

There is no difficulty about getting "Antexema." Every chemist, pharmacist, and store, including Boots', Taylors', and all cash chemists, supply "Antexema" in regular shilling bottles, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d., including Government stamp, from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Also obtainable everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, and every British Dominion.

**"Antexema"**  
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

# Sunday School Pages

## POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

### OCTOBER 3rd. PAUL A PRISONER—THE ARREST

*Acts xxi. 17—xxii. 29*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Jews' enmity against the great apostle. (2) Paul forcibly taken from the Temple and beaten. (3) Paul's defence and the story of his life and conversion. (4) The uproar and the arrest.

#### God First

IN this lesson the great apostle is again suffering for his devotion to God and for his earnest and forcible presentation of the truth. Brought before his accusers, he tells the story of his life, showing how the heavenly vision came to him and how he had been true to the call. From that great day when, on his way to Damascus, he met the Son of God, right on till the close of his life, his one purpose was to preach the Gospel of the grace of God, preferring always to obey God rather than man, and to suffer anything rather than betray the trust committed to him.

The men who put God first are honoured by Him. The late Sir Donald Currie provides a case in point. Preaching the funeral sermon of the great shipowner a few months ago, the Rev. Dr. Hanson referred to the religious convictions that had characterised his life. As a lad of seventeen he occupied a promising berth in a first-class business, and during a week of unusual pressure he was asked by the head of the department to come on Sunday and get some necessary work through. The lad expressed surprise at receiving such a command, and said he must respectfully decline to engage in any work that involved a breach of the fourth commandment. The chief, very angry, said to the young man that he must give up such puritanical notions if he was to make a success of life, and that he must, without fail, put in an appearance at the office next day.

Sorely perplexed, young Currie went to consult his minister. "What does your conscience say, Donald, my boy?" he asked. "My conscience," was the reply, "says, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'" "Well, my lad, obey your conscience and leave the consequences to God." Fortified by his minister's advice, the lad returned to the office, and repeated his determination not to work on the Sabbath. He expected instant dismissal, but a strange thing happened. The chief, it appears,

began to argue thus: "Currie's superlative ability I know: he is a most efficient servant of the company, and will be increasingly useful as his experience widens. I see he has a conscience as well as brains, and I should be a fool to part with him; it is not every day you meet with such a combination of conscientiousness and ability. I shall not require him to violate his principles; I shall put him in another berth, which will deliver him and me from the present dilemma." The result was that young Currie was promoted to a better position and salary, and thus by honouring God he himself was honoured and promoted. It is always so. God's words are true: "Them that honour Me I will honour."

### OCTOBER 10th. PAUL A PRISONER—THE PLOT

*Acts xxii. 30—xxiii. 35*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) How the Lord encouraged Paul. (2) The conspiracy against the apostle. (3) How the plot was discovered and foiled.

#### The Passion for Souls

"I CARED not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could gain souls to Christ," said David Brainerd, the great missionary. "While I was asleep I dreamed of these things; and when I waked the first thing I thought of was this great work. I longed to be a flame of fire, continually glowing in the service of God, and building up Christ's Kingdom to my latest, my dying moments."

That was the passion which filled the soul of Paul. He lived to win others, and in spite of stonings and imprisonments, in spite of sufferings of all kinds, his great heart of compassion and love went out to the lost, and he sought to win them by all the means in his power to Jesus Christ.

The writer once heard an American preacher tell of how he had been approached in London by a party of ladies belonging to the Rev. F. B. Meyer's congregation. They had a peculiar request to make—that this minister would use his influence with Mr. Meyer to prevent him from working so hard! They were afraid that their pastor was undertaking too much, and in their desire for his physical welfare they were seeking to limit his usefulness in his Master's vineyard.



OCTOBER 17th. DAY OF PRAYER FOR  
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.*Acts xxiv.*

THE Sunday school as the training ground of the men and women of to-morrow deserves to have a foremost place in the thoughts and prayers of the Christian Church. Early impressions are generally of a permanent character, and thus it is important that at the plastic period the boys and girls should be trained in the things pertaining to God and religion. At a very early age young people can be brought to a decision for Christ, and those who have charge of their training ought to lead them up to the point of decision. Polycarp, the aged Bishop of Smyrna, who at the age of ninety-five suffered martyrdom for his faith, was converted at the age of nine years. For eighty-six years he was faithful to his youthful vows, living a long and useful life in the service of his master, and dying at last rather than renounce the Lord whom he loved and served so well.

OCTOBER 24th. PAUL BEFORE FESTUS  
AND AGRIPPA*Acts xxi. 6-12; xxvi.*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Paul's appeal to Cæsar. (2) Paul's personal testimony and its effect on King Agrippa. (3) Agrippa almost persuaded to be a Christian.

**The Time of Trial**

IN Paul's time of trial he was ever faithful to his Lord, and counted it a privilege to testify, as he does in the present lesson, to what the grace of God had done for him. A popular preacher tells that he was on one occasion present at the Keswick Convention and listened to a striking testimony given by a worker on missionary day. She had just returned from the interior of China, and had been in the midst of the dreadful Boxer rising. She said that in a certain section a family, composed of husband, wife and one child, was seized by the Boxers. The husband was cruelly tortured before the eyes of his wife and babe, and then his head was taken off, she screaming, pleading and praying. When that was done, they said to her, "If you give up your religion and renounce it, we will spare the life of your babe. If not, we will kill him before your eyes, and then kill you." Without a moment's hesitation, she said,

"I cannot; I will not turn my back on Christ." Then they said to her that if she would turn her back on her religion they would spare both the child and herself. She looked the Boxers in the face as she replied, "Not for one moment will I turn my back upon my Lord." They argued with her, but to no avail. Every time they made the proposal to her she positively refused to consider it. Then they took her babe, and before her eyes tore it limb from limb. While this was going on she stood praying to God for grace just a little longer. When they had killed the babe, they came to the mother, and with one blow severed her head from her body. "When that little woman stood in that convention and told the story," added the preacher, "my heart sank within me as I thought of what an unfaithful servant I had been. I could not help wondering if I would have stood the test as nobly and as unflinchingly as that frail woman."

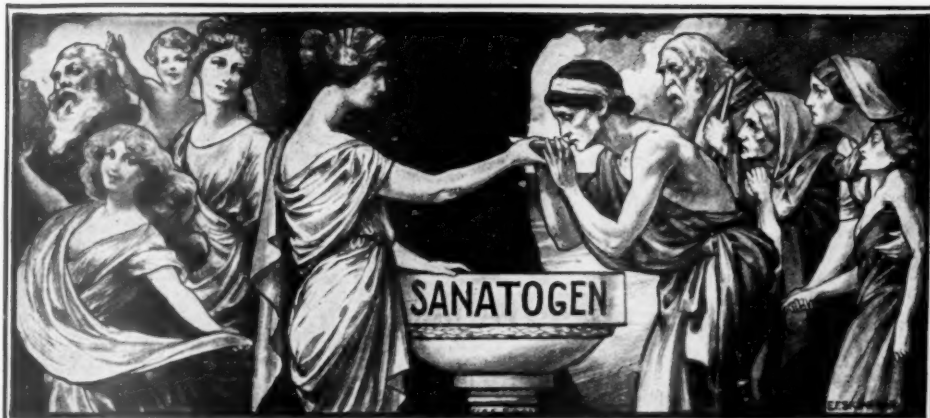
OCTOBER 31st. PAUL A PRISONER—THE  
VOYAGE*Acts xxvii. 1-26*

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The apostle on the way to Rome. (2) Paul's warning of danger. (3) In peril from the storm. (4) The rescue.

**God's Help in the Hour of Need**

THE incidents related in this chapter suggest one or two lessons. Paul, having had it revealed to him by God, gave warning of the approaching storm, but his words fell on deaf ears. In the same way, men and women are being warned of sin and its consequences, but they pay no attention, going on in their evil ways till destruction comes upon them. Then, when the storm did come, the crew and passengers were saved, because Paul was in the vessel with them. Christ's presence saves us from a worse death than that which threatened those storm-tossed voyagers. Paul was conscious of the presence and the power of God and was hopeful and confident, even in the midst of dangers and difficulties.

At one of the Bible classes held for women at a mission station in Korea, a bright, earnest woman, with a baby on her back, walked from her home to the meeting, a distance of one hundred miles. When she told of her journey, and saw the astonishment on the face of the missionary, the devoted woman said, "It was not difficult, for God helped me along."



## The Restorer of Lost Health.

**Sir Gilbert  
Parker, M.P.**

"I have used Sanatogen with extraordinary benefit. It is to my mind a true food tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigour to the overworked body and mind."

**Sir John Hare:**

"I have found Sanatogen a most valuable tonic and stimulant, and can heartily recommend it."

"If I could only get well and strong again."

How often are those words uttered by men and women who, though up and about, are, nevertheless, ill, with racked nerves, failing strength, and depleted vitality?

To them, as to those who are ill in bed, this announcement is a message of hope of the certain conquering of their physical and nervous disabilities through the medium of Sanatogen, the supreme revitaliser of body, brain, and nerves.

Sanatogen's reputation has its foundation firmly fixed in that unshakeable bed-rock—the justified experience of the medical profession; and that, after the most searching tests.

**Sir Frederick  
Milner, Bart.**

"Sanatogen seems both to nourish me and give me strength."

**Lord Edward  
Churchill**

"I have derived benefit from taking Sanatogen."

**Mr. Arnold  
Bennett**

—the Novelist: "The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful."

## Brain, Body & Nerves Revitalised.

**Mr. Landon  
Ronald**

—the well-known Composer and Conductor: "I have been taking Sanatogen, and think that it has decidedly helped me to get through the extremely arduous work I have had to do during the past few months."

**Mr. Cosmo  
Hamilton**

—the well-known Playwright: "I have used Sanatogen with very admirable effect. I find that it is a tonic and a restorative and a very valuable remedy against fatigue and nerve exhaustion."

Among the disordered conditions in which Sanatogen is pre-eminently beneficial are nervous debility and break-down, brain-fag, insomnia and loss of memory, disordered digestion and dyspepsia, anæmia, loss of vitality.

As a general tonic Sanatogen is unequalled, and it is the supreme restorative in convalescence from all acute diseases. It is easily digested, rapidly assimilated and absorbed, and is the greatest known builder of physical strength and re-creator of lost nervous energy.

Sanatogen may be obtained of all chemists. Price 1/9 to 9/6. Descriptive pamphlets will be sent free on application to The Sanatogen Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.

**Sir William  
Bull, M.P.**

"I have much pleasure in stating that I consider your preparation, Sanatogen, is of decided value. It performs that which it promises to do, and I have recommended it to several friends."

**Mr. W. L.  
Courtney, LL.D.**

—the famous Critic and Dramatist: "I have always been assured that Sanatogen is an ideal food for brain-workers, and I gladly add my own testimony to its value in this respect."

# SANATOGEN

## NEW AND EASY COMPETITION

**First Prize: 110-GUINEA AUTOPIANO**

**2nd Prize: £15 cash; 3rd Prize: £10 cash; 4th Prize: £5 cash  
and 40 Consolation Prizes of Handsome Volumes**

IT is not often that an opportunity is afforded of obtaining a gift of a magnificent Autopiano valued at 110 Guineas; but this, together with three Cash Prizes and Forty Consolation Gifts, is what we are offering to our readers in an easy and fascinating competition.

We have reproduced below certain portions of twelve advertisements of well-known firms, and all you have to do is to fill in on the form below the name of the firm or commodity to which you think each refers.

This Competition is run in conjunction with "Cassell's Magazine," "The Quiver," "Little Folks," "The Story-Teller," and "The New Magazine," and the reproductions are from advertisements in the September issues of these publications.

We shall publish one more set—that is, in the November number—and the first prize will be awarded for the correct list.

In the event of no reader mentioning all the firms or commodities correctly, the first prize will be awarded to the one who has the greatest number right; while should we receive more than one complete set absolutely correct, a further competition will be arranged of six pictures to decide the winner. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

Any number of attempts may be sent in, and the sets of pictures may be taken from any of the above-mentioned magazines. That is to say, you can obtain your October set from "The Quiver," November set from "The New Magazine," and so on. Keep your sets by you until we state the closing date. The result will be announced in the Christmas Number of "Cassell's Saturday Journal."

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition. The published decision will be final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

No employee of Messrs. Cassell & Co. is allowed to take part in this Competition.

**THE AUTOPIANO** is supplied by the well-known firm of Messrs. Kastner and Co., Ltd., 34, 35, and 36, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, W. In its capacity as an ordinary piano it is the best which money and experience can produce. In addition, it contains an interior and unseen pneumatic action by means of which anyone without the slightest knowledge of music can play every piece of music from the simplest to the most severe composition. Two music rolls will also be presented with the instrument.

**Set No. 4.** (The first Set appeared in the July Numbers.)

and it's a simple s.  
removed all the



- |          |          |          |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. ....  | 2. ....  | 3. ....  |
| 4. ....  | 5. ....  | 6. ....  |
| 7. ....  | 8. ....  | 9. ....  |
| 10. .... | 11. .... | 12. .... |

Name.....

Address.....

**AMERICA'S MOTHERLAND.** By

T. W. D. SMITH. (London: T. M. MIDDLETON &amp; Co., Essex Street, Strand, W.C. 1/- net.)

This excellent guide to the scenes of interest in England is designed principally for American visitors. Whilst being portable and compact, the volume is full of choice illustrations and interesting matter. Our American cousins when visiting their Motherland are apt to "rush" the beauty spots and lose much of real literary and historical interest. This volume should be an invaluable guide to all thoughtful tourists.

In addition to a large section devoted to London, Clement Shorter writes a chapter on "In a Land of Famous Men" (Milton, Cowper, Disraeli, etc.), and Marie Corelli describes "The Home of Shakespeare."

A feature of the book is the number of tours which show the best way to see points of interest.

**"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.**

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including August 31st, 1909. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Bradford, 7s.; "God's Tenth" (Rotherham), 14s.; "A. R. C." (Bristol), 7s.—Total, £1 8s.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: M. Smith 2s. 6d.

For *The Fresh Air Fund*: Miss Withers, 3s. 6d.

**THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS.** THE following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including August 31st:

13s. from Mrs. Hedges and friends.

10s. from "Johannh."

2s. 6d. each from Mrs. C. Ballard, M. G. Ellis.

2s. from May Pearn.

1s. 6d. from Mrs. W. Brown-Pohl.

1s. each from Miss Katie Withers, Miss S. Prosser, Mrs. Simmons, Anonymous (Dublin), Mrs. W. Marsh, Mrs. Burness, Annie G. Heard, Mrs. John Stark, Mrs. Butler, Miss Bainbridge, Thomas Whatley, Mr. John Stark, Mrs. Clara M. Betts, Mary Brewer, Miss G. H. Baldry, Miss Mary L. Sampson, J. A. Barfield.

**BOOKS—SAVE TIME & MONEY.**

LYNWOOD & CO. supply **ALL BOOKS** (New or Second-hand), **PERIODICALS**, &c., at lowest London prices. Catalogues gratis. State requirements, or subjects of interest in—(Dept. 355, LYNWOOD & CO., Bookellers, 12, Paternoster Row, London.)

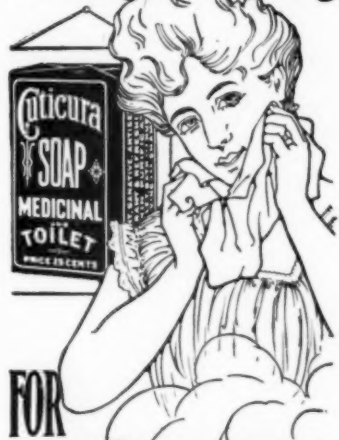
**A Valuable Reference Book.****The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable**

By THE REV. E. COBHAM BREWER, LL.D.

Cloth, 10s. 6d.; also in Half Morocco, Two Vols., 15s.

Containing 1,440 pages, giving the Derivation, Source, or Origin of Common Phrases, Allusions, and Words that have a tale to tell. To which is added a concise Bibliography of English Literature.

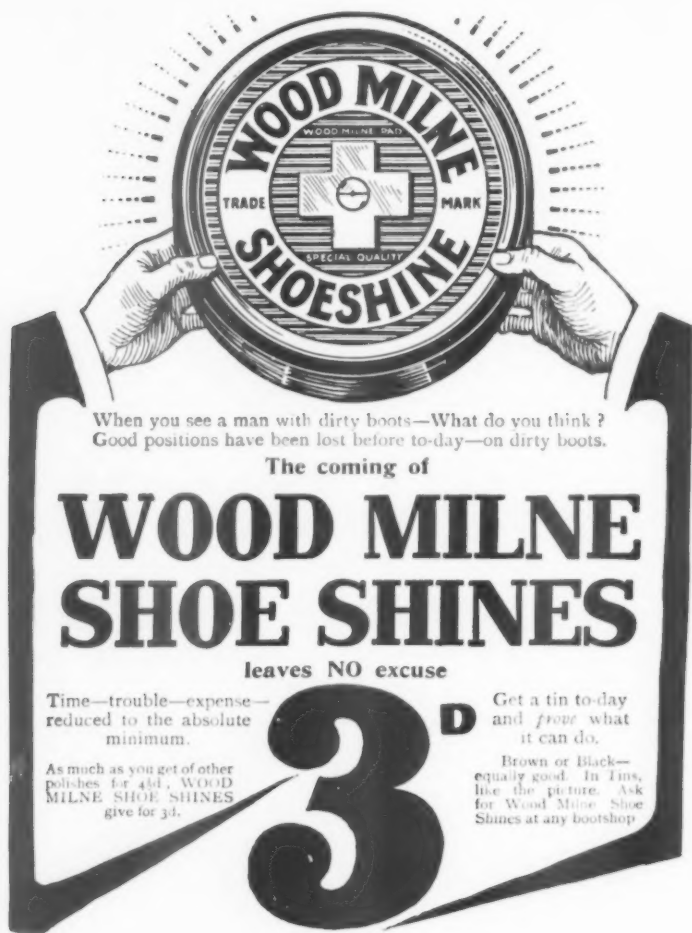
CASSILL AND CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.

**SOOTHING**  
Cooling Refreshing**FOR**  
**TENDER SKINS**

Because of its delicate, emollient, sanative, antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura, united with the purest of saponaceous ingredients and most refreshing of flower odours, Cuticura Soap is unrivalled for cleansing, preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, for dispelling itching, irritation and inflammation and preventing clogging of the pores, the cause of many disfiguring facial eruptions.

Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. Post-free from London depot, liberal sample of Cuticura, with 32-page pamphlet, giving treatment for the skin, scalp, hair and hands.



When you see a man with dirty boots—What do you think?  
Good positions have been lost before to-day—on dirty boots.

The coming of

# WOOD MILNE SHOE SHINES

leaves NO excuse

Time—trouble—expense—  
reduced to the absolute  
minimum.

As much as you get of other  
polishes for 4d., WOOD  
MILNE SHOE SHINES  
give for 3d.

Get a tin to-day  
and prove what  
it can do.

Brown or Black—  
equally good. In Tins,  
like the picture. Ask  
for Wood Milne Shoe  
Shines at any bootshop.

## THE FASCINATING HISTORY OF THE SKIES

# The Story of the Heavens

By Sir ROBERT S. BALL, LL.D., F.R.S.

No one has done more to popularise the study of the heavens than Sir Robert Ball, and in this more than interesting work he reveals in clear and concise language, easily understood by all, the mystery and meaning of the clustering lights of the night.

"The Story of the Heavens" is profusely illustrated by a remarkable collection of photographic reproductions. In all there are 24 full-page plates beautifully printed in colours, and upwards of 100 other illustrations of great interest.

**To be completed in 14 Fortnightly Parts, 6d. net each**

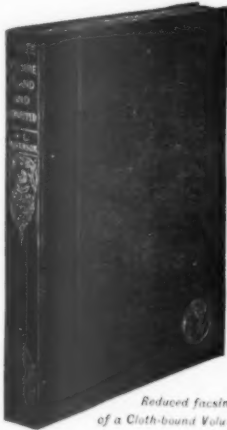
**Part 1 Now Ready.**

**At all Newsagents.**

CASELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.



OVER ONE MILLION COPIES ALREADY SOLD.



Reduced facsimile  
of a Cloth-bound Volume.

# The PEOPLE'S LIBRARY

Cloth gilt, 8d. net. Leather, 1s. 6d. net.

"There are few to rival 'The People's Library,' whether for price or finish. The volumes are charmingly bound. . . . Better value for money it were impossible to expect."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Marvels of cheapness. Binding, paper, print, all excellent, and all for eightpence."—*Review of Reviews*.

## A SELECTION OF THE VOLUMES.

Bible in Spain	BORROW	Poems, 1830-1865	TENNYSON
Christmas Books (Five Tales)	DICKENS	Poems, 1833-1865	BROWNING
Cloister and the Hearth	READE	Poetical Works	LONGFELLOW
Complent Angler	WALTON	Ravenshoe	H. KINGSLEY
Cranford	GASKELL	Robinson Crusoe	DEFOE
Dramatic Works	SHERIDAN	Sartor Resartus and Essays on Burns	
East Lynne	WOOD	and Scott	CARLYLE
Esmond	THACKERAY	Sesame and Lilies, Unto This Last, and	
Faust (Two Parts)	GOETHE	The Political Economy of Art	RUSKIN
Gulliver's Travels	SWIFT	Shakespeare's Complete Works	
Guy Mannering	SCOTT	(Four Vols.)	SHAKESPEARE
Handy Andy	LOVER	Silas Marner	ELIOT
Hard Cash	READE	Swiss Family Robinson	WYSS
Harold	LYTTON	Tales of Mystery and Imagination	POE
Heart of Midlothian	SCOTT	The Essays of Elia	LAMB
Heroes and Hero Worship and Essays on Goethe	CARLYLE	The Little Minister	BARRIE
Ivanhoe	SCOTT	The Scarlet Letter	HAWTHORNE
Jane Eyre	C. BRONTË	The Talisman	SCOTT
John Halifax, Gentleman	CRAIK	Three Musketeers	DUMAS
Kenilworth	SCOTT	Tom Brown's Schooldays	HUGHES
King Solomon's Mines	HAGGARD	Treasure Island and Kidnapped	STEVENSON
Last Days of Pompeii	LYTTON	Vanity Fair	THACKERAY
Last of the Barons	LYTTON	Vicar of Wakefield and Poems	GOLDSMITH
Masterman Ready	MARRYAT	Voyages of Discovery	COOK
Mill on the Floss	ELIOT	Uncle Tom's Cabin	STOWE
Old Curiosity Shop	DICKENS	Waverley	SCOTT
		Westward Ho!	C. KINGSLEY
		Woman in White	COLLINS

Please write for complete list of First 120 Volumes.

**AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.**

CASELL & CO., LTD., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

At  
all  
Book-  
sellers'

## A SELECTION OF Cassell's Natural History Books

At  
all  
Book-  
sellers'

### THE NATURE BOOK

A Popular Description by Pen and Camera of the Delights and Beauties of the Open Air

*Profusely Illustrated with Reproductions from Photographs, and a series of exquisite Coloured Plates. In 3 Volumes. Cloth gilt, 12s. net each.*

*Nature* says: "Reaches a high standard of excellence. The letterpress is interesting and accurate, while the illustrations are abundant and beautiful."

### TREES AND THEIR LIFE HISTORIES

BY PERCY GROOM, M.A., D.Sc.

*With 109 Full-page Illustrations and upwards of 400 other Illustrations from Photographs by HENRY IRVING. Cloth gilt, 25s. net.*

*The Pall Mall Gazette* says: "We have nothing equal to this beautifully printed book in all the literature of arboriculture."

### BRITISH BIRDS' NESTS:

How, Where, and When to Find and Identify Them

By RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S.

*With 15 Coloured Plates of Eggs, 6 Photogravure Plates, and over 400 other Illustrations. Cheap Edition. Cloth gilt, 14s. net.*

*Nature* says: "To say that the book is practically perfection is a mild way of putting it, for, as a matter of fact, it is one that can never be equalled or rivalled so long as the copyright holds good."

### THE FAIRY-LAND OF LIVING THINGS

By RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S.

*With upwards of 160 Illustrations from Photographs direct from Nature. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.*

This book deals with the Romance of Bird Life, the Wild Beasts of the British Islands, our Reptiles and their Story, Marvels of Insect Life, and the Wonders of Plant Life. It gives children a peep into the wonderful fairyland of the countryside.

### LIFE HISTORIES OF FAMILIAR PLANTS

By JOHN J. WARD

*With Rembrandt Frontispiece and 121 figures reproduced from Photographs and Photomicrographs by the Author. Cloth gilt, 6s.*

*The Gardener's Magazine* says: "We know of no book relating to nature study to equal Mr. Ward's book, and we heartily commend it to all who are interested in plant life."

### NATURE'S RIDDLES: Or, The Battle of the Beasts

By H. W. SHEPHEARD WALWYN, M.A., F.Z.S., F.E.S.

*With Coloured Frontispiece and over 100 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.*

In this book the author shows an aspect of wild nature but little known. It is a popular one in every sense, and is written in a style that all can understand. The stories of Nature's astounding ways and the answer to her riddles, as set forth in this beautiful volume, are of the most absorbing interest.

### DENIZENS OF THE DEEP

By F. MARTIN DUNCAN, F.R.P.S.

*With numerous Illustrations from Photographs. 3s. 6d.*

A book which will fascinate everyone who has hunted for crabs and seaweed on a beach, or waded in rocky pools to discover prawns and sea anemones. It describes in simple language the life histories and habits of the interesting and curious forms of marine life to be found on the shore, in the rock pools, and in the deep water beyond low-tide mark.

### OUR BIRD FRIENDS

By RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S.

*With about 100 Illustrations from Photographs. Cheap Edition. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.*

*The Pall Mall Gazette* says: "It is without exception the most delightful book on bird life that we have seen."

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

## A DAINY AND ATTRACTIVE NEW SERIES

CASSELL'S  
LITTLE  
CLASSICS

A SERIES OF MASTER-  
PIECES OF BIOGRAPHY,  
FICTION, ESSAYS, POETRY,  
and BELLES LETTRES.

Pocketable size, 6½ ins. × 4½ ins.

EACH book contains a fine portrait of the author, with autograph in facsimile, as a frontispiece. These portraits are charmingly printed in photogravure and enclosed in artistic borders. A book plate, printed in a bright olive green, is also to be found in each volume. Interesting and informative introductions are contributed by such well-known writers as

G. K. Chesterton, Austin Dobson,  
J. A. Hobson, Stuart J. Reid,  
A. T. Quiller-Couch, etc.

The binding has been specially designed, the gold medallion of Minerva's head on the side, the gold back lettering, and the artistic shades of green and light brown cloths used, giving distinction to the volumes, which are issued at the remarkably low price of 7d. net. each.

*The following 25 volumes are Now Ready.*

Ascham's The Schoolmaster  
Bacon's Essays  
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.  
Part I.  
Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage  
Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship  
Dickens' Christmas Carol and The  
Chimes  
Evelyn's Diary  
Goldsmith's Plays  
Johnson's Rasselas  
Lamb's Essays of Elia  
Macaulay's Warren Hastings  
Maundeville's Voyages and Travels

Milton's Earlier Poems  
More's Utopia  
Ruskin's Unto this Last  
Scott's Marmion  
Shelley's Prometheus Unbound  
Sheridan's Plays  
Sidney's Defence of Poesie, and  
Poems  
Steele and Addison's Sir Roger de  
Coverley  
Swift's Battle of the Books, etc.  
Tennyson's Poems  
Thackeray's The Four Georges  
Walpole's Letters  
Wordsworth's Poems

*Further volumes will be published later.*

**7d.**  
net

Daintily and attractively bound in brown and green cloths,  
with gilt lettering. Price 7d. net per volume.

3 Volumes in Box, 2s. net.  
6 " " " 4s. net.

**7d.**  
net

CASSELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

## A SELECTION OF CASSELL & COMPANY'S NEW AND FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS



Reduced Frontispiece to "The Romance of Michael Trevail."

### A COUNTRY CORNER

By Amy Le Feuvre.

With FRONTISPICE IN COLOUR. 6s.

Admirably written and very pleasant."—*Daily News*.

### FICTION

#### THE SHOULDER-KNOT

By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s.

Mrs. Dudeney at her best. The theme is unusually weird, but the setting so real, so human, that conviction comes easily to the reader.

#### THE SMITHS OF VALLEY VIEW

By Keble Howard.

With FRONTISPICE IN COLOUR. 6s.

"A bright, healthy, delightful series of tales strung together cleverly."—*Daily Mail*.

#### THE ROMANCE OF MICHAEL TREVAIL

By Joseph Hocking.

With FRONTISPICE IN COLOUR. 3s. 6d.

A powerful story, clever, well developed, and full of interest.

#### AUNT JANE OF KENTUCKY

By Eliza Calvert Hall.

With ILLUSTRATIONS BY BEULAH STRINGER. 6s.

"Have you read that charming little book 'Aunt Jane of Kentucky'?" ex-President Roosevelt inquired of a friend. And he added, "Be sure you do read it."

#### A HOUSE OF LIES.

By Sidney Warwick.

With FRONTISPICE IN COLOUR. 6s.

"An intensely dramatic plot. . . . The situations are strong, and handled with skill."—*Bookman*.

### GENERAL VOLUMES

#### THE STORY OF THE HEAVENS

By Sir Robert S. Ball, LL.D., F.R.S.

With TWENTY-FOUR COLOURED PLATES and numerous illustrations. Cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

"Its combination of scientific accuracy, with lucid arrangement and attractive style, leads us to anticipate for it that unbounded success which it undoubtedly merits."—*Athenaeum*.

#### THE EARTH'S BEGINNING

By Sir Robert S. Ball, LL.D., F.R.S.

New Edition. With FOUR COLOURED PLATES and many other illustrations. Cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

"No living astronomer has such a happy way of telling the story of the heavens, and in coming down to earth he has not lost any of his magic."—*Black and White*.

#### LONDON TOWN: Past and Present

By W. W. Hutchings.

LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED from Old Prints, Drawings, and Photographs. 2 Vols. Cloth, 10s. net each.

Recounts in vivid language all the important and arresting events from Roman times to the present day. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer contributes a chapter on the future of London.

#### THE WORLD'S GREAT PICTURES

Demy 4to, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d. net.

Contains 13 COLOURED PLATES and upwards of 420 EXAMPLES of the world's masterpieces. Deals biographically with the artists and descriptively with their work.



Reduced Plate from "London Town."

CASSELL & CO., LIMITED, LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.



**"Magnificent."**

Sir J. C. . . . M.D.

This is how an Eminent Physician describes

# PLASMON OATS

The Finest Oats grown in Scotland, combined with Plasmon.

4 minutes boiling. 6d. per packet.

Plasmon Cocoa, Tenfold Nutriment, 9d. per tin.

**PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.**

"The Feeding of the Nations" (Truth), free on application to

PLASMON LTD. (DEPT. B.152), Farrington Street, London, E.C.

Stop that Irritation.

USE the

**"ECZOLINE" REMEDIES  
FOR ECZEMA**

OINTMENT—SOAP—TABLETS

The Perfect Complete Cure.

OINTMENT 1/1  
TABLETS 1/1  
SOAP . . . 6d.  
Postage . 3d.

TESTIMONIALS FREE.

W. W. HUNTER  
Regent Street, SWINDON.



CATALOGUE FREE.

**TRUSSES, BELTS,  
and  
EVERY ARTICLE  
for  
SICK NURSING.**

"Vavix," all about Elastic Stockings,  
how to wear, clean, and repair them,  
post free two stamps.

W. H. BAILEY & SON,  
38, Oxford St., London.  
(City Branch, 52, Fore St., E.C.)

## FITS CURED

By **OZERINE**. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Faling Sickness, etc., when everything else had failed. In almost every case Fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being

**SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.**

Many thousands of testimonials have been received, and more are coming to hand every day.

Mr. F. COOPER, Dover Street, Folkestone, on the 1st July, 1908, says—

I never thought I should ever again be the man I am to-day. The fits have gone, and OZERINE has cured me; I took it for a little over two years. I shall certainly recommend it to all poor sufferers I know of.

This is only one from many thousands of letters which have been received, all testifying to the extraordinary efficacy of **OZERINE**. It has cured sufferers of all ages, from 18 months to 80 years. I invite you to

**TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.**

You need not spend one penny on it. On receipt of post-card I will send you a bottle **absolutely free**, so certain am I that you will find it most successful.

Price 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.

**I. W. NICHOLL,** Pharmaceutical Chemist  
27, HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

**WHEN OTHER  
THINGS FAIL  
To Cure KIDNEY  
COMPLAINTS,  
RHEUMATISM, GOUT,  
LUMBAGO, or  
SCIATICA.**

**TRY**

**URICURA  
DROPS.**

1/1 1/2  
Post Free.

Have been  
tested for nearly  
20 years with  
marvellous results.

OF BOOTS, Ltd. and all Chemists; or  
Post Free Hammond Remedies Co.,  
Barry, Glamorgan.

No need to say any more—  
give them a fair trial.



DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

**FIRST IN THE FIELD**  
**EVANS** (ESTABLISHED 1830) ORIGINAL  
**MELTON PIES.**  
REALLY MADE IN MELTON MOWBRAY.  
ALWAYS WERE FIRST  
ARE FIRST TO DAY  
ALWAYS WILL BE FIRST  
Because THEY ARE THE BEST.  
Doubtless—Try them.  
Ask your Grocer for them.  
Be sure to see the name "EVANS"  
EVANS & CO., Manufacturers, Melton Mowbray.




Made  
with the same  
unfailing care for  
half-a-century.

**Callard & Bowser's  
Butter-Scotch**

You may enjoy Callard & Bowser's  
Butter-Scotch with the comfortable  
assurance that only first-class materials  
are employed in its manufacture.

*"Really wholesome  
Confectionery."* LANCET  
Each package bears our trade  
mark—"The Thistle."  
WORKS: LONDON.



# BRASSO

Do not miss this Point.

The  
Sprinkler Top  
Prevents Waste.



## Metal Polish.

